The Outlook

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CONTENTS

The National Campaign ... 359
Mr. Taft and the Amendments ... 360
Frankness versus Shuffling ... 361
The Enemies of a Just Judge ... 361
The American Board Meeting ... 362
For the Schools of the South ... 363
A Month of Congresses ... 365
The Balkan Situation ... 365
Parliament Under Difficulties ... 366
For the Release of a Russian Patriot ... 367
Education and Prosperity ... 368
The Political Campaign: The Constitutional Issue ... 369
By Lyman Abbott
President Gilman ... 372
The Criminal Journal of To-Day ... 374
The Wisdom of the Good ... 375
The Spectator ... 376
Reasons for Supporting Mr. Debs ... 378
By J. G. Phelps Stokes
The Direct Primary on Trial ... 382
By William B. Shaw
Ik Marvel and Edgewood Farm ... 390
By Albert Frederick Wilson
The Unknown Hymn (Poem) ... 396
By Priscilla Leonard
Mistral of Provence ... 397
By Albert R. Ledoux
Camel Trails ... 403
By Charles Wellington Furlong
A Day in North Holland ... 416
By Elbert F. Baldwin
Aunt Jane and Her People ... 424
By Rossa B. Cooley
The Fine Art of Bookbinding ... 433
By Claire Coburn Swift
St. Peter's Lodge ... 441
By Antonio de Trueba
Opportunity (Poem) ... 449
By William Addison Houghton
Is America Indifferent to the Philippines? 450
By Theodore Roosevelt and N. W. Gilbert
Comment on Current Books ... 456

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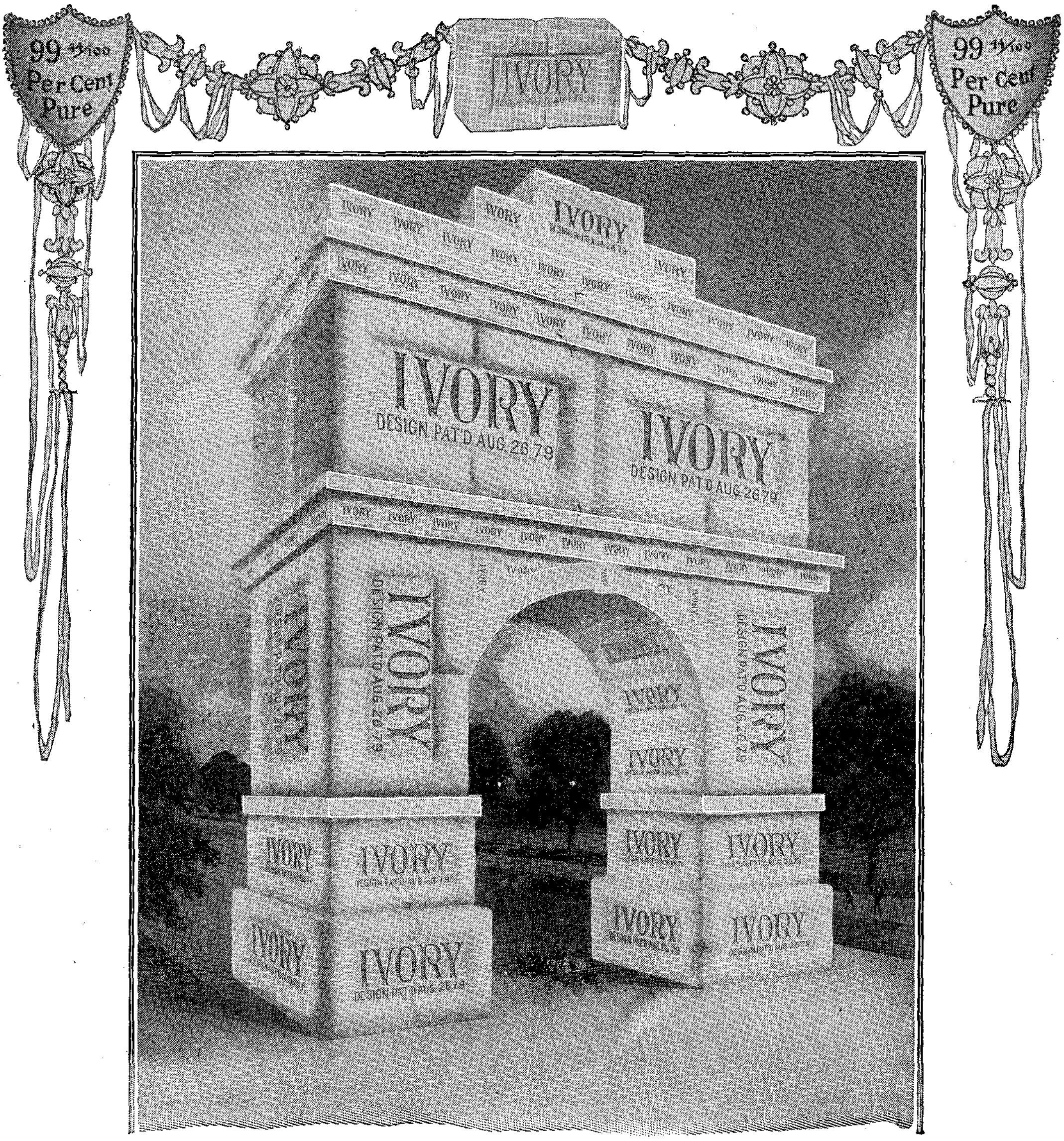
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The Outlook

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The National Campaign

During the past week, in the discussion of the National issues, the only voices which have reached the Nation at large have been those of the two chief Presidential candidates, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Taft. When a man makes thirty-one speeches in one day, as Mr. Bryan did last week, and continues day after day making speeches from the rear end of trains, in halls, and on station platforms, it is not easy to follow his general line of argument. In the main, however, Mr. Bryan's oratory has been devoted to advocacy of the bank guarantee plan, attacks on private monopoly, and complaints against Mr. Taft for having the open support of the President. So far as his speeches have been reported, he has attempted no answer to Governor Hughes's objection to his proposal of the fifty per cent limitation of trusts, except to declare to his Western audiences that Governor Hughes is an Eastern man and therefore cannot be expected to understand the importance of checking corporations. To thoughtful people such an appeal to sectional prejudice will not be convincing. The only other exception has been Mr. Bryan's statement that the monopoly conferred by a patent would, in accordance with the Democratic platform, be preserved in any case. Wherever Mr. Bryan has gone he has been received with cheers and great enthusiasm. He has retained his power to sway audiences. As he talks to the people of the Middle West, he makes it evident that he is one of them. He values the things they value and he dislikes and ignores the things they dislike and ignore. He has the ability to set his hearers thinking, with perhaps the result that they think more clearly and follow their conclusions more completely than he does. While Mr. Bryan was talking to the people of Nebraska, Mr. Taft was addressing meetings, principally of wage-earners, in Ohio. The contrast between the two men has been interesting. Mr. Bryan's method has been to speak before an audience on the topic in which their views most closely coincide with his and to make votes by persuading his hearers that he and they already think alike. Mr. Taft, on the other hand, has appeared to speak to an audience on the subject on which he and his audience are most likely to differ, and to undertake to convert as many as possible from their way of thinking to his. It seems as if Mr. Bryan would rather make a hundred votes than convert five hundred people. Mr. Taft, it would seem, would rather convert one hundred people than make five hundred votes. Mr. Taft's persuasive power has been evident; but it is plainly not due to any special oratorical skill. His practice may be illustrated by the way in which he has approached a meeting where a large proportion of the audience was plainly Socialistic. With them he has boldly taken up the subject of the railway strike in which both Mr. Debs, the Socialist candidate, and himself had parts to play. Before such an audience he has frankly and openly laid the facts of the case, and shown the reasons which led him to send a lieutenant of Mr. Debs to jail; and when he has finished his speech men have left the hall with their attitude toward the labor question changed. Whether such men will vote for him or not seems to be a matter of indifference to Mr. Taft, or at least of very secondary importance; the thing that he seems to care most about is that men who once were angry and resentful have a new faith in their country's institutions and in their country's future. Characteristically, Mr. Taft undertook to devote a few days of the brief time that remains before election to a tour in the South. He cannot reasonably expect to change a single electoral vote by his speeches in that section, but he addressed himself to these Southern voters in order that he might change in some degree the tradition which has held the Southern people close to one party contrary to what he believes is their own interest. On October 15 the list of contributions to the Democratic National campaign up to October 9 was published; the total was $248,567.25. Of this $90,712.33 was in sums of $100 and more (only eight gifts exceeded $1,000), $115,535.22 was in sums of less than $100, and $42,500 was money left over from the Denver Convention Fund.

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Mr. Taft and the Amendments

Mr. Alfred H. Stone, a Mississippi planter and a student of American history and the American race problem, has written to The Outlook a letter of inquiry concerning Mr. Taft's attitude toward the negro. We quote:

> On many points in the present campaign I find my own political beliefs much more in accord with the expressions of Mr. Taft than with those of Mr. Bryan, though I am nominally a Democrat. I give Mr. Taft credit for honesty of opinion and utterance, and do not believe that he is given, over-much, to "playing to the crowd" for votes. Hence I am especially interested in his declaration, made early in the campaign and repeated since, as to "enforcing" the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments. If he means that in his opinion those amendments are violated in the South, and he proposes to end such violations, then does not his attitude promise us another period of sectional and racial agitation, in the event of his election? If he does not believe as I have indicated, then does he make this declaration simply to catch the negro vote, or to hold it? Certainly the negro papers which support him seem to hold the view which I suggested first.
>
> And when he said a few days ago that the fact of race would not be considered by him in any matter which might involve a negro, does he not commit himself definitely to Mr. Roosevelt's policy as to negro appointments to office—whether South or North? I would be greatly obliged for a discussion of these questions, and I know of many other Southern men in my position.

Although the question which Mr. Stone raises is not one of the more important issues of the campaign, inasmuch as none of the opposition parties has proposed any alternative to the record of the Administration on this point, it is a question that concerns vitally a large part of the country; it therefore deserves consideration. Whether the granting of the suffrage to the negroes of the South was wise or not, it has for a generation been an accomplished fact. The egg is broken, and no one can put the yolk back again into the shell. The only question is how good an omelet we can make. In other words, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution are integral parts of that instrument; and talk about their repeal can reasonably be regarded as moonshine. Since these amendments remain, it is right to insist upon their enforcement. This, however, does not mean agitation. Such evils as followed the granting to millions of negroes of the privileges of the ballot have been largely eliminated by new provisions in the Constitutions of several of the Southern States. Until the courts decide otherwise, we shall hold that the general principle embodied in these provisions is consistent with the last three amendments to the Federal Constitution. If any law or any State executive action should exclude a man from the ballot on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, obedience to the Federal Constitution would involve the enforcement of those amendments; the present situation, however, calls for no intervention. This has been the attitude of The Outlook; it has been the attitude of Mr. Roosevelt's Administration, and we are persuaded that it will be the attitude of Mr. Taft's Administration if Mr. Taft is elected. Because we believe that Mr. Taft has the same opinion with regard to negro appointments that Mr. Roosevelt has, we believe that he, if elected, will continue the general practice of Mr. Roosevelt. What has that practice been? Negro appointments to Federal office have under Mr. Roosevelt's Administration been reduced in number and raised in quality. The fact is that if the quality of such appointments is to be maintained, their number must be relatively very small. Such appointments as Mr. Roosevelt has made in the North are, we think, unprecedented; but they have been made on the same ground as those which have been made to office in the South. In making his statement Mr. Taft, we are sure, never once dreamed of suggesting a period of agitation, but meant it to be distinctly understood as discountenancing such agitation as has been carried on by Vardaman and Williams.

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Frankness versus Shuffling

The issues in the campaign in New York are clear-cut, though one candidate seeks to blur them. Governor Hughes seeks re-election on the record of his administration, frankly and without concealment or evasion. Two of the achievements of that administration are attacked in the Democratic platform, the one in so many words, the other by indirection. The platform denounces the system of "government by commission," and demands "less interference with personal liberty" and no "sumptuary legislation." The first declaration can refer only to the Public Service Commissions Law; the second, if it means anything, means disapproval of the abolition of race-track gambling. Governor Hughes has accepted the challenge of his opponents, and is waging his fight mainly on these two issues. In a recent speech the Governor addressed these questions to his opponent:

Are you in favor of the repeal of the Public Commission laws?

Would you transfer the powers of the Commission to any State officer, and, if so, to what officer?

Would you deprive the Commission of any of its powers, and, if so, of what power?

Are you in favor of the repeal of the Agnew-Hart Bill?

Are you in favor of the restoration of race-track gambling?

Do you desire the amendment of the Constitution of the State so as to strike out the prohibition against public gambling?

Mr. Chanler's reply, if such it can be called, was significant. He declared that he was not "going to be worried or hurried." Such declarations upon current topics as he made would be made at his own time and in his own way, and no man, whether he be Governor, newspaper editor, or political boss, could compel such declaration or dictate its terms. "My distinguished opponent," said Mr. Chanler, "has held undisputed sway so long that he appears actually to believe that he alone is to determine the issues of this campaign and that he alone is the grand inquisitor to whose every question a categorical answer must be given. . . . We are rival leaders of opposing forces, and my opponent will be disappointed if he expects to lay out my line of march or dictate the plan of my campaign." Mr. Chanler has misconceived the situation. It is not Governor Hughes, nor will it be Mr. Chanler, who determines the issues on which the campaign is waged. The issues were determined by the logic of events, by the power of public interest. Nor is it Governor Hughes who asks him where he stands on those issues. It is the people of the State. They know from the words and from the record of Governor Hughes exactly where he is to be found. They have a right to know where Mr. Chanler chooses to take his stand.

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The Enemies of a Just Judge

Surely there can be few readers of The Outlook who are unacquainted with the work of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the "children's judge" of Denver, Colorado. Indeed, there is no one thing which has reflected more credit on Colorado than the work of Judge Lindsey's Juvenile Court. It is hardly necessary—indeed, it is quite impossible—to rehearse here the achievements of that court. It is enough to say that Judge Lindsey's treatment of juvenile offenders, his practice of trusting them implicitly, his never-forgotten aim of securing, not retaliation for the offense, but a reform of character for the offender, have made his work known wherever people are searching for sound and efficient methods of public correction. This just Judge, as fearless as he is merciful, has been discarded by the political machines of both parties in his State. Is the court which he has virtually created to be made into fodder for hungry place-seekers? Is its great service to the State to be ended or impaired because corrupt party bosses want to vent their spleen upon its occupant? These are the questions which the people of Colorado might well ask themselves. Judge Lindsey unquestionably has incurred the enmity of practically all the corrupt elements in Colorado. For seven years he was Judge of the County Court. In that capacity he made public the corruption that manifested itself in election cases. Although a Democrat himself, he found it his duty to make it clear that the local Democratic machine was the great corrupting force of the city. As a consequence, four years ago the Democratic party nominated him only under compulsion, and the Republicans nominated him only after a hard fight. Judge Lindsey continued to make enemies. In a pamphlet which was published last August he charges the Democratic party with being subservient to the public utility corporations of Denver, and the Republican party with being subservient to certain great State corporations. Among his enemies on the Democratic side were some of the more powerful of the local leaders, and among the Republican enemies were Senator Guggenheim and Governor Buchtel. The fact that Judge Lindsey was an independent candidate for Governor two years ago has unquestionably intensified the enmity he has incurred. Judge Lindsey's record in the Juvenile Court is so inspiriting, and his labors have been so manifestly disinterested, that the charges which he brings against the political machines of his State cannot be ignored. Indeed, they cannot be dismissed except after a refutation which is as specific as they. It can hardly seem possible that the people of Colorado will allow themselves to be deprived of so high-minded a public servant.

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For the Making of Nations The ninety-ninth annual meeting of our oldest foreign missionary society, held in Brooklyn October 13-16, exhibited two salient and noteworthy facts—the changed theory and the changed situation of Christian missions in non-Christian lands. Their motive, which till twenty-five years ago was to rescue individual "heathen" from everlasting misery hereafter, now is to make not only men but nations of the genuinely Christian type. During the past eight years the situation abroad has been almost totally transformed by the wonderful awakening of a spirit of progress among Asiatic nations including over half the population of the world, and the opening of boundless opportunity for effective missionary work. Old-timers could not fail to recognize in the programme itself this change of emphasis and of practical conditions. Two entire sessions were devoted to the situation in Turkey, now apparently new-born in the most remarkable of European revolutions. Here the American Board, sole occupant of the field, has been for seventy-five years at work within the narrow limits imposed by hostile power, to raise in its churches, schools, and colleges a constituency able to take the lead at the fall of tyranny. Millions of money and hundreds of noble lives have been invested in this work, which now needs only a rising of the home churches with men and means, not yet forthcoming, to reap the ripe fruit. "Liberty, equality, fraternity" is the motto of the Young Turks' hope to make Turkey a model state. These, said Dr. Washburn, formerly President of Robert College, where were trained the men who gave shape to free Bulgaria, "are Christian, not Moslem, principles. Only through Christianity will a constitutional liberal government be possible." The presentation by missionaries of conditions among the various races in Turkey led up to the general theme of "Christian Leadership in the Making of Nations." What is being done for this in all missionary colleges from the Bosphorus to Japan was strikingly set forth by President Bliss, of the Protestant Syrian College at Beirut. "To-day," said he, "is its opening day. I would rather be facing that Chapel full of nine hundred young men than even this magnificent audience. Forty-two years ago my father, there to-day, President emeritus, his eye not dim, began the work with sixteen pupils in a hired room." Vividly the scene was outlined—youth from many lands, of many races and many religions, drawn together under Christian influences by hunger for knowledge. Here, with the lessons of chapel, Bible class, laboratory, and clinic, goes the lesson of the football field, where prince and peasant meet on equal terms and learn respect for man as man. Here too is the Moslem entering the Young Men's Christian Association on such a pledge as this: "Having derived life and inspiration from the teaching of Jesus, I desire to ally myself with those that have been thus inspired." "God save us," cried Dr. Bliss, with impassioned feeling that thrilled the audience, "from recreancy to the opportunity of helping on such work as this!" President Thwing, of Cleveland, and Dr. Cadman, of Brooklyn, spoke strongly to the same point as President Bliss. The different conditions here and in Asia, it should be noted, make it possible for a small sum to accomplish there what here would require ten times as much.

The Reserves Called Out

China and Japan occupied most of another session with statements of large opportunities urged by men from the field—China's new education, new literature, new penal code, new freedom for women, all now started, and a home missionary interest of Chinese Christians in spreading the new light. The missionary schools and colleges are crowded by students from all classes in the community, and enjoy the favor of the Government. The higher educational work in half a dozen colleges is sustained by the combined resources of several Christian denominations, but, even so, larger means are needed; the supply of Christian literature and of medical facilities is scant. Speaking for Japan, the Rev. Daujo Ebina, its foremost preacher, on his way home from the International Council at Edinburgh, reckoned about two million of his people as under the influence of Christianity. A new era of missions there had begun. To all this there was another side: the abundant opportunities and urgent calls reported from every field had not been met. For lack of reinforcement the fighting line was barely holding its ground, ready to faint from overwork. The home churches were holding back their contributions—averaging but 1⅓ cents per member, while the mission churches, mostly in poverty, averaged $35. "The great problem is here at home," was the serious confession. A session was given to the subject "*Men* and Missions." About forty years ago the women organized to help. Woman's Boards have supplied a large portion of the total income. Now for the men! The Layman's Missionary Movement stepped forward in the person of one of its Canadian organizers, Mr. J. N. Shenstone, of Toronto, where it is quadrupling contributions, and is to cover the country from Sydney to Vancouver. The like has already been seen in such American cities as St. Joseph, Atlanta, New Orleans, and next month at Boston begins a wide campaign to mobilize the reserves. "Men," said Mr. Talcott Williams, of the Philadelphia Press, in a touching address warm with reminiscences of his father's missionary life in Eastern Turkey, "men need to be interested in missions more than missions need to be made interesting to men." "We need," said the President of the Board, Mr. Capen, a Boston merchant, "a moral equivalent for war." The note of moral enthusiasm for a divine work was in the air of every session, most noticeably at the last, during the brief farewell addresses of missionaries returning from furlough to their fields, and Dr. Hillis's closing response. Among these was the veteran apostle to Micronesia, Dr. Bingham, whom the great audience rose to greet as he rose to speak. None of the many other eminent men on the roll of his Yale class of 1853 has achieved so enviable distinction. To a man or woman with enthusiasm for humanity, Christian missions, home or foreign, offer a most influential career. To-day the American Board, not yet able to fill all the places of its missionaries martyred by the Boxers in 1900, must have more men.

For the Schools of the South

As an example of co-operation, the Association of Southern State Superintendents of Education is typical of the spirit of the South. It might almost be called a sort of new Southern confederacy. The members of this Association are constantly in communication, and meet once or twice a year for mutual instruction. Last week, upon the invitation of the Southern Education Board, all but one (he was detained by illness) of the fifteen members visited the North to observe schools and meet school leaders in New York and Massachusetts. On Monday night they were guests at a dinner given by Mr. Robert C. Ogden, President of the Board. On that occasion Mr. Joyner, the Superintendent of Schools for North Carolina, expressed happily and tersely the relation that ought to exist, and indeed is pretty thoroughly established already, between the North and the South concerning the peculiarly difficult educational problem of the Southern States. He said in effect that the South did not want to be pitied or to receive charity; but the South was glad to receive help, not for the sake of the South, but for the sake of the Nation; and he knew that the North had proffered its help, not for the sake of the South, but for the sake of the Nation. These Southern superintendents have in the main a common task. Although one State differs from another in character, yet all the States of the South have in matters that chiefly concern the schools much the same experience because they are confronting much the same conditions. These conditions are produced by the presence of the negroes and by the predominance of rural over urban population. Moreover, since the wasting sickness of war and "reconstruction," these States have had a common experience of poverty. Thus the problem has been to provide in a sparsely populated territory schools for two races out of the sadly reduced resources of one. The bravery and enthusiasm with which Southern people are meeting that problem is in no way more forcibly and practically expressed than by these Southern superintendents.

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The Schools and the People

Undoubtedly these leaders of education in the South have found their study of the schools of New York City and Boston, and of the educational facilities of New York State and of Massachusetts, stimulating and suggestive. Their acuteness has probably enabled them to see in the vast urban schools methods that they can apply to advantage to the schools of their own cities. The real problem, however, with which they have to deal is one that concerns, not the streets and the tenements, but the farms. These superintendents of the South have been watching keenly every experiment and every discovery that has promised to show how the public school system may increase the efficiency of life in the country. As a small group of these superintendents were talking together in a New York club, one of them told with what joy he had encountered the Williamson method of raising corn. He knew nothing about the raising of corn, but he talked Williamson method wherever he went. He did not much care whether the method was the best possible or not; what he did want was to have the people of his community realize that the raising of corn was a proper subject of study and ought to be conducted, not in the common, unmethodical manner, but according to some well-planned method. As a matter of fact, the Williamson method is suitable for only a certain kind of soil; but the farmers are not only finding that out, but are determined that they shall have some other kind of method for the other kinds of soil. Such a subject as this ought to be to the rural school what manual training and trade instruction are to the city school. Another superintendent related his experiences in the Northwest, where he had learned what he could concerning the County Agricultural High Schools of Wisconsin and the Normal Agricultural School of Minnesota. He discussed the practicability of adopting in other States Wisconsin's policy, making the State university a builder of country industry and therefore a transformer of life on the farms and in the villages. Another superintendent told of Dr. Seaman A. Knapp's power, not only as a preacher of farm efficiency, but also as a worker of wonders in the soil and even the swamps of the South. It is such interchange of opinion and knowledge that is making this Association of Southern State

Superintendents of Education a force whose potency for good in this land of ours no man can reckon.

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A Month of Congresses

The past month has been marked by sessions of four Congresses, each designed to further business interests of the interior States. At Madison, Wisconsin, met the Farmers' Congress; at Albuquerque, New Mexico, the Irrigation Congress; at Chicago the Waterways Convention, and at San Francisco the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress. This form of advancing special plans is becoming a feature of our economic life, and has the merit of uniting those who have common cause in effort for desired legislation. It is toward National legislation that the work of these free forums is directed and to which their discussions are largely devoted. The Farmers' Congress had lectures on practical phases of agriculture, the speakers being experts in scientific crop-raising. The resolutions, which in these congresses are about the only concrete expression of ideas possible, covered a wide range of requests and indorsements. Such topics as parcels post, elevation of the National Dairy Division to the rank of a bureau, and teaching agriculture in the schools have been approved by this organization. The irrigationists had a $30,000 display of products and working models that exemplified the accomplishments of the Government Reclamation Service. The programme included some lively criticisms of methods employed, and there were, particularly in regard to the Forestry Department, complaints that its management operates against the settler and stock-raiser. The attendance was not as large as expected, and was composed chiefly of the irrigationists themselves and of Government officials, who were enabled to explain the Federal plans for awaking the sleeping desert and for making fertile farms from dry land. The Waterways people have one idea—the securing of large appropriations for deepening inland rivers until every stream that can be made navigable shall become a highway for transportation, furnishing a check on railway freight rates, and adding to the facilities of farmers and merchants for better profits and more independent action. At the Trans-Mississippi meeting the coast States furnished the larger number of the members. Here the Government provided lecturers, and President Roosevelt sent a personal representative. The delegates' addresses took a wide range, including conservation of natural resources, the live-stock industry, insurance and the West, good roads, and similar topics. The demand of the Pacific Coast for appropriations for harbors and defenses found a large place in the resolutions, and more railways for the new States are favored. The meeting appears to have been rather diffusive in its discussions and conclusions, covering a much broader field than the other conventions held with specific plans in view. These congresses, in so far as they concentrate efforts in the direction of definite accomplishment, do good. If they are representative of the territory embraced, and if their delegates are chosen with care, they should present to National and State legislatures a valuable consensus of opinion from those best fitted to understand needs and to advise regarding new statutes. While it is probable that personal interests prompt the activity of many of the attendants, on the whole there should come from these gatherings a unity of effort and a definiteness of plan productive of needed results.

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The Balkan Situation

The situation in the Near East is not yet wholly cleared up, but the peril of war diminishes day by day. The points of danger were in Turkey and Servia. Turkey is apparently committed to a policy of peace, and is intrusting her interests to the Great Powers, with special reliance on the friendship of England. The Servians were halted on the very verge of war by the discovery one night that they had no ammunition for their artillery—a fact which throws light on the efficiency of the Servian Government in peace, and probably in war. The Montenegrins, too, have been carrying on a little opera bouffe of their own, filling the air with the tumult of mob cries for vengeance, firing off pistols, and sending messages to Servia declaring that the last man of them is ready to die—all of which is amusing but in no sense dangerous. It seems now fairly well settled that a Conference of the Great Powers will be called at an early date. There is apparently a good understanding between England, Russia, and France. Germany, however, thinks she was not sufficiently consulted in the preparation by those three Powers of a programme to be submitted to a new Conference of the seven Powers represented at the Congress of Berlin in 1878. The Germans are indignant at being ignored, and the Emperor, by way of showing that Germany cannot be ignored, may insist on some modification of the programme agreed upon by the other three Powers. The London and Paris newspapers printed last week an alleged programme of the approaching Congress, which provides that Bulgaria, by way of compensating Turkey for her independence, shall make good to that country the funded debt of Eastern Rumelia and the value of the Oriental Railway; that Crete, as compensation for her union with Greece, shall capitalize and pay over to Turkey the annual tribute heretofore rendered to that country; that the restriction of the maritime rights of Montenegro under the Treaty of Berlin shall be abrogated; and that Servia and Montenegro shall be recognized by a ratification of their frontiers "on that part of the territory of Bosnia and Herzegovina adjoining the sanjak of Novibazar," which is interpreted as meaning the transfer of a strip of country from the territory recently annexed by Austria. Nothing is said about the opening of the Dardanelles. The premature publication of this programme, if it be an official programme, was probably the occasion of the sending of a letter by the Emperor William to the Emperor Francis Joseph, which is reported to approve the action of Austria in annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina, and to promise German support. The contents of the letter were, however, a matter of surmise. The Treaty of Berlin ought, as a matter of good faith and international morals, to be enforced by the joint action of the Powers. To put Bulgaria back under Turkish control and to reverse the action of Austria in annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina would, however, involve a combined war on the part of the signatories to the treaty, which is impracticable and would be a greater crime against civilization than the breaking of the treaty. It remains, therefore, to express in some other way the moral sense of Europe; and that can be done best by a Joint Conference which, while recognizing the independence of Bulgaria, the Austrian seizure of the two provinces, and the passing of Crete to Greece, may impose by way of penalty adequate compensation to Turkey.

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Parliament Under Difficulties The English Parliament assembled on Tuesday night of last week surrounded by a surging mass of women who filled the streets of Westminster, interfered with traffic, and awakened the apprehension of those who did not understand that it was not a mob, but a company of Suffragettes; and, as one reporter has it, "caused many hundreds of policemen to perspire severely." One woman succeeded in penetrating to the floor of the House of Commons and interrupted the business by shrieking in a piercing voice, "Stop discussing the children's bill and attend to the women first!" She was finally removed from the sacred precincts and deposited in the corridor. The result of this latest onslaught appears to have been the arrest of about thirty Suffragettes. The police appear to have acted with discretion and restraint under very great provocation. The Prime Minister, if reports are true, requires more police protection than any of his predecessors since the days of the Duke of Wellington and the smashing of the windows of Apsley House, which are still securely shuttered on the Park side, as thousands of Americans remember. At the opening of Parliament the Prime Minister was escorted by a battalion of policemen to protect him from the wrathful ladies who awaited his approach, and whose attack on his front door bell was recorded in The Outlook last winter. But while the Suffragettes did not succeed in getting into the House of Commons except in the person of one struggling woman, they did succeed in getting over it; for one of the features of the day was the flying of a kite over Westminster Hall with the inscription "Votes for Women" in great letters. The session is likely to be a difficult one for the Ministry and an exciting one for the country; but, by one of those quick turns in affairs which so often happen in political life, the Liberal Ministry enters upon the session with a new access of popularity, due to the strong and disinterested policy represented by Sir Edward Grey, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in dealing with the Balkan question. England has stood steadily from the beginning for the integrity of the Berlin Treaty and against the violation of international agreements. And the English Government is the only Government that has taken any definite action; it promptly sent a squadron to the Ægean when the island of Crete repudiated Turkish sovereignty and declared its determination to unite with Greece. This action undoubtedly restrained the Government at Athens from accepting the proposed union on the spot, and probably brought a quarter of an hour of serious reflection both to Bulgaria and to Austria.

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For the Release of a Russian Patriot

The readers of The Outlook will recall the arrest in Russia last year of Nicolas Tchaykowsky, and the petition then sent to the Czar with the signatures of many distinguished Americans, urging that Mr. Tchaykowsky should have, at least, an early and public trial. As we stated at that time, the charges against Tchaykowsky, who is now an old man, were based on acts alleged to have been committed some thirty years or more ago. That he is a revolutionist has long been self avowed; and many of our readers will recall an article by him printed in The Outlook two years ago—"The Russian Revolutionary Movement." It is equally true that Mr. Tchaykowsky is a sincere patriot and a lover of Russia; and, as we said at the time, he urges revolution because he sees no other way to abolish autocracy. Personally, this patriot and revolutionist is a man of the most estimable and lovable qualities. He has been in a Russian prison, without trial, for nearly a year; and it is believed that he would hardly survive another winter in such a prison because of his advanced age and the severities of Russian prison life. It is now reported that the Russian Government is willing to release Tchaykowsky on a bail-bond amounting to about $25,000. Half of this amount has been raised in England, and it is earnestly hoped that the remainder may be obtained in this country. The case calls for immediate and liberal action. The movement for the prisoner's release is supported by a great number of men of character and position in England and America. Pledges of any amount to aid in guaranteeing the fund should be sent to the treasurer, Mr. William Jay Schieffelin, 170 William Street, New York.

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Poetry and Pensions

The civil list pensions in England, recently published at the request of Parliament, bring out the fact that $120,000 is paid out to various persons from this special fund. Of this, poetry receives only $2,250, in the form of pensions paid to Mr. John Davidson and Mr. William Watson, who receive $500 each per annum in recognition of "the merit of their poetical work;" to Mr. Austin Dobson, who receives $1,250 "in recognition of his distinguished literary attainments and of his eminence as a poet;" to the poet laureate, Sir Alfred Austin, who receives $1,000 a year. It is a short list, and, in a certain sense, a very inactive one. Mr. Watson began years ago by writing some charming verse, chiefly of a meditative and critical character; there was distinct promise in "Wordsworth's Grave," although it was promise of refinement and a nice sense of poetic values rather than of original power. Mr. Davidson also wrote some fresh and pleasant verse. Mr. Dobson is a genuine poet, who has from time to time written verse which is likely to be remembered. It would strike Americans as very strange that Mr. Kipling and Mr. Swinburne do not appear in this company if they did not remember that Poe's name is not yet engraved in the Hall of Fame. Wordsworth and Tennyson wore so long and so continuously the laurel of official poetry in England that people forget how rarely governments have displayed literary expertness in selecting their laureled pensioners.

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Education and Prosperity

The New York Times calls attention to some significant statistics which show in a striking way the relation of education to business. England has many great advantages over Germany in the production of pig iron. The ore and coal are of the same quality, but English coal is cheaper, and the two can be brought together at much lower cost. In the five years ending with 1904 the average price of German pig iron was $18.82 per ton, as against $12.96 for English; in other words, German iron was about fifty per cent higher than English iron. During the following four years the difference was about forty per cent, but the German production has been steadily gaining on the English. In 1880 England produced 8,100,000 tons and Germany 3,300,000 tons; in 1907 England produced 9,900,000 tons and Germany 12,800,000 tons. In the meantime the proportion of manufactured products in the exports of Germany has amounted to 88 per cent, while the proportion in English exports is but 65 per cent. The British writer from whom the Times quotes gives a pertinent and convincing explanation of the rapid strides of Germany in dealing with this single commodity in commercial prosperity:

> There is certainly nothing fundamental in the ironmaking resources of Germany to enable that country to beat us, and whenever and wherever the Germans have succeeded in underselling us, either in our own or neutral markets, their success has been due, not to neutral favors, but to more careful technical training, more diligent attention to business opportunities, and a more highly organized system of sales than has yet been adopted by ourselves. The lesson for this country is plain and unmistakable.

The lesson is so unmistakable that the English have gone a long way toward learning it during the past few years, and are providing an education for young men in these special lines approaching that offered by Germany. In America, too, great advance has been made in technical training; but as yet our movement in this direction hardly approaches the magnificent organized attack which German education has made on the commercial problems of the day.

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Irrigation in Egypt

British rule in Egypt has been productive of changes that are affecting the lives and destinies of millions. In the matter of reclaiming lands to cultivation by irrigation or of extending such crude systems as were already in use, Egypt furnishes perhaps an even better illustration than India of the benefits of enlightened rule, even though that rule be that of a foreigner. Sir Hanbury Brown, in a paper read some time ago at the Royal Society of Arts in London, Lord Cromer presiding, gave an interesting résumé of irrigation work in the land of the Pharaohs. Even at present Mr. Dupins and his staff are busily engaged in collecting data for the solution of the remaining problems in irrigation on the Upper Nile—problems upon the solution of which depend the development of the Sudan and the further development of Egypt. The wonderful development of the resources of the Nile Valley in recent years may be said to date back to the appointment in May, 1883, of Sir Colin Scott-Macrieff by the Khedive of Egypt to the Irrigation Department. A few facts only need be cited to illustrate the magnitude and importance of the work since done. Most important of all is the fact that it is now possible by weirs and barrage to head up the waters of the Nile in summer to an artificial height of twenty feet, as opposed to thirteen feet, the former maximum. As a result, not a drop of water now goes to waste, but it is made to bear its part in producing the wonderful fertility of the Nile valley and delta. It has also been possible to double the output of the cotton crop, on which the prosperity of Egypt now depends. In actual money value the cotton staple has risen from £7,500,000 to £15,000,000. The rice or food crop of the peasants also no longer depends, as in ancient times, upon the annual rising of the Nile to a certain height, but, with its waters now under control, there is a security to the inhabitants hitherto unknown. The tillers of the soil now know that food will not fail them. Not only has this security, resulting from artificial irrigation, added to the prosperity and happiness of the dwellers in the Nile Valley, but it has diminished their labor as well, and relieved them of the tiresome monotony of the old-time system of drawing water from the river for their crops. As a natural consequence of decreasing the cost of raising crops, the rental of the lands has increased, with the further effect of reducing the land tax. Of course the greatest of the works that have produced these happy changes in that historic land was the construction of the great Assuan Dam and its subsidiary works, followed as they were by an immediate extension of prosperity. No less than three hundred thousand acres were converted by these works into the source of perennial irrigation, and eventually another hundred thousand acres will be added as a result of further improvements. Only recently it has been decided to raise the dam by something over sixteen feet, which will vastly increase in the near future the total results arising from this greatest of modern irrigation achievements. When works now in contemplation and soon to be entered upon in Egypt are completed, to use the words of Lord Cromer, the whole of the waters of the Nile from the lakes to the sea will be under control. Egypt in the time of Jacob and Joseph, and later under the Romans, was the granary of the world. Though that position was forever lost to it by the discovery of the New World, the famed valley of the Nile, as respects the Mediterranean countries at least, is rapidly regaining its old-time prestige as a land of plenty. There are probably readers of The Outlook who have seen in the markets of New York melons and other fruits and vegetables from the land of the Pyramids and the Sphinx—a pleasant reminder at least of the fertility of an ancient land.

The Political Campaign

III—The Constitutional Issue

In stating the Constitutional issue involved in the present political campaign I must restate questions and reaffirm principles recently stated and affirmed in these columns. This article, therefore, will be to some extent a repetition of comparatively recent editorial utterances.

Two fundamental Constitutional questions are involved in this campaign, by necessary implication rather than by explicit statement. First: Is the Constitution the creator or the creature of the Nation? does it determine what are its powers, or does it only determine how those powers are to be distributed? Second: Assuming that it determines the distribution of those powers, is there any general principle by which we can be guided in determining what class of powers belong to the Federal Government and what belong to the States?

On these questions the people of the United States have been divided in opinion ever since Colonial days. One party has dreaded centralization. Some among them in 1787 bitterly opposed any Federal Constitution. Others consented, though reluctantly. The burnt child dreads the fire, and they dreaded the exercise of autocratic powers like those exercised by George III over the Colonies. Of this anti-Federalist party Thomas Jefferson was the most distinguished representative, George Clinton the most vehement. The other party dreaded disintegration. They recalled, not the despotism of George III, but the well-nigh fatal weakness of the Confederation and the impotence of the Continental Congress. They wanted a strong Federal Government. Of this party Alexander Hamilton was the most distinguished representative. The question whether ultimate sovereignty resides in the States or in the Nation was left undetermined by the Constitution. It was finally settled by civil war. But the war did not end the temperamental differences which contributed to produce it. There are no Jeffersonian Democrats left, and no Hamiltonian Federalists. But the tendencies which they represented remain. The Democratic party is the heir of Thomas Jefferson; the Republican party is the heir of Alexander Hamilton.

I. Is the Constitution of the United States like the charter of a corporation, so that we look to it to see what are the powers of the chartered company? Or is it like the by-laws of the corporation, so that we look to it to see how those powers shall be exercised? Has the American Nation a right to acquire territory, and, having acquired it, to govern it as a subject province and its inhabitants as subjects until, by properly constituted authority, it is admitted into the Union of the States? One party replies, We can find in the Constitution no authority for such a proceeding. The other party replies, The Constitution has made of the American people a Nation; this Nation has all the rights and powers which from time immemorial have belonged to nationality; the power to acquire territory and govern it is one of those rights; it is not, like the right to establish slavery or a National religion, expressly denied by the Constitution to the Nation; therefore the Nation may exercise it. This doctrine its opponents call Imperialism, and themselves they call Anti-Imperialists. I should prefer to call it Nationalism, and them Anti-Nationalists. But names are not important. Principles are. And the difference between these two views, one that the Constitution has created a nation of limited powers, the other that a nation of unlimited powers has framed a Constitution to direct how those powers shall be exercised, is a very vital difference.

The view of the Republican party on this question is unmistakable. It was defined, as readers will remember, by Elihu Root as Secretary of War, as far back as 1899.[1] It was urged by representatives of the Administration in the Supreme Court of the United States in the Insular Cases and accepted, at first by a majority, but eventually, as having been made by previous decisions the law of the land, by a practically unanimous judgment. It has been assumed as Constitutional law by both the McKinley and the Roosevelt Administrations, and by Mr. Taft in his whole political career from the time of his acceptance of the Governorship of the Philippines, which was based on the assumption that we have a Constitutional right to govern them.

I do not know that Mr. Bryan has explicitly declared himself on this Constitutional issue. I do not know that he has not. I have examined with some care his official report of his first campaign. I have followed his course in the present campaign as officially reported in The Commoner. I do not know that there is any authoritative report of his campaign speeches in 1900, and for other than official reports I hesitate to hold him responsible. It is true that in that campaign he declared anti-imperialism to be the paramount issue. He might have thought so and still have held that the Federal Government has the *Constitutional power* but not the *moral right* to govern Dependencies. But, considering the facts that the so-called Anti-Imperialists, with few exceptions, give to Mr. Bryan their support, that the Democratic leaders who support him are, with probably no exception, anti-Federalists, that the Southern States, on the unbroken support of which his hopes of election depend, are dominated by the anti-centralization doctrine, and that he has repeatedly and emphatically declared himself a Jeffersonian Democrat and an Anti-Imperialist, it is not unfair for the historian to regard him as a representative of the doctrine of limited Nationalism. In his election anti-Nationalism would win an important victory; in his defeat anti-Nationalism would be defeated.

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[1] "I assume, for I do not think that it can be successfully disputed, that all acquisition of territory under this treaty [of Paris with Spain] was the exercise of a power which belonged to the United States, because it was a nation and for that reason was endowed with the powers essential to national life, and that the United States has all the powers in respect of the territory which it has thus acquired, and the inhabitants of that territory, which any nation in the world has in respect of territory which it has acquired; that as between the people of the ceded islands and the United States the former are subject to the complete sovereignty of the latter, controlled by no legal limitations except those which may be found in the treaty of cession; that the people of the islands have no right to have them treated as States, or to have them treated as the territories previously held by the United States have been treated, or to assert a legal right under the provisions of the Constitution which was established for the people of the United States themselves and to meet the conditions existing upon this continent, or to assert against the United States any legal right whatever not found in the treaty" (Elihu Root, Annual Report of Secretary of War for 1899.) He adds that "it is our unquestioned duty to make the interests of the people over whom we assert sovereignty the first and controlling consideration in all legislation and administration which concerns them, and to give them, to the greatest possible extent, individual freedom, self-government in accordance with their capacity, just and equal laws, and opportunity for education, for profitable industry, and for development in civilization."

II. Whether the Constitution limits the powers of the Nation or not, it undoubtedly determines how those powers shall be distributed and exercised. Is there any general principle which can be applied in determining what that distribution is, and how the various provisions of the Constitution shall be interpreted? I think there is such a principle. It is one which underlies our Federal system and is necessary to the preservation of liberty and order. To disregard it is to imperil one or the other. That principle is this:

Questions which concern primarily and chiefly the people of a locality are to be left to the determination of the locality; questions which concern primarily and chiefly the people of the Nation are to be left to the determination of the Nation.

For example: Sunday observance concerns primarily and chiefly the individual and his family. All that any of us have a right to demand of law is that it prohibit other people from interfering with our chosen observance. I like to go to church; my neighbor likes to go to the park. I have no more right to shut him out of the park than he has to shut me out of the church. If my religious procession in the streets is disturbing, he has a right to demand that it be forbidden; if his saloon is disturbing, I have a right to demand that it be forbidden. We have each a right to demand the prohibition of whatever interferes with the common enjoyment of the National rest-day: this much, no more. So again: Whether there shall be saloons in New York City, and on what conditions, primarily and chiefly interests the people of New York City. The interest of the people of the rural communities in that question is secondary and incidental. To the people of New York City that question should therefore be left. Local option, not State or National prohibition, is the solvent of the saloon question.

But, for the same reason that the people of the locality should be left free to determine the questions of the locality, the people of the Nation should be left free to determine the questions which concern the Nation. What liberty demands is neither the sovereignty of the State Government nor the sovereignty of the Federal Government, but the sovereignty of the people. To secure that, it is just as essential that the people of the Nation should be sovereign in all affairs that concern the people of the Nation as that the people of the State should be sovereign in all affairs that concern only or chiefly the people of the State.

It is for this reason that the Constitution gives the Federal Government absolute control of both foreign and inter-State commerce. It is for this reason that I desire to see the highways of the Nation taken out of State control and put under Federal control. This is demanded alike by the interests of the people and the interests of the railways. State action cannot do justice to either. A sovereignty which extends from New York to Buffalo cannot control a corporation which extends from New York to Chicago. The people need for the protection of their rights Federal control. A railway which runs through half a dozen States cannot be justly and efficiently administered if it has to conform to the conflicting regulations of a half-dozen sovereignties. I am told that the State of Minnesota requires of her railways one form of bookkeeping and the Federal Government a different form. This differing requirement may be repeated in as many different States as the corporation has a roadbed. This is not only needless, it is irritating to the company. It is not less irritating to the traveler if he pays two cents a mile in one State and has to pay three cents a mile as soon as he crosses the border. Uniformity of rates, whether for passengers or freight, which constitutes essential justice in the administration of our National highways, is impossible except under uniform laws enacted and administered by one sovereign power. It is true that the Democratic party, in its platform, asserts "the right of Congress to exercise complete control over inter-State commerce," but at the same time it says, "We insist that Federal remedies for the regulation of inter-State commerce and for the prevention of private monopoly shall be added to, not substituted for, State remedies," and declares its opposition "to the centralization implied in the suggestion, now frequently made, that the power of the General Government should be extended by judicial construction." And Mr. Bryan, by his recent advocacy of State ownership of State railways and Federal ownership of inter-State railways, indicates a dread of that policy which regards the highways as National highways and would bring them, whatever their termini, under National control—a policy which seems to me essential to the solution of our railway problem. To that policy the Republican party is now fully and irretrievably committed. Some Republican leaders have opposed it—notably, for example, Mr. Foraker. But it triumphed within the party in the nomination of Mr. Taft, as it would have been defeated by his defeat; and it will triumph in the Nation by his election, and the larger his majority the more conclusive will be the triumph.

My reader may remind me that it is not the President nor the Congress which finally determines the true meaning and interpretation of the Constitution of the United States, but the Supreme Court of the United States. That is true. But I may remind him in turn that in the next four years three or four vacancies are likely to occur in the Supreme Court to be filled by Presidential appointment. We have no right to assume that either Mr. Bryan or Mr. Taft as President would endeavor to pack the Supreme Court to secure from it a particular decision in a particular case. But we may assume that neither would knowingly appoint as judge a man whose views of the Constitution were fundamentally opposed to his own. It is not conceivable that Thomas Jefferson would have appointed John Marshall, nor would Daniel Webster have appointed John C. Calhoun. In one respect the election of 1908 is as important as any of recent years. The election of Mr. Taft means a Supreme Court dominated by the spirit of Federalism; the election of Mr. Bryan a Supreme Court dominated by the anti-Federalist spirit.

If any reader of this article thinks that the greatest danger to this Republic is Federal usurpation, I advise him to vote for Mr. Bryan. I think the peril lies in the other direction; that it lies in such a concentration of power in commercial organizations, and such a lack of power in the Federal Government, that we shall be ruled by aggregations of money, not by majorities of men. And I urge the election of Mr. Taft because I believe that he will carry on the policy of the Federal party toward a wise consummation, in the recognition of these two principles of Nationalism: First, that the Constitution does not limit the powers of the Nation; it directs how they shall be distributed. Second, that in that distribution it secures the sovereignty of the people by giving control of purely State affairs to the people of the State, but not less by giving control of affairs of National concern to the people of the Nation.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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President Gilman

In an after-luncheon address at the induction of President Garfield at Williamstown a week ago the British Minister said that one of the things which impressed him whenever he returned to this country was the steadily increasing importance of American colleges and universities in the life of the country and the steadily widening interest in their work. Those Americans who follow the course of events, not as they are recorded in the headlines of the newspapers, but in the order of real significance, will concur in this opinion. The academic community, long to a considerable extent negligible in the public life, has become a very important feature, and its leaders have become National figures. Among them, for a generation, Dr. Daniel Coit Gilman held a foremost place. He was to be counted with President Eliot and Dr. Stanley Hall among the leaders of that renaissance of education which in the last thirty years has transformed the American college and university, enlarged their field of action, advanced their standards, modified or extended their methods, and brought them up to the standard of foreign institutions. There are now many fields of knowledge in which a young American can obtain as thorough a training at home as in England or in Germany.

Born in Norwich, Connecticut, of New England ancestry, graduated from Yale in the class of 1852, four years of travel and study abroad gave Dr. Gilman an unusual scholarly equipment for the work which he was to do in this country. He was attached for a time to the United States Legation at St. Petersburg; he studied in Berlin; was Commissioner to the French Exhibition in 1855; became librarian of Yale College a year later, and still later professor of physical and political geography, and served for a time as City Superintendent of the schools of New Haven, and as Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education. In 1872 he went to Berkeley as first President of the University of California. He had an open field, a generous people, and a comparatively free hand; and he laid the foundations and defined the policies of an institution which at once took high rank and has had great influence of the best kind on educational life on the Pacific coast. In this position Dr. Gilman's remarkable gifts and qualities were clearly revealed. He was not only a scholar in several departments of knowledge, but he had an expert's acquaintance with educational methods and university organization. He was probably the best-informed American of his time in all matters relating to the work and personnel of foreign universities. He knew the rising men even among the youngest members of the faculties abroad. He was a born administrator. He had the judicial temperament; the faculty of dealing easily and strongly with methods of classification and administration seemed a kind of second nature to him; he was accessible and of a most agreeable personality, and he had command of a very clear and persuasive style of address. No man could have been better equipped for the organization of a university at the Golden Gate, and probably no man could have builded better than did Dr. Gilman.

Five years later, in the very prime of life, Dr. Gilman was elected first President of the Johns Hopkins University, which a Baltimore merchant had endowed with a sum of money at that time almost beyond the dreams of academic wealth. The Trustees were men of singular sagacity, and instead of setting out to build a great group of buildings and gratify their individual taste in architecture, they set out to find a man, and found him at Berkeley; and in calling Dr. Gilman to Baltimore they practically established the Johns Hopkins as a university of high rank. For twenty-five years he remained at his post. He was a university-builder on the highest plane. He did not begin by securing an architect; he began by securing a body of teachers of exceptional distinction and ability. The professorships were made so desirable that eminent men at home and abroad were glad to fill them; and when the faculty of the new institution was formed, it instantly commanded the attention and respect of the whole academic world. Dr. Gilman knew that a university is great in exact proportion as its teachers are capable, progressive, and have the gift of leadership. The university was and still is very inconspicuously housed; but from the very beginning its work was known and followed by the universities of Europe.

The group-system which Dr. Gilman developed marked a stage in the educational growth of the country, and was a contribution of the highest importance to academic organization. Of late years it has been rapidly substituted for the unrestricted elective system. The provision made for graduate Fellowships at the Johns Hopkins secured at once a body of trained college graduates, carrying on advanced studies with zeal and enthusiasm, and creating an atmosphere of work such as existed in no other American institution.

There was no subject of academic life

to which Dr. Gilman did not give consideration, and there were very few about which he did not possess the knowledge of an expert. When the Johns Hopkins Hospital, which has since become as noted for its educational as for its purely professional work, was organized in 1889, he was made its director. He was one of the original Trustees and later President of the Board of the John F. Slater Fund; he was a Trustee of the Peabody Educational Fund, and took the greatest interest in the work of the General Education Board and was active in all its affairs. Upon his resignation of the presidency of the Johns Hopkins University eight years ago, he was elected the first President of the Carnegie Institution at Washington; and the fitness of this appointment to administer the income of ten millions of dollars for the furtherance of knowledge by original research was at once recognized. It has probably never been the good fortune of any man in educational life to organize two institutions of such magnitude and importance as Johns Hopkins University and the Carnegie Institution. Dr. Gilman was also interested in the public life of the country. President Cleveland appointed him one of the Commissioners to ascertain the boundaries of Venezuela and British Guiana; he succeeded Mr. Schurz as President of the National Civil Service Reform League; he was a member of the Commission which drafted a new charter for Baltimore; he was a Trustee of the Russell Sage Foundation for the improvement of social and living conditions; he was President of the Baltimore Charity Organization and of the American Oriental Society, and a member of many other kindred organizations. He was one of the general editors of the New International Encyclopædia, a work to which he brought keen interest and wide knowledge and to which he gave a great deal of time.

Such a record of work and achievement places Dr. Gilman among the foremost Americans of the last half of the nineteenth century; among those men, not in politics, who are leaders in the public life of the country and who enrich that life by conspicuous and shining qualities of character, intelligence, and industry; he was a foremost American in a group of foremost Americans.

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The Criminal Journal of To-Day

Our ancestors went to the Newgate Calendar for their criminal literature and got it without adulteration with politics, business, and other extraneous matters. Crime in those days seems to have been a specialty, reserved for experts and reported in trade journals. It had the dignity of a profession practiced by gentlemen who did not confuse it with other occupations, and whose exploits were given a place by themselves. All this is sadly changed; the most dramatic offenses against morality and the law are now degraded to the level of such unromantic enterprises as the making of the Panama Canal, the progress of the fleet around the world, the latest development of the air-ship, and even to matters of such slight moment as books. The latest form of the Newgate Calendar is the sensational newspaper, and, like some other modern evolutions, it shows a terrible lowering of the ideal and a very mercenary spirit. In the good old days the criminal journal dealt in nothing but crime; it was written by experts and read by a trained constituency. To-day the criminal journal blunts the clean edge of curiosity by irrelevant gossip about many matters of no interest to the criminal class.

In the good old days when Tyburn Hill was still a popular resort, the criminal journals addressed themselves to an expert body of readers who brought a critical judgment to the various reports of offenses prepared for them; to-day the journals which make a specialty of crime go into millions of homes where they are read by a host of women densely ignorant of the nice points involved in the arts of murder, seduction, burglary, and the other branches of the profession. The fall of these journals from the great place they held in the past is brought out still more clearly by the fact that they are read by hosts of children, who are entirely unable to appreciate either the audacity or the skill of the eminent criminals whose story is told with the fullest details from day to day.

It is simple justice to the newspapers that make crime their stock in trade, however, to recognize their skill as educators of these ignorant children by means of illustration. By putting before children the faces of murderers and of fallen women, by vivid presentations of the rooms in which crimes have been committed, by graphic portrayals of mutilated bodies, decapitated heads, fragments of legs and arms, blood-stains on walls, tools of burglary, bludgeons and pistols with which men have been put to death, and a hundred other reproductions of what may be called the "properties" of the profession, these journals rapidly train children to speak the language and understand the methods of criminals of all sorts. While it is true that they have lowered the dignity of criminology by mixing lesser matters with it, it must also be conceded that these journals have enormously increased the number of those who know crime in all its forms. In this case familiarity breeds not so much contempt as interest in the drama of offenses against life and morals; twice every day the sensational journal lifts the curtain on a stage thronged with actors engaged in their various rôles. At one end of the stage a man in a mask is blowing open a safe, in the background an embezzling cashier is boarding a train for Mexico, in the middle stage two stalwart gentlemen are chloroforming a helpless old woman, to the left a youth is drowning a girl whom he has first dishonored; at the front, in the limelight, a drunken man is beating his wife's brains out with a bootjack. All this movement of life, so varied, so striking, so engrossing, can be seen for one cent and put before the eyes of children without taking them into the street. The sensational newspaper has done many things which our ancestors would have thought impossible; but among all its achievements this is probably the most important. Much might be said in recognition of its expertness in buying or stealing private letters, playing the spy in private houses, bribing servants, and doing all sorts of things considered infamous in the slow and dull times of our fathers; but the crowning achievement of newspapers of this class is storing the minds of children with pictures and methods of crime; it means a great increase of criminals in the future and a "bumper" harvest for the criminal journal.

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The Wisdom of the Good

The world is so much a hospital that even those who are well are affected by the atmosphere in which they live. Among so many semi-blind people they often doubt their own sight, and question their own sanity among so many who are not wholly sane. They cannot escape the infection of an air breathed by generations of sick folk, and their courage is lowered by the fears which overshadow their neighbors. Even when they become ministering spirits they are so exhausted by the drain on their spiritual vitality that they lose the overflowing joy of health and its boundless confidence in the goodness at the heart of the world. From time to time men and women of spiritual genius appear who are not imposed upon by the mere processes of thought, the sounding verbiage of knowledge, the false witness of the blind or the half-blind, the illusion of the finality of the age; who look through the mist and see the sublime order moving to its appointed ends with the majesty of great stars set in their places by omnipotence. When these prophets, poets, teachers, appear, faith comes stealing back to the channels that had become hard and dry, and the barren land begins to sing once more. To such as these, who have the pure heart, the obedient will, the mind of the child, the highest things are not only credible: they are inevitable and unescapable. And these men and women are the spiritual experts; the only observers who speak with the authority of eye-witnesses. Against their witness the testimony of the sick, the deaf, the blind, has no weight; it is moving, pathetic, freighted with the pathos of suffering; but its value is personal, not universal.

The Spectator

When a great American city wants to try the latest fashion in pageants, any date will do to hang the celebration on. The Spectator, inquiring in Philadelphia during Founders' Week (October 3–10) why the two hundred and twenty-fifth year of the town's existence was a date to be commemorated, received the candid reply, "If we waited till the three hundredth anniversary, or even the two hundred and fiftieth, most of us wouldn't be here. Besides, Philadelphia wants to have the first historical pageant in the United States." Reasons such as this are valid enough for any crowd; and the Founders' Week crowd was entirely satisfied with them. It was a tremendous crowd, increasing daily until Friday, the climax of the week-long show; and it was itself one of the great exhibits, being generally massed solidly along Broad Street for from thirty to forty blocks every day, from noon to eve, for each day brought a new and splendid procession, and sometimes two, to that magnificent marching way.

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Up and down a score of blocks to the north and south, rows of "grand stands" rose by the dozens, draped in bunting and filled with more or less uncomfortable wooden seats. These stands would have made a two-storied crowd each day if they had been filled. But, except on Friday, the two-dollar and upward tickets, by which the stand-builders had expected to gain a fortune, found few takers. Every day, just before procession time, they were offered, in desperation, at lower prices, and in some instances went two for a quarter. Meanwhile public opinion was against them. One merchant opposite the Union League put up a notice, "This sidewalk is not my property. It belongs to the public. I have refused to put up a stand. All are welcome here;" and others followed suit.

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Tickets were not necessary, anyway, for most of the varied enjoyments of Founders' Week. Every conceivable kind of celebration was happening all day in full view. In the beginning, on Saturday evening, twenty-eight little girls, one from each of the twenty-eight districts, townships, and boroughs which were consolidated with the original town in 1854, assembled in the Mayor's office in the City Hall, and, headed by the city officials and a band of music, with sixteen trumpeter-heralds, marched round the Plaza, where twenty-eight lamp-posts had been set up, one to represent each district. One by one, these were dedicated and lighted, till all were ablaze. Illuminations, indeed, were a feature of the whole week. The City Hall was a blaze of electric devices, with half a dozen searchlights playing and traveling at once; the sky-scrapers glowed from top to bottom; the ships out in the river illuminated, the stores illuminated, and there was a convention, one evening, of Illuminating Engineers, who must have felt thoroughly at home. On Sunday there were municipal services in Old Swedes and special services everywhere else, distribution of flowers to the hospitals, unveiling of tablets, open-air meetings, and a Pontifical blessing by the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Falconio. On Monday more tablets were unveiled, the new City Seal was struck, the Mayor held a public reception, the war vessels saluted, organ recitals were held, the guests of the city had a grand luncheon and reception, the military parade took place, and a formal municipal celebration was held at the Academy in the evening; while out at Franklin Field, the football oval of the University of Pennsylvania, the "musical-historical drama" "Philadelphia" was given on each evening, presenting in music, tableaux, and action the history of the Commonwealth. On Tuesday the German societies paraded, the corner-stone of the Pastorius monument was laid in Germantown, with a celebration in the adjacent park, and the police and fire departments had an immense procession. A German celebration was held at the Academy, fifteen hundred of the clergy of all denominations from rabbis to archbishops met to discuss William Penn and religious liberty, and various conventions held meetings. On Wednesday it was, if possible, even more so; and on Thursday worse yet. On Friday everybody in Philadelphia, and from all the towns within a radius of thirty miles or more, turned out in force to see the historical pageant, and stayed out until midnight or so. There were eight hundred thousand people along the line of march on Broad Street, and five thousand performers in the pageant, and Philadelphia truly felt it to be the climax of things.

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The crowd had gotten into the habit by that time of invading Broad Street at about ten in the morning to get the front row stand on the curbstone for the one o'clock parade. On Friday they came an hour earlier, and the parade didn't come along until half-past two, so it was quite an endurance test to remain in the front rank. By noon every roof and window was full, and by two o'clock the telegraph poles and cornices were occupied. On the big telegraph pole beside the Union League a private box had been slung by cable wires, and in it some two dozen ladies sat, serenely conscious of having the best seats of the day. Under the stands wild crowds surged in the semi-darkness, and the Spectator was caught in one of these on his way to his seat on a stand just beyond. The situation was extremely uncomfortable and even dangerous until the police and the ambulance people arrived and cleared the way, removing one woman who had fainted. Yet—such is the courage and confidence of human nature—the Spectator met in that *impasse* an elderly woman, frail and gentle, pushing an invalid chair, from which her crippled husband looked cheerfully out into the surging mass around him. The police escorted these two Babes in the Wood to the middle of Broad Street amid cheers, and took them to a good place lower down—which shows that the brave deserve the pageant.

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It was a tremendous pageant when it came at last, preceded by mounted heralds in purple blowing on golden trumpets. Before each of its eight divisions and sixty-eight scenes came another mounted herald in green and gold, with a plainly lettered sign, like a flag, in his hand, announcing the coming scene. In the other parades Philadelphia's own colors, blue and buff, were on almost every float. But the historical pageant, directed by a trained artistic leader, was a series of rich and delicate color combinations. On a green road or path it would have been wonderful. The Spectator appreciated suddenly how much was added to the Quebec pageant by the greensward, and why all nations have instinctively strewed green branches and flowers over the road of a conqueror. The drab gray of asphalt paving is a poor ground for blended color, and the pageant lost much in richness by this fact, especially where small groups or single figures came down the broad way. Only where the pageant swept along in full ranks, filling the street from curb to curb, was its true beauty realized. But it had moments of great splendor, and was always quaint and interesting. Beginning with Hendrik Hudson's ship, the Onrust (which all those around the Spectator confidently called the "Onrush"), and ending with the Centennial and the City Beautiful, it led through the centuries of exploration, colonial life, Revolutionary days, commercial growth, and Civil War scenes, up to the present day. The Welsh came singing in their steeple hats, the Scotch-Irish swung forward behind their plaided bagpipers, Lydia Darrach rode to warn the Continentals, Betsey Ross stitched away at the Star-Spangled Banner, Penn and the Indians signed the Treaty under the Treaty tree, Rochambeau rode in with his Frenchmen; Washington, Wayne, and Lafayette cantered by, Franklin flew his kite, the Underground Railroad helped trudging blacks to freedom, the Meschianga glittered in softly gorgeous color, with powdered belles and beaux and Oriental slaves, the ox-trains and Conestoga wagons lumbered along, and, best of all, the real, true Liberty Bell, escorted by a bevy of laughing girls in colonial dress, was the climax of it all.

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Over the city, at intervals during the week, an air-ship maneuvered in the blue, sailing to and fro above the high buildings and the marching parades, and visiting on one day the river-front, where the war-ships lay at anchor in gala trim. After circling over the fleet, the aeronaut, swooping close to the Idaho, came near enough to drop a letter into the hand of a sailor on the foretop (or what corresponds to it on a modern war vessel). This missive bore the words, "Greetings from a ship of the air to the ships of the sea," and was loudly cheered by the crowd who witnessed the postal delivery. William Penn, standing on the City Hall, might have seen it out of the corner of his eye. The Spectator is sure that Penn, and Franklin too, would have enjoyed Founders' Week.

REASONS FOR SUPPORTING MR. DEBS

BY J. G. PHELPS STOKES

In four successive issues of The Outlook are appearing editorial articles (the third of which is printed in this issue) stating the reasons which seem conclusive to The Outlook for supporting Mr. Taft's candidacy. At the same time we wish to give to our readers the strongest arguments in favor of Mr. Taft's two chief opponents—Mr. Bryan and Mr. Debs. Therefore we printed last week an article on behalf of Mr. Bryan by Mr. Edward M. Shepard, and we publish herewith Mr. Stokes's article on behalf of Mr. Debs. A peculiar weight attaches to Mr. Stokes's article—it is the weight of an earnest sincerity made obvious by the elimination of self-interest. When Mr. Stokes argues for the extinction of a "master class" or a "non-producing, appropriating class," he argues for the death warrant of the class to which by inheritance and training he himself belongs. In "Who's Who" he is frankly denominated a capitalist, yet it is against the private ownership of capital, against the very existence of such beings as capitalists, that he is putting forth his most exhausting and courageous endeavors. He is an officer of corporations, director in many philanthropic societies, and member of several societies with scientific, educational, or artistic aims. His wife, Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes, born and bred among the wage-workers, is a gifted writer and speaker on Socialism. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stokes have been conspicuous during the present campaign among the public speakers on behalf of Mr. Eugene V. Debs. The Socialist candidate for the Presidency was for three years a railway fireman; then engaged in the grocery trade. He has been a labor leader for years. From 1893 to 1897 he was President of the American Railway Union—a labor organization of aggressive character—and as such in 1894 was the leader of the railway strike that threatened to paralyze the country's industries. For the violation of an injunction he was imprisoned for six months. He is a Socialist of the revolutionary type. He was the Socialist candidate for the Presidency eight and four years ago.—THE EDITORS.

Of course no intelligent or patriotic citizen can be expected to vote for either a man or a principle, however good, without first acquiring some approximation to an understanding of that man or principle; and to an understanding of anything, correct information is essential. As yet the majority of Americans have not received sufficient correct information concerning Socialism to either indorse or reject it intelligently. Even among our educated classes a great dearth of understanding of Socialism is apparent, and to the extent that that dearth prevails, honest and careful voters may naturally hesitate to support Socialist candidates.

We Socialists are confident, however, that no intelligent and just voter, understanding Socialism and the class struggle upon which it is based, would withhold his vote from a Socialist candidate in a political struggle, unless in the rare event that he had become possessed of information convincing him individually of the candidate's personal unfitness for the office.

To Socialists the merits or demerits of the "issues" presented by both Republican and Democratic parties are trivial as contrasted with the body and soul destroying issues arising from the class struggle in our industrial life. "My Policies," "Tariff Reform," "Guarantee of Bank Deposits," "Publicity of Campaign Funds," publication of Archbold and Foraker letters, and violent denunciations from the White House, all these suggest to Socialists the wranglings of ill-advised physicians, each insistent upon exhibiting superficial sores of the body politic and upon applying each his salves thereto, yet each and all ignoring underlying causes of which the sores are but results.

Patriotism means love of country and devotion to its welfare. The truly patriotic citizen is he who seeks for his country justice and fair dealing first of all, and who is ever ready to sacrifice personal ease and wealth, if need be, that justice and fair dealing may prevail. To all true patriots we Socialists look for aid, in proportion as they understand our movement. It is due, we believe, to basic injustice and unfairness in certain fundamental relations in our industrial life that our country is cursed on the one hand with corruption in public and private life and with the machinations of "malefactors of great wealth," and cursed on the other hand by appalling unemployment, poverty, and destitution, and by the hopeless despair of scores of thousands that leads so often to depravity and crime.

The great majority of the people of our country is made up of productive workers and their families, and no amount of "Reform" can bring peace and prosperity to these so long as they are denied the right to labor freely and freely to use and enjoy their product. That they are denied that right to-day is easily shown, and that nothing short of Socialism can restore to them that right we Socialists believe to be as readily susceptible of demonstration./

It is evident that no one can live without access to land, and few can prosper on land remote from fellow-men and from facilities for the exchange of products. Yet all land within reach of the masses of our people, and all within reach of the markets, is to-day possessed by a small fraction of the population, who neither created it nor gave to it its value, yet who withhold it for an unearned profit from such as would use it, saying in effect to the latter, "Either produce upon this land enough wealth to support me, in addition to producing what you need to support yourselves, or you may not use it at all." Whithersoever the worker turns seeking, within reach of the markets, opportunity to support himself and his family by industrious labor, he is confronted with the same requirement. Unless he go to remote regions far removed from the advantages made possible by social life, he may not and cannot live at all unless willing to support also some more or less idle owner or owners of land, absolved by that ownership from the necessity of supporting themselves.

Private ownership of land may have been desirable and conducive to industry and thrift in primitive communities where each industrious citizen owned only so much land as he required for his own support and for the support of those properly dependent upon him; but when shrewd people commenced possessing themselves of land without any thought of using it, but merely as a means of deriving unearned support from such as must use it or else suffer or perish, a great and increasing evil began.

The essence of slavery consists in this, that men and women are denied a chance to support themselves except upon condition that they support masters or a master class as well. Increasing ownership and monopoly of land by non users has developed a type of enforced servitude on the part of impoverished and landless workers as unjust in essence as any that characterized the enforced servitude of productive workers in the nations of antiquity or in our South before the war.

But there is another and equally unjust and harmful type of partial slavery prevailing in our country to-day, and inseparable from the so-called capitalist system which both Republican and Democratic parties support. Prior to the introduction of the factory system nearly all material wealth resulting from human industry was the product of manual labor. Such intellectual labor as was required was provided by the manual workers themselves, working separately or in small groups, and *owning their own tools.* Toward the end of the eighteenth century inventive genius devised the steam-engine, and connected it to tools by means of levers and wheels, and thus made steam propel tools that human labor power had been used to propel before. A revolution in fundamental industrial relations resulted, and its consequences have been far-reaching.

Prior to that time, and speaking generally, the workers, owning their own tools, disposed of their own product, selling it in their own interest, and, after paying the rent demanded by private monopolizers of land, kept the remainder of the proceeds for themselves. The change from manual to machine-aided production introduced "wage slavery." It became necessary for the productive workers to support idle owners of machines in addition to idle landlords.

Productive workers could no longer support themselves by the former manual processes. Those manual processes had yielded, by six or seven days' labor, seven days' support. But the owners of the new steam-driven machinery found it possible to cut the prices of commodities, forcing such manual workers as would compete to cut their prices too, until at the resulting level of prices neither six nor seven days' manual labor would yield net proceeds enough to support life during an equal period, and the manual workers, reduced from poverty to destitution, were obliged to abandon the tools that they owned themselves and seek jobs at factories owned by others as their only escape from starvation. The working class became thus divorced from control of the implements necessary to self-supporting labor. Machinery was too expensive for them to buy.

Fewer men than formerly were now needed to supply the demands of the markets. One man with the aid of the machinery could often produce eight or ten times as much—cotton cloth, for instance—as he had been able to produce in an equal period before. If the machine-owners had given employment at the machines to as many as had previously supported themselves by manual labor in similar trades, vast "over-production" would have resulted. Not that more would have been produced, necessarily, than the people could have used, but that vastly more would have been produced than the consumers would have been able to buy. Since machine-aided production was carried on then as now neither for the benefit of producers nor of consumers primarily, but for profit to the owners of the machines, care was taken by the owners to permit only so much to be produced as could be sold with profit to themselves. The problem of the unemployed became acute. Wages came to be determined by what destitute and starving men were willing to work for when competing for jobs with one another. The so-called starvation wage became well-nigh universal. A close approximation to it has continued to this day.

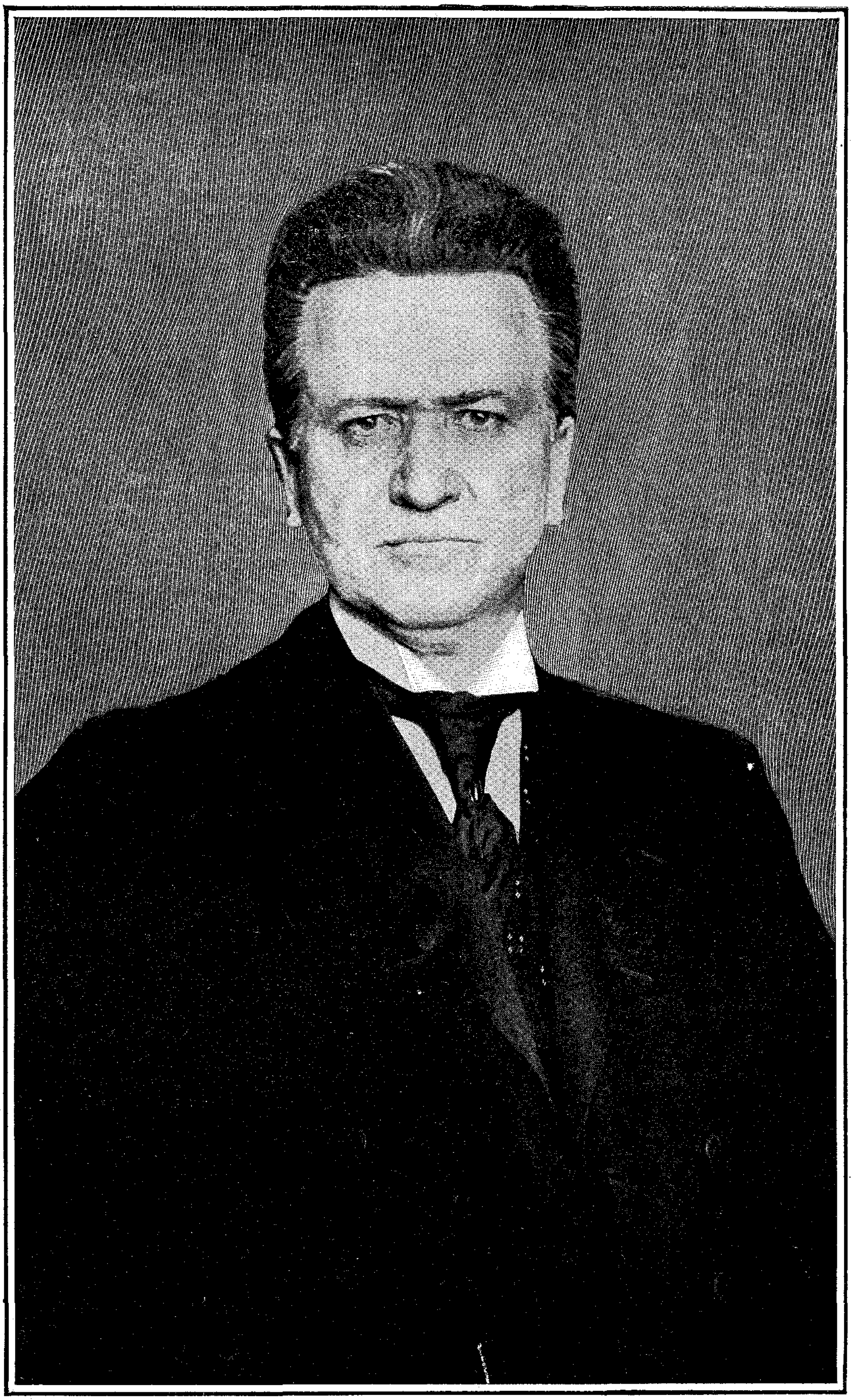
According to the Federal census for 1900—a most "prosperous" year—the average annual "wage," so far as reported, of both salaried and wage workers in the manufacturing industries of the United States at that time was but $477, or $1.30 a day. If we include the incomes from their mental and manual labor of railway and agricultural workers as well, together with the incomes from their farms of those owning farmers who farmed their farms themselves, we find that the average per capita income of the workers in these three great industries in that year of typical capitalist prosperity was but about $330, or 90 cents a day—less than a subsistence wage for the workers and their families. Three-quarters of a million people died in the registration area of the United States that year from other causes than old age. The majority of these deaths were due to sub-normal opportunities for the maintenance of health and vigor.

Although the mental and manual workers of our country live and labor for the most part in poverty, yet they produce by their labor sufficient wealth to make possible their living in comfort and well-being, but are not allowed to use this wealth—all of their own product beyond enough to provide for the bare cost of the maintenance and reproduction of the workers being appropriated and withheld from them by the owners of the land and machinery, and this regardless of whether or not the owners render service in return. The owners may, if they choose, live in luxury and complete idleness, wholly useless both to themselves and to their fellows. Their land rents and dividends continue just the same.

The working class, consisting of the manual and mental workers together, from the executive officers of the corporations to the coal-heavers at the furnaces and the laborers in fields and mines, create by their labor all the material wealth that exists, other than raw products of nature; not merely all the wealth which they and the owning class immediately consume, but from their labor arises also all the capital that the capitalists possess and that is used subsequently by the workers for the extension of industry. Most of this capital consists of unspent portions of land rents, dividends, and other forms of unearned profit taken from the productive workers by more or less idle owners of land and machinery. The workers may not use either nature's product, land, or their own product, capital, without paying tribute to non-productive owners who have possessed themselves of both, by the expenditure, usually, of unearned incomes previously secured at the expense of the workers. The total interest payments made to stock and bond holders by our great corporations, considered in the aggregate, are approximately equal in amount to the total amount paid in salaries and wages. The producers, if they would retain their jobs, must permit non-producers to appropriate approximately one-half of the net proceeds of industry.

Between the wealth-producing class on the one hand, and the non-producing appropriating class on the other, there is a conflict of economic interests that cannot be abated so long as the appropriators and their allies retain control of the machinery of legislation, government, and justice, and use this machinery to protect their alleged rights to unearned support at the cost of others. Collective activity at the polls is required, on the part of the exploited workers and of all who see the justice of their cause, if governmentally protected exploitation is to cease. The great exploitations are those which arise from monopoly of land and industrial machinery by non-users adversely to impoverished workers who must have access to these if they would live, and who are thus forced to support idlers in order to support themselves. These great exploitations are supported to-day by government, courts, and law.

Both Democratic and Republican parties are committed by their platforms, by the public utterances of their leaders, and by the demands of their supporters to continue to maintain such institutions as may be deemed necessary to protect existing " rights " and opportunities of the owning class to coercively take such unearned support, in disregard of the wrong involved. The Socialist party is the only party, and Mr. Debs the only candidate for the Presidency, demanding that unearned tribute-taking shall cease to have the sanction of the law, and that private monopoly of land and machinery required for the well-being of the vast majority shall be prevented by the only effectual means, namely, common ownership and democratic management by that vast majority themselves of such land and machinery as may be required to safeguard to all opportunity to labor freely and to enjoy the undiminished fruits of their toil. The Socialist party is the only party demanding *complete* justice in the industrial sphere as in every other, and therefore it should receive the support, when understood, of every intelligent and patriotic and fair-minded citizen.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WALDON FAWCETT

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE, OF WISCONSIN
Originator of the Wisconsin Direct Primary Law

THE DIRECT PRIMARY ON TRIAL

BY WILLIAM B. SHAW

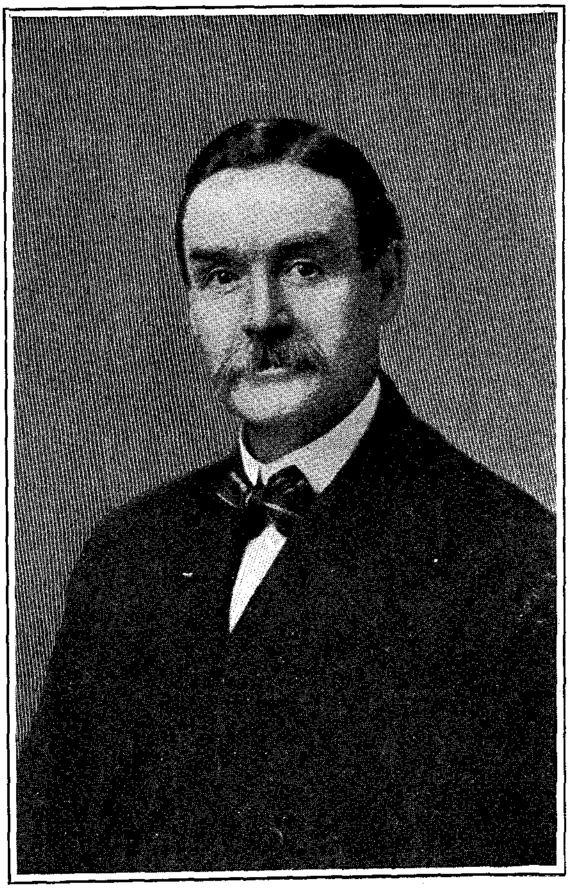
FOR the New Jersey commuter—and there are said to be about 150,000 of him—the 22d of September, 1908, was a day that signified much. For that day had been appointed the first actual test of the new State primary law under which candidates for office were to be nominated by the direct vote of the people, without the intervention of delegate conventions. Interest in the balloting was heightened by the fact that Everett Colby, the "New Idea" leader in the State Senate and the man chiefly responsible for the enactment of the primary law, was himself a candidate for renomination as Senator for Essex County, and was opposed by those powerful corporate interests which more than three years before had marked him for punishment because of his attempts to bring them to justice.

During the afternoon and early evening of "Primary Day" automobiles hurried through the quiet streets of the Essex County suburbs bringing New York business men to the polling-places. In some of the precincts a very large vote was recorded—exceeding that cast at the last preceding general election. Both parties vote on the same day, each voter having but a single vote, so that repeating was impossible. When the count was completed, on the following day, it was found that Senator Colby had won by a majority of 1,600 over the "regular" candidate, in a total vote for his district of about 38,000. Considering the vigor and resources of the opposition, the renomination of Senator Colby was a striking victory for the cause of clean and open politics in New Jersey. It showed beyond question that the voters resented the dictation and domination of the corporations at Trenton, and the direct primary afforded them a means of declaring in a way not to be mistaken that they approved of Mr. Colby's course in the Legislature in moving for the equal taxation of corporations and individuals, the limitation and taxation of franchises, the regulation of public service corporations, and other restrictive measures. No delegate convention of the old familiar type, even had it been controlled by Senator Colby and his friends, could possibly have given so convincing a demonstration of the popular approval of the Senator's policies and the popular desire for his renomination as was afforded by this simple, direct vote of confidence bestowed by his entire constituency. Why should not all American public men desire the opportunity to seek such expressions of public confidence? It means a getting rid of the middleman in politics—a realization of what we have always preached in this country and have all but lost in the refinements and artificialities of the "organization" that we have made a fetish in our political life—a return, in short, to the rule of the people.

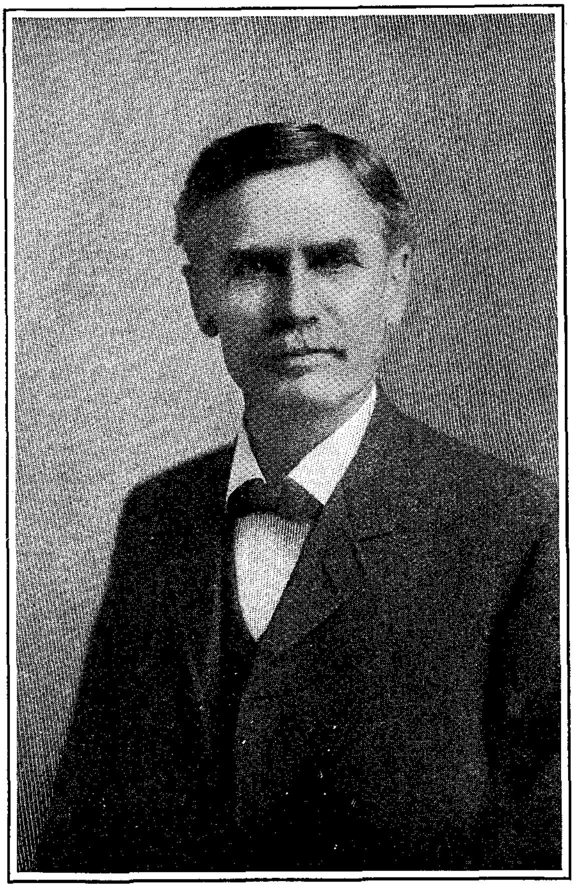
New Jersey is the first of the Eastern States to set up the direct primary, but in the Middle West and the far Northwest the system is fast wearing off its novelty. The Western Republican "takes to" the direct primary with an enthusiasm that is the despair of the machine. Last August the farmers of Kansas made trial of it and pronounced it good. It is a far cry from Montclair and the Oranges and the other prosperous Jersey suburbs of New York, where a third of a State's vote is cast by men whose business hours are passed in an adjacent State, to the fertile prairies of Kansas, where practically every voter is a landowner, either actual or potential, and where consequently an intense individualism permeates society. But many a Kansas voter, like the New York business man in Essex County, New Jersey, could ride to the polls in his automobile. The Kansan of to-day is prosperous and progressive. He welcomes improvements in the political mechanism just as he welcomes innovations in harvesting machinery. The modern Kansan is a reading and thinking animal, like his father before him. He takes his politics seriously—as his father did in the days of "Squatter Sovereignty" and "Border Ruffianism." No wonder he grows restive under machine rule. His is an independent spirit by inheritance. In Whittier's ringing lines is voiced the watchword of the "free-State" emigrant of the '50's:

"We cross the prairie as of old
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!"

In the campaign that preceded the primaries of August 4 last, the plea for a "square deal" in State affairs was a popular one, and won for the Hon. W. R. Stubbs the nomination for the Governorship on the Republican ticket. Not only did the Republican voters of Kansas look with disfavor on the State organization in the present campaign, but their condemnation was visited on their senior Senator, who failed to receive a renomination by popular ballot and hence will not be the candidate of the Republican members of the State Legislature next winter. For that office the voters pronounced in favor of the Hon. Joseph L. Bristow, who made a record a few years ago as fourth Assistant Postmaster-General in the prosecution of gross frauds against the Government. Mr. Bristow is outspoken in his radicalism, and was aided in his canvass before the people by Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin. He represents a wholly different type of Republicanism from the conservative, "stand-pat" attitude of Senator Long, whom in all probability he will succeed. It may well be doubted whether such a victory as that won by Mr. Bristow over a formidable and well-intrenched opponent could possibly have been achieved under the old convention system.


GOVERNOR CRAWFORD, OF SOUTH DAKOTA
Named for the United States Senate through the operation of the direct primary

If the Republican primaries of Kansas may be taken as an indication of possible changes in the composition of the United States Senate to which the open primary is materially contributing, still more forcible illustrations of this tendency are to be found in the recent experience of Oregon and Washington. It is from Oregon that the Nation-wide movement for direct primaries has gained perhaps its greatest impetus, and it is in that State that we find the most complete arrangements for securing the popular election of Senators without, of course, nullifying in any way the provisions of the Federal Constitution. In Oregon the popular vote for United States Senator is, in fact, not merely advisory, but

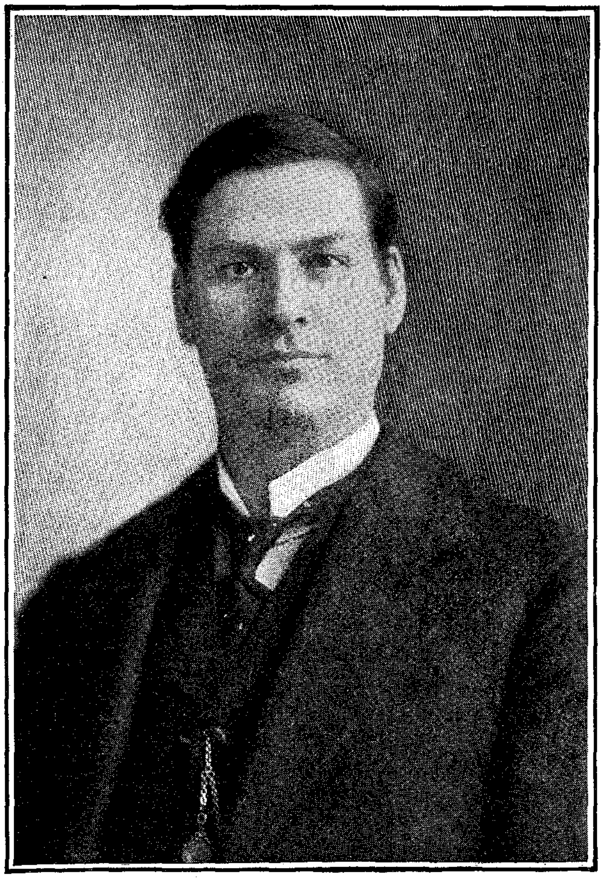


W. S. U'REN, OF OREGON
Who has forced his State Legislature to confirm the popular vote for United States Senator

its result is actually made binding upon the individual members of the Legislature when voting for Senators. This is accomplished by pledging each candidate for the Legislature to vote, if elected, for that person who shall receive a plurality of the vote cast by the people for the Senatorship. At the election on June 1 last, the voters of Oregon proposed by initiative petition a law to instruct the members of the Legislature to vote for and elect the candidates selected by the people for United States Senator. This means, then, nothing more nor less than a popular choice of Senators. Credit for this unique device is generally given to Mr. W. S. U'Ren, whose activities in securing the initiative, referendum, and kindred reforms have placed Oregon among the most advanced States in the Union. This is not the first year in which the voters of Oregon have been called upon to choose a United States Senator under this system, but for the first time a situation has been created that was predicted when the system was first proposed and that could not now be paralleled in any other State of the Union. Briefly, as this situation now presents itself, the Republican Legislature elected last June will be compelled, through individual pledges made by its members, to elect a Democrat to succeed a Republican in the Senatorship. Senator Fulton having failed in the primaries to obtain a renomination from the Republican party, and Governor Chamberlain, a Democrat who has given the State a good administration and has been identified with progressive movements, having been nominated by his own party, the voters at the June election, while electing a Republican Legislature, gave Governor Chamberlain a substantial plurality for the Senatorship; and, unless members of the Legislature repudiate their pledges, this Democratic Governor will be sent to Washington by Republican votes—an outcome that may be viewed with alarm or with equanimity according to one's point of view.

It was natural that the neighboring State of Washington should be influenced by the example set by Oregon for several years past in the matter of primary reform, and the same anti-machine tendencies that we have already noted in Kansas and New Jersey are manifest in the far Northwest. At the primaries held for the first time on September 8 the Republicans of Washington organized an open revolt against the candidacy of United States Senator Ankeny, and defeated his renomination by a decisive plurality, naming in his stead Congressman Wesley L. Jones. The Ankeny candidate for the Governorship, Henry McBride, was also distanced by Samuel G. Cosgrove. The results of this first State primary seem to have been satisfactory to the leading Republican newspapers of the State, but certain defects were pointed out in the practical operation of the system. The most serious complaint had to do with the participation of Democrats in the Republican primary, and *vice versa*. The leading newspapers in the State, including those which had advocated the new law most earnestly, declare that the party test must be more rigidly employed, and that party separateness must be consistently maintained if the law is to serve the purpose for which it was enacted. One other provision of the Washington law seems to have caused some confusion in the voting. In order to forestall minority nominations, it had been provided that all voters should be required to indicate second choice on offices where there are four or more candidates. Some of the Washington newspapers ask that this requirement be modified so as to leave second-choice voting optional with the voter; but in that case, of course, there would be no certainty of preventing minority nominations.

Still another instance in which progressive Republicanism profited by the open primary was afforded last June by the State of South Dakota. There the Republican party voted to replace the present senior Senator, A. B. Kittredge, by the present Governor of the State, the Hon. Coe I. Crawford. The only Republican States in which the open primaries have resulted in renominations of Senators during the present year are Iowa, Illinois, and Wisconsin. The Iowa primaries were carried in June by the late Senator Allison, but his death a few weeks later, and the failure of the Iowa Legislature to choose his successor, will bring the matter again before the voters of the State at the coming general election. In Illinois the primaries on August 8 resulted in a plurality for Senator Hopkins, but, since he failed to receive a majority of all the votes cast, it is doubtful whether all the Republican members of the Illinois Legislature will consider themselves bound to vote for a minority candidate of their party. The Republicans of Wisconsin, in the primaries held on September 1, declared for the renomination of Senator Isaac Stephenson. In this instance, as in the choice of Governor two years ago, the Wisconsin Republicans refused to be guided by the well-known wishes of Senator La Follette, to whom more than



WESLEY L. JONES, OF WASHINGTON

Chosen through the direct primary to succeed Senator Ankeny to any other man is due the passage of the Wisconsin primary law, and who but for the operation of the primary system would be to-day, as he was for several years, at the head of the most efficient party machine in the Middle West. The very fact that Senator La Follette is unable to carry his point in the primaries when other candidacies than his own are at issue is cited by his supporters as proof positive of the genuineness of the reform and the sincerity of his advocacy. The chief objection thus far urged against the operation of the primary law in Wisconsin is the excessive expense to which candidates are subjected. This evil has become so pronounced that Senator La Follette and others have advocated a limitation of campaign expenditures. The present Republican Governors of the States of Illinois and Wisconsin were renominated at the primaries.

In the Missouri primaries, held on August 4, the Republicans named for Governor the present Attorney-General of the State, the Hon. Herbert S. Hadley, who has been diligent in the prosecution of the Oil Trust and other corporations; while the Democrats, forbidden by the Constitution of the State to name Governor Folk for a second term, chose as their standard-bearer the Hon. William S. Cowherd, of Kansas City. The Democrats of Oklahoma, meeting on the same day, renominated Senator Gore. Primaries held in Nebraska on September 8 resulted in the renomination of the present Republican Governor, the Hon. George L. Sheldon.

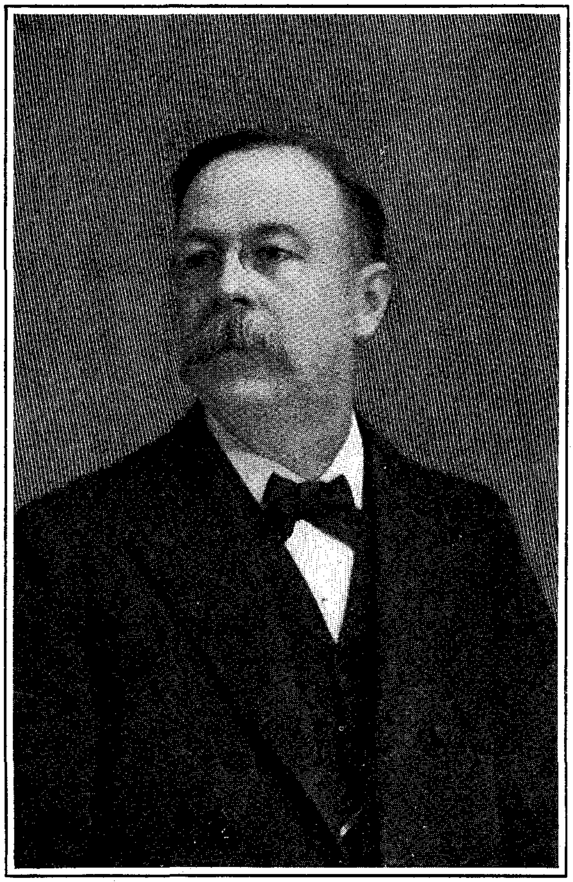
In our Southern States the Democratic primary has become a familiar institution. It is the real election, the only means by which the voter can give expression to his views on public questions, the only occasion of political difference or discussion. The contests in Georgia and Tennessee last June were more bitter than any of the primary contests in the North and West. State campaigns in the South frequently engross popular interest more than National campaigns in the North. It has been claimed that the tendency of the open primary is to accentuate local and factional differences. The managers of the Republican National campaign this year are reported to have discovered such a tendency already in the Middle West. Whether this is to be regarded as an unmixed evil depends, again, upon one's point of view. A revival of interest in local government is surely not to be deplored in itself. If the citizen is taking back some of the authority once abdicated to the bosses, it may mean that he has suddenly found the means of such a restoration to power in the primary itself.

EVERETT COLBY, OF NEW JERSEY

The man who secured the direct primary for New Jersey, and whose renomination to the State Senate amply fulfilled the promise of the new law

With the vast range of interests presented for the voter's consideration, it is not strange that National affairs, which are really more remote from the thought and life of the individual citizen, should suffer from neglect. If the voter finds that he has a real voice, he will insist on exercising it, and he will begin by exercising it on matters that lie nearest home. Two classes of men have been disappointed in the results of the open primaries to date: the professional politicians and the reformers who would make the primary their panacea for all ills political. When the new primary laws were enacted by the several State Legislatures, more than one party boss of the only too well known type staked his reputation as a politician on the assertion that the primary could be "worked," that it would only make "the organization" invincible. Never was a prediction more completely discredited. Whatever else may be said of the direct primary as it exists to-day in New Jersey, Wisconsin, Kansas, Oregon, and a dozen other States, it cannot be alleged that anybody has yet been able to manipulate it in the interest of a party machine. In the fight to defeat Colby for the New Jersey Senate the "regulars" had not only a well-disciplined, seasoned, resourceful organization, but reinforcements from the public service, insurance, and brewery corporations more formidable, perhaps, than ever before entered a like contest. Yet this combination was beaten at the polls by a candidate who asked only the privilege of stating his case to the voters. You will probably not find to-day in New Jersey either boss or "bosslet" who is friendly to the direct primary or who believes that it can be "worked."

As to the reformer who pinned his faith on the primary as a panacea, the disappointment that has come to him is as fully deserved as the discomfiture of the boss. The direct primary is not a direct route to the political millennium. The most that may be hoped from it is that it may, by making possible a fair field and no favor, enable an honest candidacy to earn success. It gives the honest candidate his chance. It takes from the dishonest candidate some, at least, of the unfair advantages that were formerly his. In every State where the system has been set at work serious faults have been revealed in it. It involves heavy expense; sometimes it nominates minority candidates; it gives an opportunity for members of a minority party, if they are willing to lose their votes in their own primary, to take part in the nominations of the majority party. These are grave shortcomings, but in



G. E. CHAMBERLAIN, OF OREGON

A Democrat who will be sent to the United States Senate by a Republican State fairness we should compare the new system, not with an ideal situation, but with conditions as they have recently been in many States and are still in such States as New York and Pennsylvania, where the caucus and delegate convention have attained the fullest perfection. Have we ever known candidacies to be expensive in New York? Does the caucus ever produce minority candidates? Have Democrats ever been known to take part in a Republican caucus?

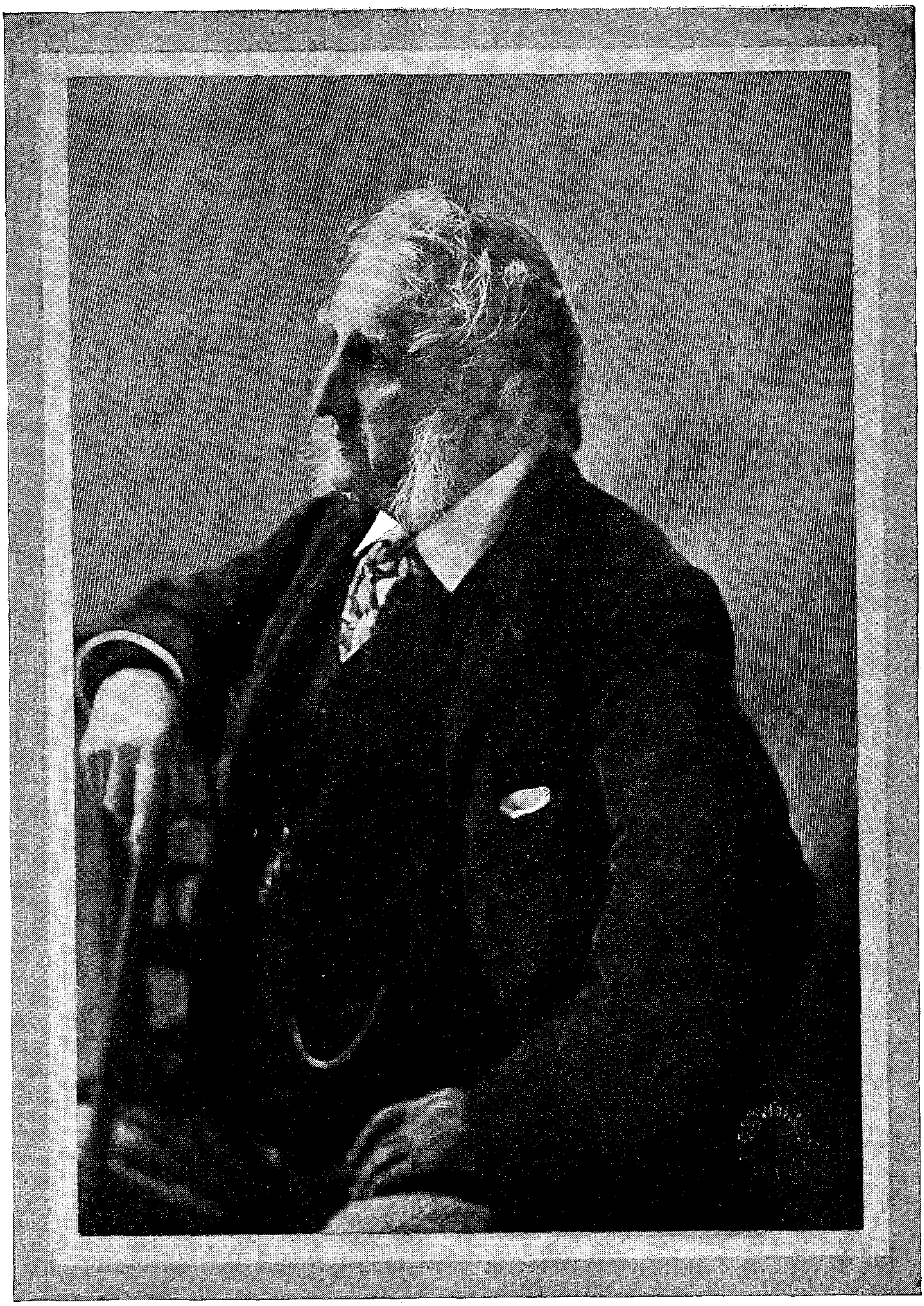
J. L. BRISTOW, OF KANSAS

A progressive Republican sent to the Senate through the agency of the direct primary

It has been sought to do away once for all with any possibility of minority nominations by requiring the voters to indicate a second choice for each office. If, then, no one of the candidates for a given office has a "first choice" majority over all the others, the candidate having the smallest number of votes is stricken from the list and the "second choice" votes concentrated on the others, this process being repeated, if necessary, until one of the candidates has a clear majority. Senator La Follette, while Governor of Wisconsin, advocated this plan, but it was not accepted by the Legislature. Experience in the State of Washington seems to show that second-choice voting (which must obviously be compulsory and not optional with the voter) is too complicated for the average voter, and may even lead to the disfranchisement of many individuals in a fairly intelligent electorate.

After all, the direct primary must stand or fall by the comparative value of results achieved through its use. The Republicans of Crawford County, Pennsylvania, began to use the direct primary nearly fifty years ago, and they have never seen fit to go back to the caucus and convention method. In the States where it has recently been adopted the machine politicians are usually dissatisfied with it, but the voters at large, so far as the press reflects their sentiments, are unwilling to return to the old system.

Peering into the future, the creature that we have enthroned as party boss in this country sees in the open primary not merely the loss of dictatorial power, but his actual effacement from our scheme of political life. It was not strange that the perfection of party organization in our time—the New York Republican machine—opposed, with a fatuity that outsiders could not understand, the renomination of Governor Hughes. As surely as Charles E. Hughes is chosen for a second term in the Governorship a direct primary law will go on the statute-books of New York State. No one sees this more clearly than the machine leaders of his own party.



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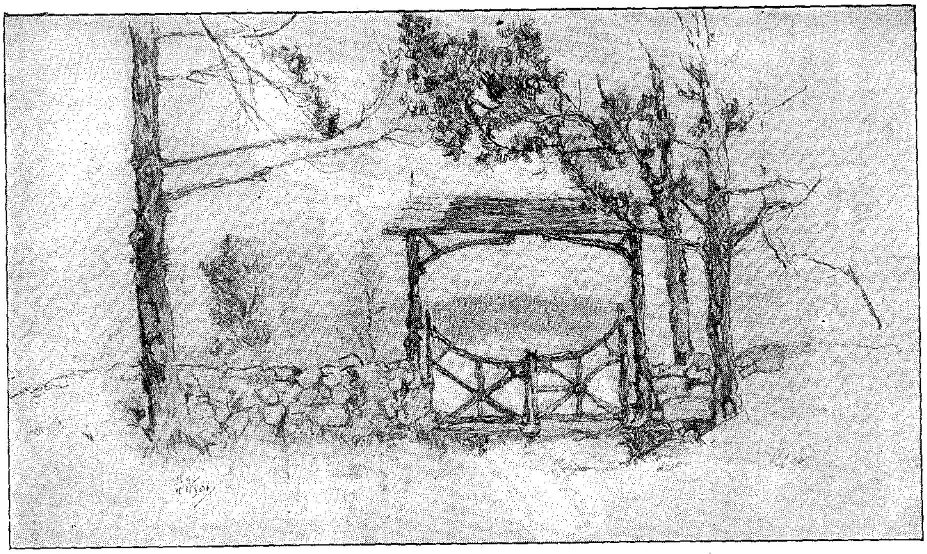
IK MARVEL

(Donald G. Mitchell)



IK MARVEL AND EDGEWOOD FARM

A REVERY COME TRUE

BY ALBERT FREDERICK WILSON

WITH DRAWINGS BY ALDEN PEIRSON

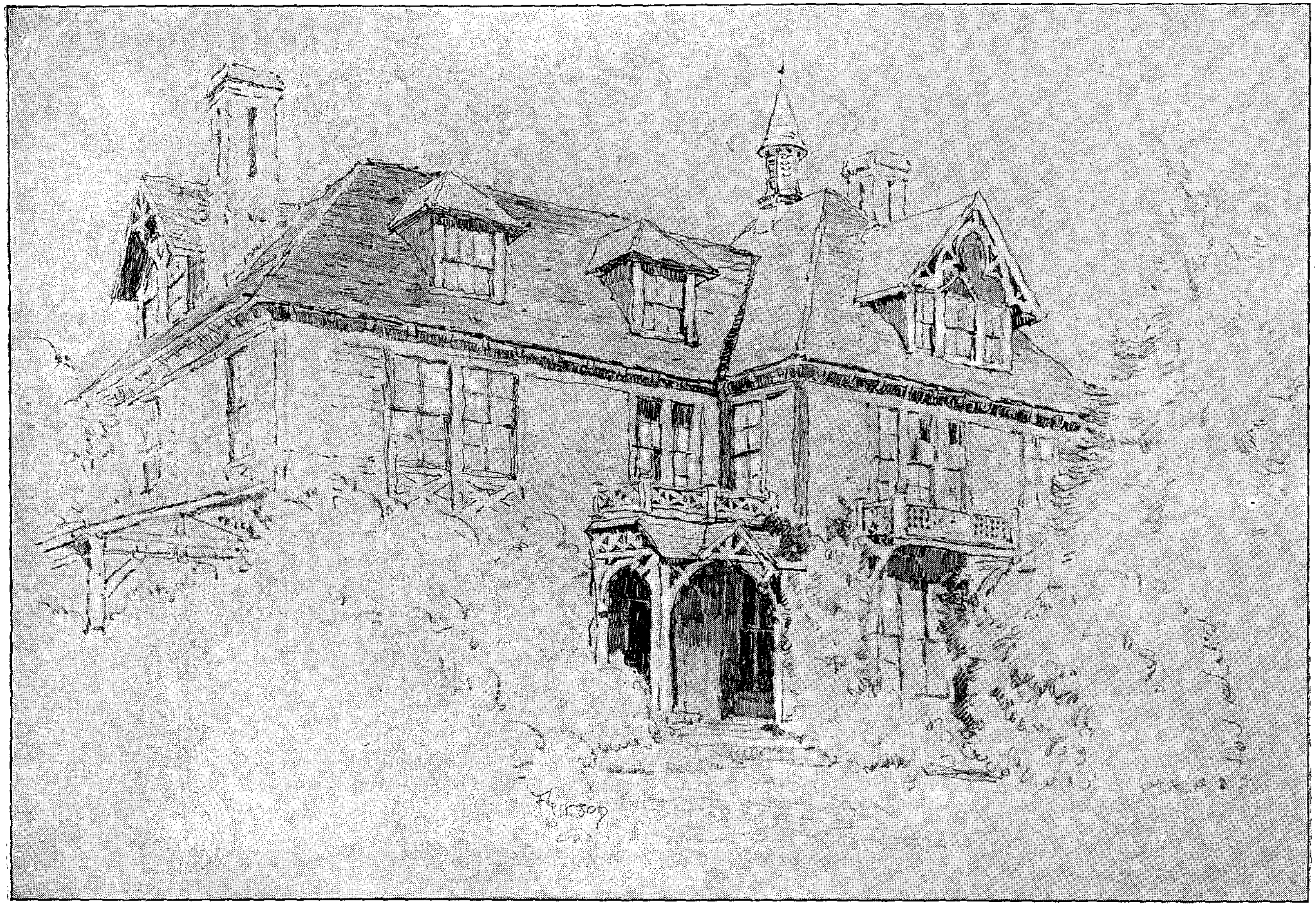
A LITTLE more than a half-century ago the Southern Literary Messenger published the first of Donald Mitchell's "Reveries of a Bachelor." From their initial appearance the Reveries were accepted with open arms by the young people of the land, and they brought to "Ik Marvel" a lasting place in the hearts and literature of his people.

Donald Mitchell has done more toward expressing and preserving the pure ideals of youth than any other writer of his time. Contemporary of Hawthorne, Poe, Longfellow, Lowell, Lanier, and Whittier, he still lives on, one of the few voices from that golden period.

Ik Marvel's life has been almost as idealistic and happy as are the dreams in his Reveries. A man seldom has the fortune or the opportunity to build real foundations of solid stone under his air castles. Most of us, like Stevenson, have our ideal home far over in "No Man's Land," but how pitiably few of us ever attain it! What an iron contrast between Stevenson's ideal and his actual attainment! Ik Marvel has lived since young manhood, surrounded by the best of his dreams come true. For those of us who love old folk things, Edgewood is an ideal home.

The farm is composed of some three hundred and sixty acres overlooking the city of New Haven. The house is nestled down in the midst of splendid trees and broad velvet lawns. There are shady arbors and hedges and winding paths. We have an almost perfect description of the Edgewood of to-day in the picture of the dream-cottage from the Reveries:

"My home is a cottage near that where Isabel once lived. The same valley is around me; the same brook rustles and loiters under the gnarled



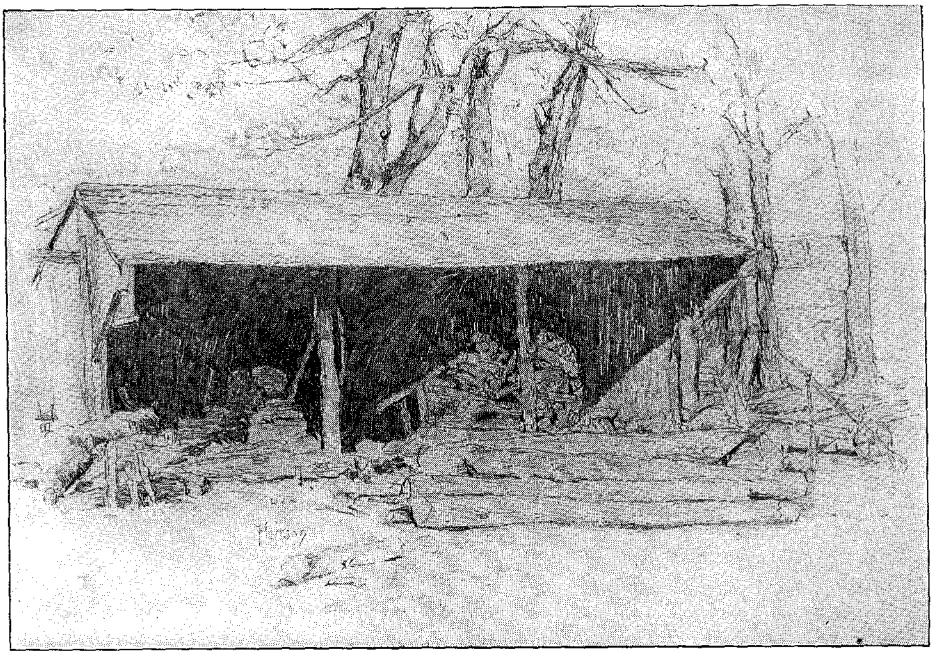
"THE COTTAGE IS NO MOCK COTTAGE, BUT A SUBSTANTIAL, WIDE-SPREADING COTTAGE" roots of the overhanging trees. The cottage is no mock cottage, but a substantial, wide-spreading cottage with clustering gables and ample shade; such a cottage as they build on the slopes of Devon. Vines clamber over it, and the stones show mossy through the interlacing climbers. There are low porches with cosy armchairs; and generous oriels, fragrant with mignonette and the blue-blossoming violets.

"The chimney-stacks rise high, and show clear against the heavy pine trees that ward off the blasts of winter. The dovecote is a habited dovecote, and the purple-neck pigeons swoop around the roofs in great companies. The hawthorn is budding into its June fragrance along all the lines of fence; and the paths are trim and clean. The shrubs—our neglected azaleas and rhododendrons chiefest among them—stand in picturesque groups upon the close-shaven lawns.

"The gateway in the thicket below is between two mossy old posts of stone; and there is a tall hemlock flanked by a sturdy pine for sentinel."

The only important part that Mr. Mitchell left out is his garden. There is a garden, and a very good garden it is, with an old patriarch, almost as old as the author himself, who hobbles about with a cane and a hoe, and plays gardener. He has been at Edgewood for almost half a century. "A worthy enough man of the old New England stamp." The tenant Ik Marvel tells us about in the opening chapter, you surmise. But the old gardener denies your assertion.

"You are a New Englander?" you ask him.



"WOODSHED PILED HIGH AGAINST THE COMING OF WINTER"

"I was born in Ireland seventy years ago," he answers, with a gleam of pride in his faded eye.

Your surmise on the opening chapter is spoiled, but the old fellow has many a tale of Edgewood to tell you. He has read *His* books. "Yes," he says, with some traces of the old tongue, "even the servant girls read them, they are that jolly and pleasant."

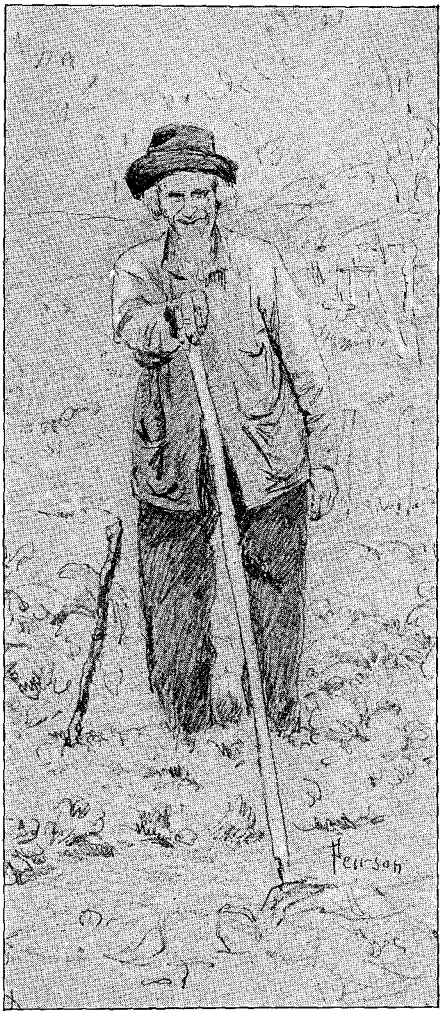
Back a short distance from the house the typical New England farm buildings stand. There are barns and wagon-houses, and there is a woodshed piled high against the coming of winter. The chore-boy is almost too busy with his ax to notice your approach. He greets you with a smile of comradeship which seems to be an incorporated part of Edgewood. You comment on his well-filled shed.

"Wood," he laughs; "why, I have to keep this ax going most of the time. Mr. Mitchell couldn't live without a fire." You smile; Ik Marvel is still dreaming the old dreams "Over a Wood Fire."

They are not playing farm at Edgewood. On your first approach the velvet lawns and green hedges make you a little fearful lest the approaching city has already cast its shadow; but the chore-boy takes you with pride to see one of his prize cows—she gives twenty-three quarts of milk a day—the farm wagons give abundant evidence of every-day usage, and the garden, be the gardener never so old, is full of rich promise for the Thanksgiving dinner. Edgewood, with all of its beauty and idealism, is a workaday farm.

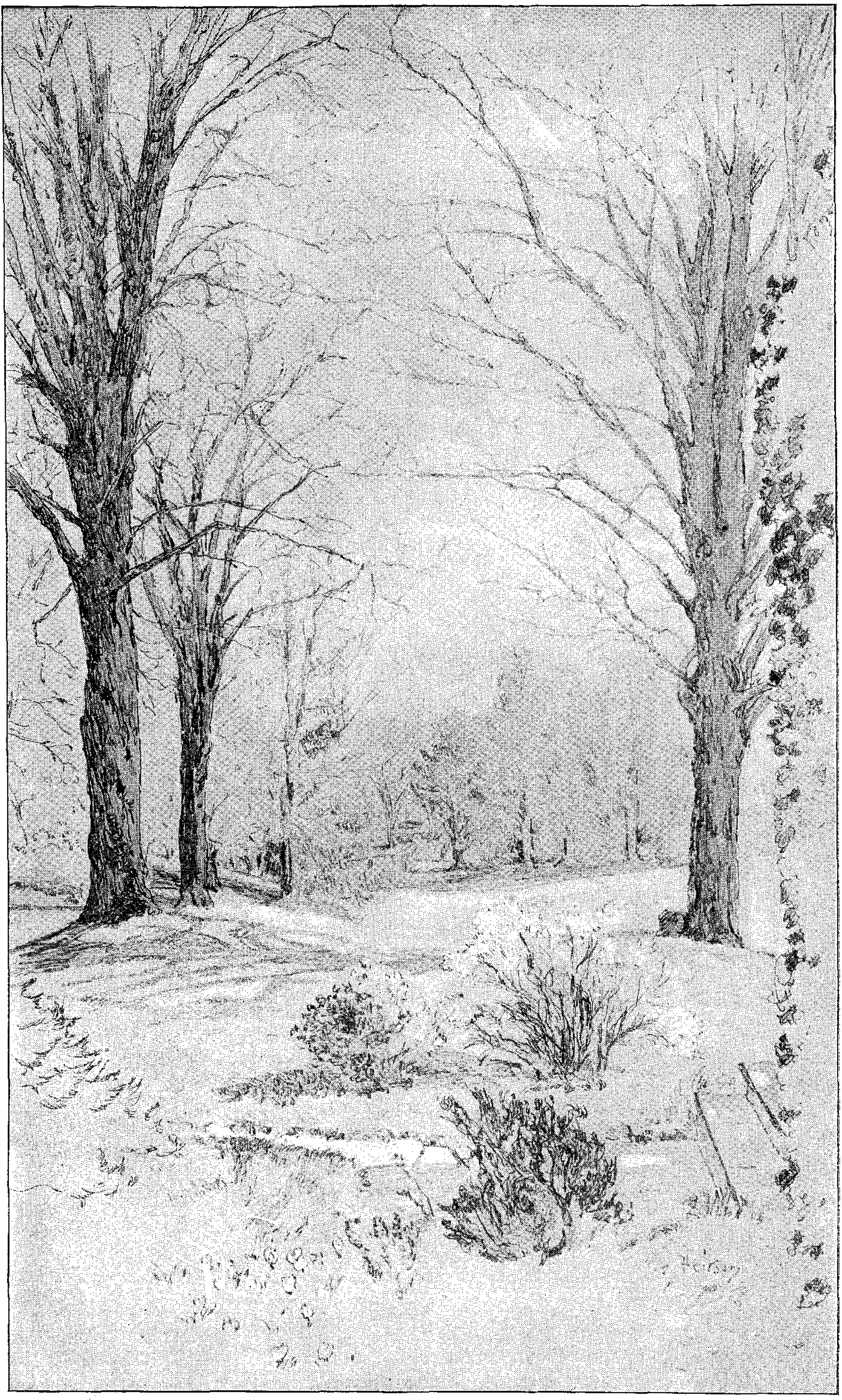
If you are invited into the library at Edgewood, the room will greet you as an old acquaintance. The walls and tables are piled high with books; the windows frame half a dozen wonderful landscapes, and a "friendship fire" burns merrily in the old-fashioned fireplace. Nothing about the room seems new to you; Ik Marvel painted it so well when he fashioned it in his dreams. Open the "Reveries of a Bachelor" and see the room for yourself:

"Within the cottage the library is wainscoted with native oak; and my trusty gun hangs upon a branching pair of antlers. My rod and nets are disposed above the generous book-shelves; and a stout eagle, once a tenant of the native woods, sits perched over the central alcove. An old-fashioned mantel is above the brown stone jambs of the country fireplace; and along it are distributed records of travel. Massive chairs stand here and there, in tempting attitude; strewed over an oaken table in the middle are the uncut papers and volumes of the day; and upon a lion's skin stretched before the hearth is lying another Tray."



A VERY GOOD GARDEN IT IS, WITH AN OLD PATRIARCH WHO PLAYS GARDENER

The uncut volumes of the day are The Outlook and Scribner's, and half a dozen other magazines and papers. Tray was missing from the picture. The chore-boy had been off across the meadows to find him for the camera, but a woodchuck had proved more alluring to him. Tray was missing, but the Dreamer, the Bachelor, the creator of the Reveries, was there, seated before his wood fire in a great leather chair, greeting you with a smile. You really are a little bewildered. Have you finally walked straight into the book pages of the book? Eighty-five years, eighty-five years, you have been repeating over to yourself all the way up to Edgewood; what an old man he must be! Although it was hard to believe that Ik Marvel could really grow old, you had hardly expected



"SPLENDID TREES AND BROAD VELVET LAWNS"

to see such a boyish face as that which smiled up at you from the fire. All of the beautiful romance, all of the hope and enthusiasm of youth, look out at you from those eyes. You forget that the years have passed, you do not hold the significance of the long white hair, you lose entirely the fact that the Bachelor is now a grandfather; not the memories but the spirit of youth is before you.

Then follow stories from the time of Poe and Hawthorne and Longfellow; tales of books and places and men. There is a large bookcase taking up one whole corner of the room, filled with the different editions of the "Reveries of a Bachelor." It has been published and translated in half a dozen languages. There are editions ranging in price from paper backs at five cents a copy up to the rare first copies which are now almost priceless.

But you must not linger long before the wood fire. The strength of the Dreamer is being guided carefully into the happy years ahead. You have been warned before entering. But it seems almost impossible for you to step out of that library and back into the every-day world. You are sorry that the gardener and the chore-boy are within easy call. But your promise holds good, and so, bidding Ik Marvel good-by, you pass with hesitant steps back into the matter-of-fact world.

As you turn to close the door he waves his hand at you, and then looks slowly back to his fire.

"And as I muse now, looking toward the evening which is already begun, I will hope for a sunset, when the day ends, glorious with crimson and gold." The voice sounded like that of Donald Mitchell's, but perhaps you too have been dreaming.

THE UNKNOWN HYMN

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

"When they had sung an hymn, they went unto
The Mount of Olives"—ah, if we but knew
The secret of that unknown hymn, which came
Between Christ's feast of love, his cross of shame!
What was the song that in that upper room
Rose full and sweet within the gathering gloom?
Could we but know, what comfort it would be
When we, too, tread toward our Gethsemane,
When friends betray even in the hour of trust,
When wrong and hatred crush us to the dust,
When all our way is darkness, and we go
Toward Calvary with bleeding feet and slow!

Nay—if we knew it, could we, would we, sing?
We, who lament at each small chastening,
We, who so seldom and so feebly raise,
Even in joyful hours, a song of praise?
How should so brave, so high a triumph-song
To our unworthy lips and lives belong?
It is the Victor's hymn, who to the grave
Could walk in strength, a mocking world to save.
Not for our lips so glorious a strain;
Before Christ's cross its secret must remain.

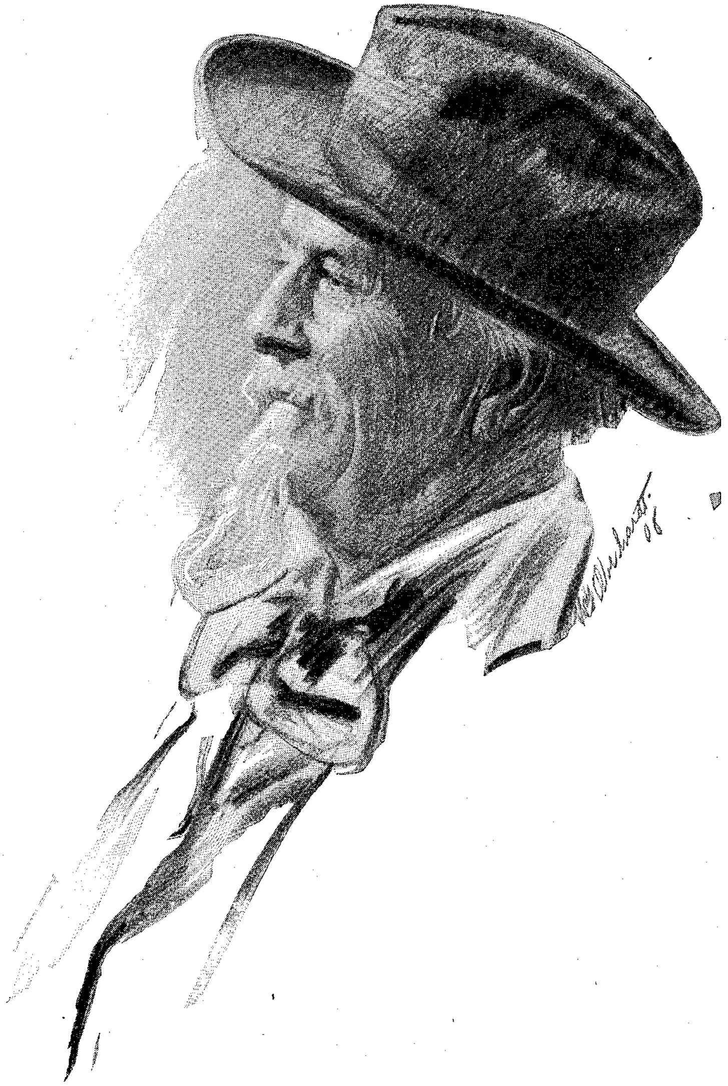
MISTRAL OF PROVENCE

BY ALBERT R. LEDOUX

LEAVING the white-terraced cities and verdant slopes of the Riviera at St. Raphael, we made our entry into the heart of Provence. Our automobile ran swiftly over marvelous roads, and soon the snowy summits of the Maritime Alps disappeared in the east, and other peaks rose on our northern and western horizon; we guessed them to be Luberon and Les Alpines; one possibly Mont Ventoux, to reach whose summit the sun has to make three bounds from the eastern seas—so they still believe in Avignon. On causeways between level marshes, through fantastic gorges, along smiling valleys and winding streams we hurried, passing miles of vineyard and olive and mulberry—on to Maillane. For we were bound on a visit to Provence with Frédéric Mistral as our guide, as later on we should see Touraine with Dumas. Of course we stopped at Arles, the one-time favorite residence of Constantine, the "Gallic Rome" of Julius Cæsar, the city that divided with Avignon the allegiance of Petrarch, with its rows of early Christian tombs, its Roman theater still used for bull-fights. But we hoped to meet in some quiet lane Maître François, La vielle Riquelle, the fair Louise and Jean Roussière; to catch a glimpse of Mireille at some ivy-bordered window; to hear the shepherds' plaintive song of Magali from some hillside, and perhaps the chorus of the brave "felibres" as they returned from foregathering in honor of their dear Provence.

From Arles we went to Les Beaux, the most weird and unreal city of France. City it is, if numerous streets and houses make a town, though the latest census of its inhabitants shows only one hundred and twenty souls. Situated on the summit of a high hill, one side dropping down a sheer thousand feet to the level plain; its buildings, church, and castle hewn out of rock in place—just rocks hollowed out into halls and chambers and stairs; imperishable as the hill itself. In the Middle Ages this populous capital of the powerful Counts of Provence was "the rallying-point of the four hundred troubadours, those lyric poets of the golden age. These Counts, lords of seventy-nine towns and castles; one of them the titular emperor of Constantinople." Here were held the famous Courts of Love; here were the far-famed palaces of the Porcelets and of the Marquises de Maillane, and the Pavillon de la Reine Jeanne. On the other side of this skeleton city begins the wild *val d'enfer*, whence Dante derived his ideas of the "Architecture of the Inferno." This valley of death and desolation we descended to St. Remy, and crossed its tableland to Maillane. This village lies amid groves of cypress, planted to break the force of the never-quiet winds.

Frédéric Mistral was born in 1830 on the *mas* or farm, a few miles away, described in his autobiography; so he is now seventy-eight years of age. The little house on the border of the village is inclosed by a fence, with a white limestone path leading to the front door and a little garden in the rear. Entering by the gate, I knocked at the door once and again, with no response. The blinds were closed, as in the front of a New England residence. Then from the rear came barking and bounding the very dog one sees in so many of Mistral's pictures. Seizing the corner of my ulster, he walked backward, and literally pulled me around to the rear of the house. There the old servant came from the kitchen, chided the dog, and asked my business. Certainly, the Master was at home, in his library; I could walk right in. On the threshold the Master greeted me with a certain dignity and aloofness, as if he wondered who I was and why I intruded. Erect, military in his bearing and appearance, clear of eye, gray-haired, you would have guessed his age to be sixty. With the "imperial" on his chin, he looked like a retired French Colonel of Engineers.



FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL
From a drawing by William Oberhardt

The library was severely plain, like that of a soldier; there were books everywhere, a common table, and the ornaments were chiefly photographs, among them portraits of Félix Gras, Daudet, and one of Theodore Roosevelt, which was sent to him by the President by the hand of Mme. Janvier. I told the Master that I, a stranger, but a lover of Provence, which I knew best through his writings, had come out of my way to take his hand and to thank him personally for what he had done for my pleasure and instruction. I was grateful for his success in interpreting and conserving so much of the history and romance of the land. Mistral asked me if I had really read his works, since few of them had been translated into English; and upon my affirming that I I had read them nearly all in their French translation, he seemed still skeptical, and asked me to name those which I could recollect and to state which one I preferred. I told him that I preferred his Autobiography, whereupon he wanted to know what I could recall in his "Origines" that had particularly impressed me. I replied that more than anything else it was the way he spoke of his father, "*Mon Seigneur Père.*" He immediately became more gracious, and his eye moistened. He said that nothing else I could have named could have pleased him more. He took down his portraits and showed them to me, and some of the special editions of his books, and told with enthusiasm of the progress he was making in his effort to endow in Arles a library. museum, and conservatory of Provençal art and history, to which he had given the whole of the Nobel prize in literature awarded to him a year or so ago. He was trying to secure gifts for the museum and to raise a fund the income from which would support it.

He said that he had several kind friends in America, and wished greatly that he might see our country, but that his work for the library made it impossible for him to get away. Furthermore, all suggestions received by him for visits to the United States had been coupled with the request that he should give readings or lectures, and he did not see how he could take the time to prepare for them.

He stood with me in the door and pointed out his favorite flowers in the garden, and at last, when I started to go, seemed convinced that I was not there on some selfish errand, such as to secure his autograph or a signed photograph.

It was easy to see what was one thought in his mind when America was mentioned. He questioned me carefully about the probable limits of the "insane wave of prohibition" which was sweeping over our Southern States. He had kept track of it through a French paper sent to him from New Orleans, and it gave him great anxiety. For an instant I could not see why he should be anxious about this problem, so remote from his life and surroundings, and I expressed my surprise. With great intensity of feeling, he told me that the very lifeblood of Provence flowed in the vine; that their wines found their chief market abroad, either in their own name or mixed with more famous brands from another part of France; that the exports to America, especially, had fallen off enormously; that it was almost impossible to sell their product last year, and that the prospect for 1908 was even more serious. Nothing I could say seemed to give him an adequate idea of the evils of our strong alcoholic beverages. Brought up where every one, and even little children, have their wine every day as regularly as they have their bread, and where, nevertheless, drunkenness is almost unknown, it seemed to him a strange fanaticism that would restrict its consumption. From the porch, Mistral waved a courteous farewell as I started on my journey to Nismes, via Beaucaire and Tarascon.

It is a pity that more of Mistral's works are not translated into English; not only his poems but his prose. The following somewhat condensed rendering of a chapter in his autobiography will serve to illustrate their exceptional charm:

The old country seat where I was born (in 1830) was called "The Farm of the Judge." It supported four pairs of work cattle, a head farmer, its plowmen, its herdsman, its serving woman, whom we called "La Tante" [the Aunt], and a varying number of men and women who worked by the month or by the day, to help with the silkworms, the seeding, the weeding, the haymaking, the harvest, the vintage, or in gathering the olives.

My parents were among the people who, from generation to generation, live on the products of the soil—*ménagers* of the Arles Country, who form a class by themselves—a sort of aristocracy which is intermediate between the peasants and the *bourgeois;* a class which, like all others, has its pride of caste. . . . My father, a widower, had married again at the age of fifty-five, and I was the fruit of this second marriage. And this is how he made the acquaintance of my mother: One year, on Saint John's Day, my father, Master François Mistral, was in the midst of his wheat, which a troop of harvesters were cutting with the sickle. A bevy of gleaners followed the workers and gathered the stalks which escaped the rakes. My noble father ["*Mon Seigneur Père*"] noticed a handsome girl who hung back as if she were afraid to glean like the others. He advanced toward her and said, "What is thy name, little one?" The young girl answered: "I am the daughter of Etienne Poulinet, Mayor of Maillane. My name is Delaïde." "How comes it," said my father, "that the daughter of the Mayor of Maillane goes gleaning?" "Master," answered she, "we are a large family—six girls and two boys—and our father, although he is well enough off, when we ask him for something with which to adorn ourselves, answers, 'My little ones, if you want finery, earn it.' And that's why I have come to glean." Six months after this meeting, which recalls the ancient scene of Ruth and Boaz, the valiant householder asked Master Poulinet for the hand of Delaïde in marriage. . . .

When I was six months old I was liberated from the bandages which had tightly held my swaddling-clothes (for Nanounet, my grandmother, had strongly advised that I be kept in bandages until then, lest I should grow up bow-legged), and on Saint Joseph's Day, according to the usage of Provence, I was "given my feet," and in triumph my mother carried me to the church at Maillane; and on the altar of the Saint, holding me by leading-strings while my godmother chanted, "*Avène, avène, avène*" [Come, come, come], I was made to take my first steps.

[What a subject for a painter! The lights from the stained-glass windows falling on the dark, carved altar; the young mother in her picturesque Provençal cap and bodice holding the leading-strings, the timid baby taking his first wavering steps toward the godmother, who, at the other side of the altar, stands with outstretched arms. A. R. L.]

Behind the Farm of the Judge there was a ditch which conducted the water from our old well-wheel pump [*puits à roue*]. The water was not deep, but it was clear and laughing, and when I was little I could not keep away from playing along its banks, especially in summer. The well-wheel brook! It was the first book from which I learned natural history! There were fishes, sticklebacks and little carp, and I tried to catch them in a canvas bag which had served to hold nails, and which I suspended from the end of a stick. There were dragon-flies, green, blue, blackish, which gently, very gently, when they alighted, I seized with my tiny fingers—when they didn't escape me, vibrating their gossamer wings. There were water-striders [*notonectes*] a species of insect, brown with white stomach, which darted upon the water, and then moved their legs like the arms of a shoemaker when he draws the thread; and there were frogs which poked up from the moss their green jaws flecked with gold, and which, on seeing me, disappeared with a leap; and tritons, a sort of salamander, which dashed about in the water; and big beetles which crawled in and out of crevices, and which we called "eel-eaters."

And then there was a multitude of aquatic plants such as reeds, long and cottony . . . and pale narcissus, and forget-me-not, with its "eyes of the infant Jesus." But in all that world, that which most attracted me was the flower of the *glais*, a plant which grows in large clusters on the edge of the streams, with long blade-like leaves and beautiful yellow flowers which stand erect in the air like golden spear-points. It is to be believed that the golden *fleurs-de-lys*, the arms of France and of Provence, which shine upon their background of blue, were only the flowers of this *glais*, which is a species of iris, and that the azure of the coat of arms represents the water by which they grow. . . .

It was harvest time, and two or three girls emptied their baskets of grain into the sieve, and the Master, my father, vigorous and tall, shook the sieve in the wind to winnow out the grain from the chaff. Turning himself toward the breeze, when it fell, with the sieve immovable in his hands, serious, his eyes fixed on space as if he were addressing a friendly god, he would say to him: "Come, blow, blow, Mignon!" And then the north wind obeyed the patriarch, blowing away again the dust and chaff, while the beautiful, blessed wheat fell in a yellow shower upon the cone-shaped pile, which gradually rose between the feet of the winnower. . . . (Every one that day was in the fields or busy elsewhere, and no one watched the little Frédéric.)

On that beautiful afternoon—I was still in petticoats and was not over four, or perhaps five, years of age—after having rolled, as children do, on the fresh straw, I strolled along alone toward the well-wheel stream. For several days the beautiful flowers of the iris had extended their hands toward me, as if asking me to gather some of their golden clusters. I come to the ditch; gently I descend to the water's edge; I stretch my hand toward the flowers, but as they are too far off, I bend, reach and—splash! I am in the water up to my neck! I scream. My mother runs. She pulls me out of the water, gives me a few slaps, and in front of her, dripping like a duck, she marches me toward the house. "Let me catch thee again, good-for-nothing, anywhere near that ditch!" "But I was going to gather flowers." "Yes, after those flowers—always after those flowers! Thou dost not know, then, that there's a big snake hidden in the grass which swallows birds and children, good-for-nothing?" She undressed me, and, while drying my wet clothes and my shoes, he put on my sabots and my Sunday dress, saying, "Now, at least, see that thou dost not get dirty." And here I am again out of doors! I turned a somersault or two on the straw piles, and saw a white butterfly zigzagging over the stubble. I ran after it with my blonde hair streaming in the wind, and, oh my! here I am again near the well-wheel ditch! Oh, my lovely yellow flowers! There they are still, proudly balancing in the water and showing themselves to me until I cannot possibly restrain myself. I descend carefully, very carefully, place my little feet very close to the water's edge, extend my hand, lean over and reach out as far as I can, when—splash! I am up to my middle! "Ai! ai! ai!" I scream, while I look at the bubbles dancing and imagine I see the big snake between the stalks of the plants. I hear a shout: "Mistress, run quick! I believe the little fellow has tumbled into the water again." My mother runs, seizes me and pulls me, all black from the bad-smelling mud, and the first thing she does, tucking up my little dress, slap, slap, she gives me a resounding spanking. "Back here again! pigheaded one, to get thy yellow flowers and to drown thyself! A perfectly new dress ruined! Wastrel! Little monster! Thou wilt kill me with fright!" Muddy and crying, I returned to the house with hanging head. I was again disrobed, and this time I put on my fête-day dress. My! the splendid dress! I see it still with its black velvet stripes, with its dottings of gold on a blue body. "And *now*," said I to my mother, "what am I going to do?" "Go watch the chickens," said she, "and see that they don't wander away, but keep thou in the shade." Full of zeal, I danced after the hens, which were feeding in the stubble, picking up the grain that the rakes had left. Then, while watching them, I saw one pullet that was crested—wasn't it funny?—begin to run after—what do you think? A grasshopper; one of those that have red and blue wings, and both of them—I after, for I wanted to see the grasshopper—jumped and ran across the lots until we arrived on the edge of the well-wheel ditch! And there they were still, the golden flowers admiring their reflections in the brook, and they awakened again my longing—this time a delirious, masterful passion that almost made me forget my two plunges into the water. "Oh, but this time thou shalt not fall," said I to myself, and, descending the bank, I encircled with my hand a branch that grew there and leaned prudently over the water. I tried to reach the iris with my other hand. Alas, the branch broke! I plunged head first into the middle of the ditch! I righted myself any way I could, and yelled like a lost soul. People came running from everywhere. "It's that little devil who has tumbled into the ditch." "Thy mother, thou crazy little wag, will this time trounce thee well." But no, down the path I saw her coming, poor soul! all in tears. She said: "My God! I won't whip him, for perhaps it may have serious consequences this time. And this little fellow, Holy Virgin! is not like the rest of them. He does nothing but run after flowers. He loses all his playthings in the wheat looking for wild bouquets. Now, to crown all, he has just thrown himself three times into the well-wheel ditch inside of an hour. Restrain thyself! Keep cool, poor mother! Who can keep him in dresses? And fortunate art thou and thank thy God that he is not drowned!" And thus the two of us returned, weeping the whole way. Then, once in the house, having removed my dress, the saintly woman wiped my naked body with her apron, and, fearing the effect of the shock, she gave me a spoonful of vermifuge and put me to bed in my crib, where, tired from crying, I soon fell asleep. And do you know what I dreamed about? My yellow flowers! In a beautiful stream which wound around the farm, limpid, transparent, blue as the waters of the fountain of Vaucluse, I saw lovely tufts of great green iris, which displayed in the air a fairy world of golden flowers. Dragon-flies came and poised above them, with their blue silken wings, and I, I swam naked in the laughing water. I gathered double handfuls, armfuls; the more I plucked the more they blossomed.

Suddenly I heard a voice: "Frédéri'." I awoke, and what did I see? A great handful of iris, the color of gold, which glowed in my little crib! He himself, the patriarch—the Master, mon Seigneur Père—had gone and picked the longed-for flowers, and the Mistress, my beautiful mother, had placed them on my bed.

It is a pity that more of Mistral's books are not yet available in English translations. His principal works are:

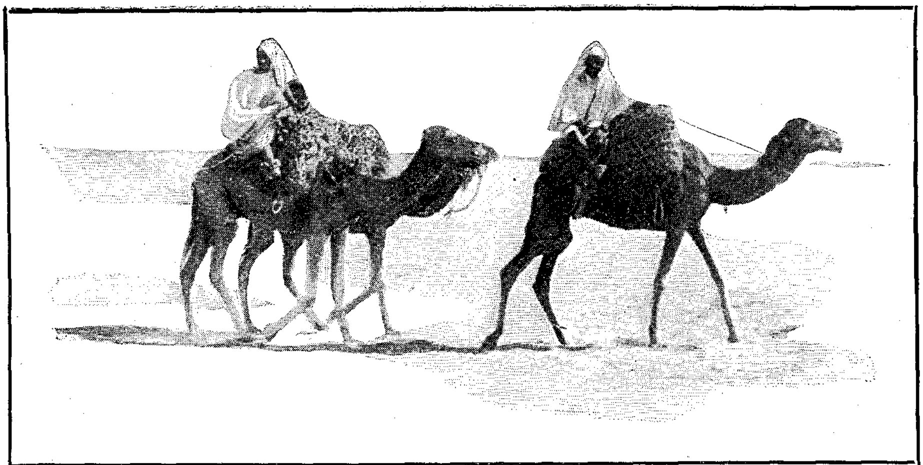
In Provençal:

Lou Tresor dóu Felibrige—Provençal-French Dictionary. 2 volumes.
La rèino Jano. A tragedy in five acts.
Lou poèmo dóu Rhône. A poem.
Mirèio—Poem. Crowned by the French Academy.
Calendau. Poem in twelve cantos.
Lis Isclo d'or. A volume of verse.
Nerto. Provençal novel.
Discours e dicho. Collection of discourses.

Many of his writings have been translated into French, and are quoted by Brentano as follows:

Dictionnaire Provençal-Français, 2 volumes, $26.40.
La Reine Jeanne, $1.32.
La Poème du Rhône, 75c.
Mireille (Mirèio), $1.32.
Calendal, $1.32.
Les Iles d'Or, $1.32.
Nerto, $1.10.
Mémoires et Récits (Mes Origines), Autobiography, 75c.

Mirèio (Mireille), published in 1859, first appeared in French translation in 1872. An English translation by H. W. Preston was published by Little, Brown & Co., in Boston, in 1874—price, $1.25 (now out of print), and a London edition (T. Fisher Unwin, 3/6) in 1890. Gounod wrote the music for an opera founded on this poem, and it has met with success in France. The Memoirs were translated into English by Constance E. Maud, and published in New York by the Baker & Taylor Company in 1907. In the same volume are "Lyrics from the Provençal," translated by Alma Strettell.



CAMEL TRAILS

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

WITH PAINTINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THROUGH a sweep of saffron sky the glowing sun spilled an aureola of golden light over the heat-swept sand of the northern Sahara. Before me, as I rode, the sand ripples were broken only by big heart-shaped footprints of a solitary camel—then beyond the rounding sand hillocks the great beast silhouetted his gaunt shape against the afterglow, dignified, patient, defiant, imperturbable, a creature of the vast wastes; revered, valued, and ill treated by the Oriental, misunderstood and surrounded in mystery by the Occidental; to me an epitome of the deserts and their inhabitants.

Down through the countless ages the silent, cushioned tread of the camel has kept pace with the peoples of the East, and for æons, so far as history or Arab tradition is concerned, he has furnished these nomads with food, shelter, clothing, and transportation, has printed his way across the trackless deserts and left his bones white-bleached beside the sand-blown trails, guidons for future *garflas* (caravans).

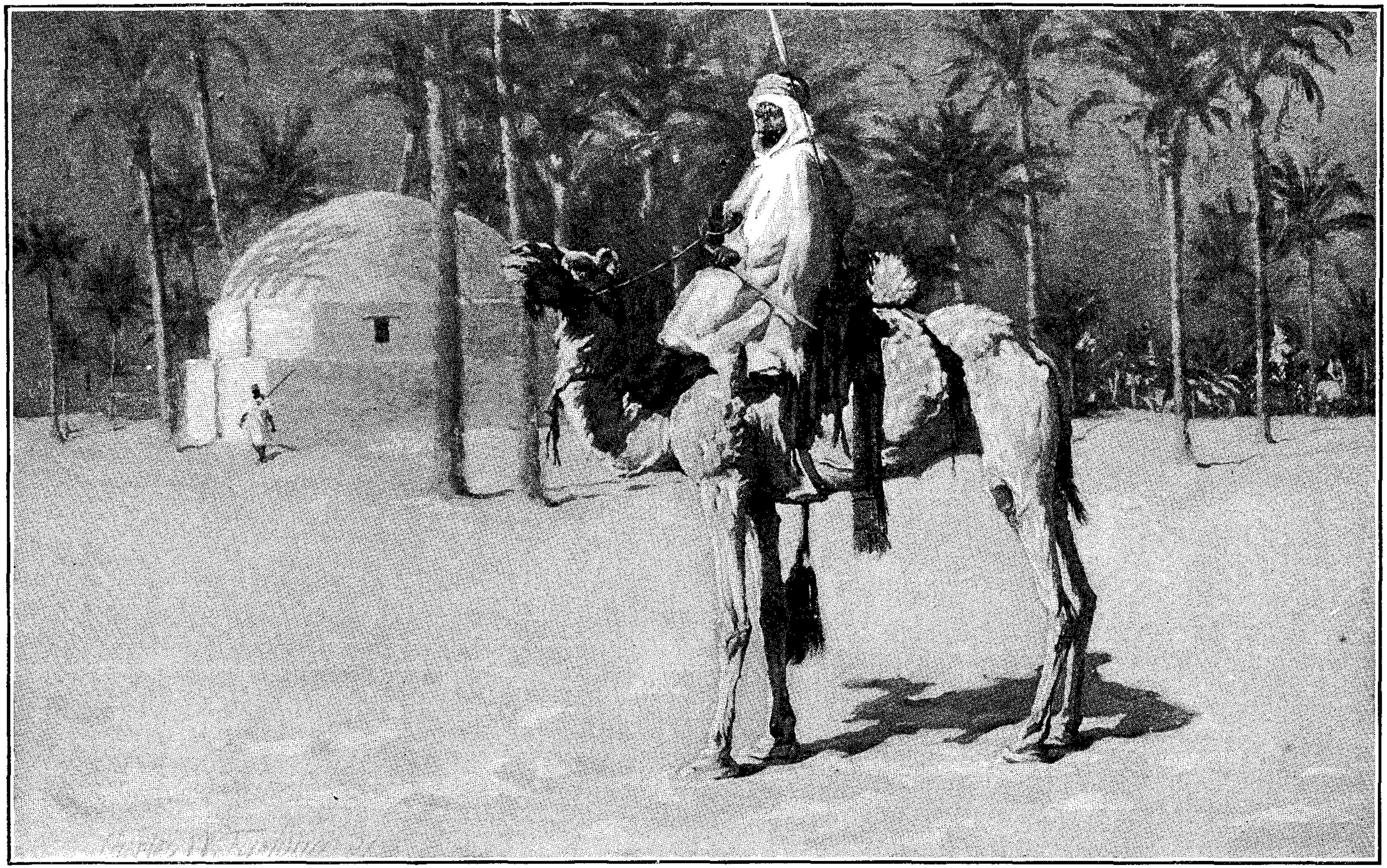
With the advent of human history comes the camel as a domesticated animal. Before the genesiacal scribe had closed his book, we find camels a main apportionment to the children of men, and even to-day the Arab's wealth is counted in camels.

The far-off sunken districts of Turkestan in Central Asia is attributed as his original habitation over which he roamed in uncontrolled freedom.

Broadly speaking, there are two kinds of camels—the double-humped Bactrian and the single-humped Arabian. The Bactrian threads its way over Asia east of the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, clear across to China and as far as the colder mountainous regions of northern Mongolia; the Arabian picks his trail westward across the heat-soaked rocks and sand reaches of the Arabian and African deserts.

I had often met the great, lumbering *jemal* (camel) in the narrow streets and open *suks* (markets) of many North African towns, but it was not until I had eaten in his shadow, slept by him in *fonduks*, and traveled with him day by day along the caravan trails of the northern Sahara, that I began to understand and fully to appreciate this incongruous model of ugly usefulness.

Not long after my arrival in Tripoli,



"HE WAS A PICTURESQUE FIGURE, THE BRONZED MAN OF THE DESERT" the gateway of the desert and the focus to the great trans-Saharan caravan routes which stretch away south, I took with me a hybrid native of Sudanese and Arab stock named Bringali (Fishing Line), and together we journeyed to a *fonduk* on the edge of the town.

"O camel driver!" spoke Bringali, as he addressed a muffled figure squatting in the shadow of the wall, "have you two good camels?"

"To thy eye, O merchant" (judge for thyself), replied Mahmood, the driver, as, unrolling himself out of his baracan, he led the way across the *fonduk* to where two heavily built draft camels lazily chewed their cuds, and with their short, tufted tails flicked the flies from their rumps.

One was a moth-eaten-looking beast, for it was molting time, and the owner plucked here and there a handful of the soft hair from its shaggy hide. The other was closely sheared, as is customary when the hottest weather approaches. After some bartering I hired them and the driver for the afternoon for sixty cents. They were draft camels, "baggagers," as Tommy Atkins calls them down in Egypt. The Arab calls them just plain "jemals."

While there are many different breeds of camels, the most distinctive of the Arabians are the heavy, slow-moving jemal, and his cousin, the mehari, a tall, lightly built, swifter, and more elegant creature, used almost exclusively for riding, known as the riding or running camel. Much confusion has existed as to the word dromedary, which many have considered a distinction between the Arabian and Bactrian camels; *i. e.*, the one and two humped. Dromedary is not a distinction of species, however, but of breed. The name, although generally applied to the finely bred Arabian, may be applied to an equivalent breed of Bactrian. The word dromedary itself is undoubtedly, in root at least, derived from the Greek *dromas* (running), finding its suffix, perhaps, from the Arabic word *mahari*, the name of a swift breed of camel raised by the tribe of Mahra. This name was given by the Greeks, about the time of Cyrus or Xerxes, to certain breeds of swift camels.

One has but to try the experiment of riding a baggager to realize that there is not only a distinction with a difference, but a distinction with a vengeance; and any Christian who willingly substitutes the rump of a jemal for terra-firma deserves all he gets, for even an Arab will prefer walking, to the lumbar vertebræ of a jemal. My intention was to ride three or four miles into the desert and back.

"Mount, Arfi" (master), said Bringali, and I straddled a straw-filled sack thrown across the hind quarters of the recumbent jemal, who uttered a fearful protest the whole length of his long throat, turned his head square round and looked me full in the face, twitching his mobile upper lip with a half-cynical, half-deprecating curl. The Arabs ride back of the pack-saddle for easier motion, and often to be out of reach of the jaws of a biter.

"Up, thou tick of an ass's tail—ar-r-rah!" and with a vicious whack the Arab brought his heavy stick across the beast's jaw. I lurched forward, back, then forward again; with a final remonstrating grunt, Jemal straightened out his numerous joints and was on his feet. We were soon following between mud walls and palm trees of the oasis of Tripoli to the desert.

"Hike! hike!" yelled Mahmood, whereupon the brute broke into a lumbering, racking jog. The camel's natural gait, both in walking and running, is said to be a pace, but so far as I was concerned it might have been a centrifugal back-action trying to describe an eccentric rotary motion two ways at once on cobblestones.

"*Adda—adda!*" (turn to one side) shrieked the Arab, just in time to save me from collision with a hedge of prickly cactus. The camel, with head and tail outstretched almost horizontally, was now fairly under way. The cushion had slewed to one side, and I gathered my knees up under me and clung desperately to my only support, the tree of the pack-saddle, in order to avoid slipping down the inclined plane of his rump.

Set a section of a North Carolina twelve-rail fence at an angle of forty-five degrees in a farm wagon, straddle this, and have the whole outfit, yourself included, run away with over a rocky

New England blueberry pasture, and you will form a mild conception of the sensation of riding a baggager.

"*Hot! hot!*" (slower) bellowed Mahmood, puffing along in the distance. "Praise be to Allah!" the jemal obeyed.

"*Sh, sh!*" (whoa) gurgled the perspiring Mahmood.

The place where I lit was soft sand.

I walked home.

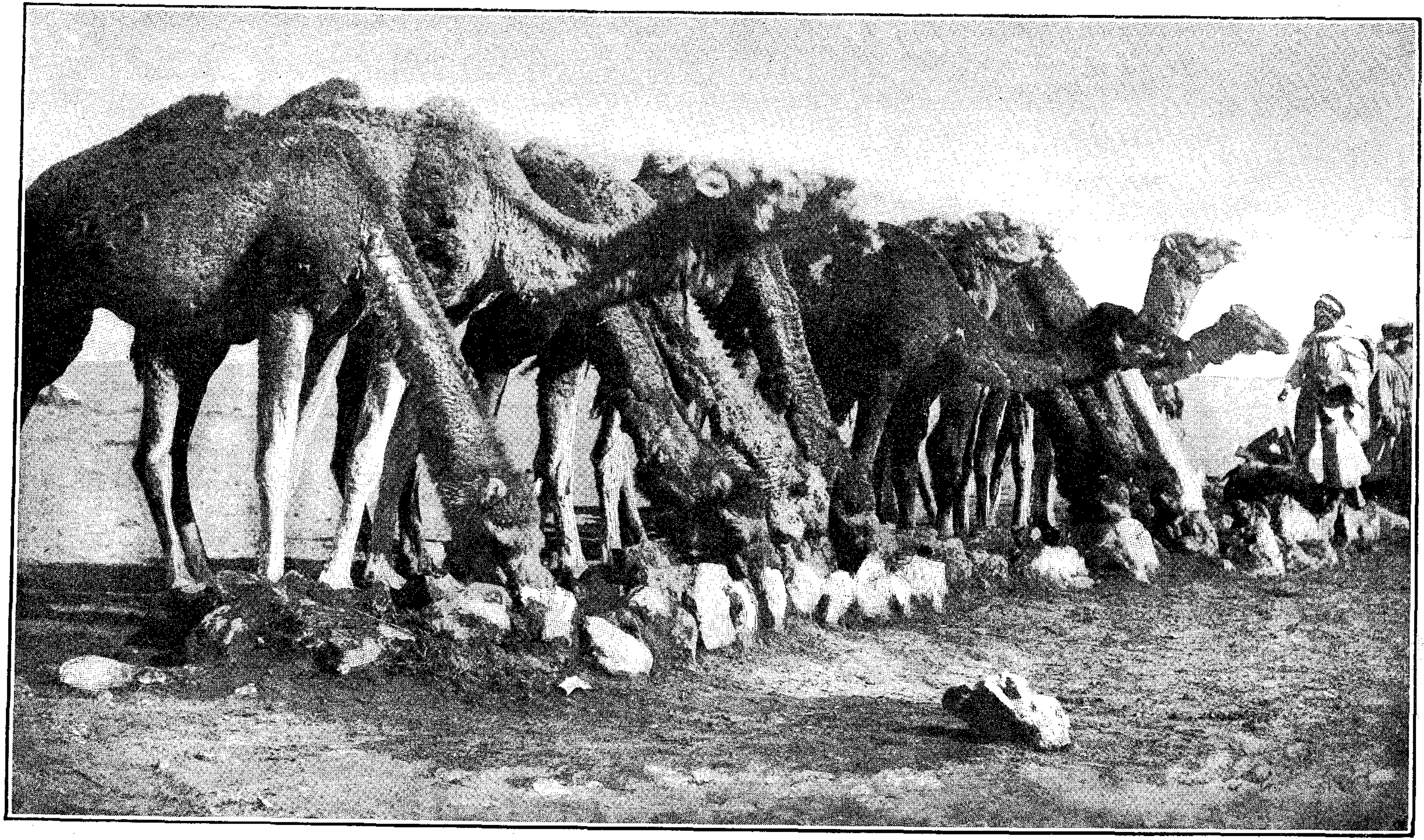
Often in the twilight of early mornings, shortly after the muezzin's call, from the minaret of the neighboring Djema-el-Daruj (Mosque of the Steps), I would wind my way with soft-scuffing Arabs through the narrow byways of Tripoli to the great sand reach of the Suk-el-Thalat (Tuesday market) beyond the town walls. In the obscure light, shacks, muffled figures, heaps of produce, and camels humped themselves over the sand-stretch like the promontories of a miniature mountain range, and the feathered palms of the oasis to the east were traced in violet against the forthcoming rose of early dawn. Then the sun rose over them and painted out the dim monotone of things in strong contrasts of lights and shades.

Everywhere was the jemal; late arrivals, heavily loaded, carefully threaded their way along; others, relieved of their loads, stood singly or in small groups, or lay resting on the sand, often acquiring most inconceivable and distorted positions, bearing out the remark of a Tripoli friend that the camel was "a combination of serpent and lamp-post." With every group of camels was at least one caravaneer left to guard them, and he was usually found seated by the guns of his comrades, chatting perhaps with neighboring caravan men. His camels were hobbled by short ropes tied under the fetlock of the forelegs, or, in the case of the more obstreperous, a foreleg was doubled up, and in this position securely lashed. Now and then the caravaneer rose leisurely and tossed into the center of the caravan (for the camels are usually facing one another in a ring) some green fodder—*bishna* (millet) or *shtell* (guinea corn cut green), or other herbage with which they are usually fed in the *suks* and oases.

To the stranger the greater portion of the *suk* might well appear a camel market, but go to that section beyond the esparto jetty, bordering the coast road, which leads to Sciara-el-Sciut and Tajura. Here you find a living, dun-colored sea of camels; old and young, male and female, pure breeds and hybrids, well conditioned and ill seasoned, ranging in color from the rare black camel through the various values of dun colors and browns to snow white. This is the camel market.

Far back in the Jebel (mountains) and plateau lands of the desert the various Arab and Berber tribes breed and raise large herds of camels, pasturing them on the wild esparto grass, mimosa bushes, and the dry camel thorn of the desert, from all of which the camel derives nutriment, remarkable to me until I once saw a camel devour with relish a piece of dry wood. The principal Tripoli camel-raisers are the tribes of Jebel, Sert, Zintan, Orfella, and Weled-Bu-Sef, who, with the small owners, have, it is estimated, brought the total number of camels to four hundred thousand, or one camel to every one and a quarter square miles of the vilayet of Tripoli. From these far-off arid breeding-grounds I have passed on the trail herds of camels traveling south towards Murzuk, the far-off capital of the Fezzan, there to be sold to fill up the gaps in the ranks of the trans-Saharan caravans, or other herds being driven north toward the great coast trade centers, Bengazi and Tripoli, where, in the jemal *suk* of Tripoli, they fetch, generally, from ten to thirty dollars per head.

But follow yonder thick-set merchant, he with the scarlet haik and six fezzes under his tightly wound gold-embroidered turban. He is in search of an exceptional, full-grown, male draft camel; one with a weight of close on to twelve hundred pounds, which can stand the strain and carry his goods safely the six to eleven months across the deserts to the Sudan. At last he stops before a superb-looking beast. The top of its great shoulder is on a level with the Tripoline's turban; he examines the mouth, tail, feet, and skin, and runs his henna-stained fingers through the long woolly hair to the top of its hump, seven



MEHARA FEEDING FROM A STONE MANGER

feet from the ground; this he finds full and firm.

"*Gedash!*" (how much), "O brother of many camels, is this one of thy herd?"

"May Allah lengthen thy age, O wealthy one," replied the swarthy man from the *wadan* (country); "thou hast truly picked the jewel of my eye."

"Jewel, sayest thou, but one of ill omen, for truly he is darkish in color."

"By the Prophet, throw him into the river and he will rise with a fish in his mouth;" and thus they bartered with all that *naïveté* and leisure of the Oriental trader, to whom time is invisible but *mejedes* (money) may be held in the hand. It was not until the morning waned and they both trod upon their own shadows that the sale was effected to the amount of sixty dollars.

"*Baleuk!*" came a warning cry as my friend, one of the dozen English residents of Tripoli, and I steered our way one morning through the narrow channelways of the *suk*.

"That was a close call," said he, as the great jaws of a biter swung by me with a snap like a steel trap. "In the cold rainy months of our winter one has to be constantly on one's guard. Only a short time ago I saw a Turkish soldier lose half his face in this very *suk;* another had the end of his elbow torn off. Watch the reverse rotary motion of that camel's chew, and the fearful results of the grinding nature of his sharp incisors and canine teeth, in both upper and lower jaw, may be realized, often so mashing the bones that amputation of the limb is necessary."

In passing recumbent camels the stranger need watch the head end only, but when on their feet it's "heads and tails," for a camel can be a powerful kicker. Such are the means of defense with which nature has endowed him that one blow of his foot, out and straight behind, will drop most animals to the earth; then, kneeling on his enemy and using his strong neck as a leverage, he tears him to pieces with his huge jaws. Biters are often muzzled, as are always camels of caravans bearing guinea corn or barley, to break them from biting through the sacks. The majority of camels are by no means normally vicious, and much of their ugliness is due to the lack of care and the brutal treatment of hired drivers, and it is said that camels never forget a kindness or an injury.

At times, perhaps from the heat, or without apparent cause, the camel is seized with a terrific frenzy; then look out—for he will attack driver, other camels, or any living thing. But, on the whole, this ancient burden-bearer of man is a dignified, long-suffering, lugubrious anomaly, his joylessness being tersely expressed in the answer to the Arab riddle, "Why has the camel a split lip?" "Because *once* a camel tried to laugh."

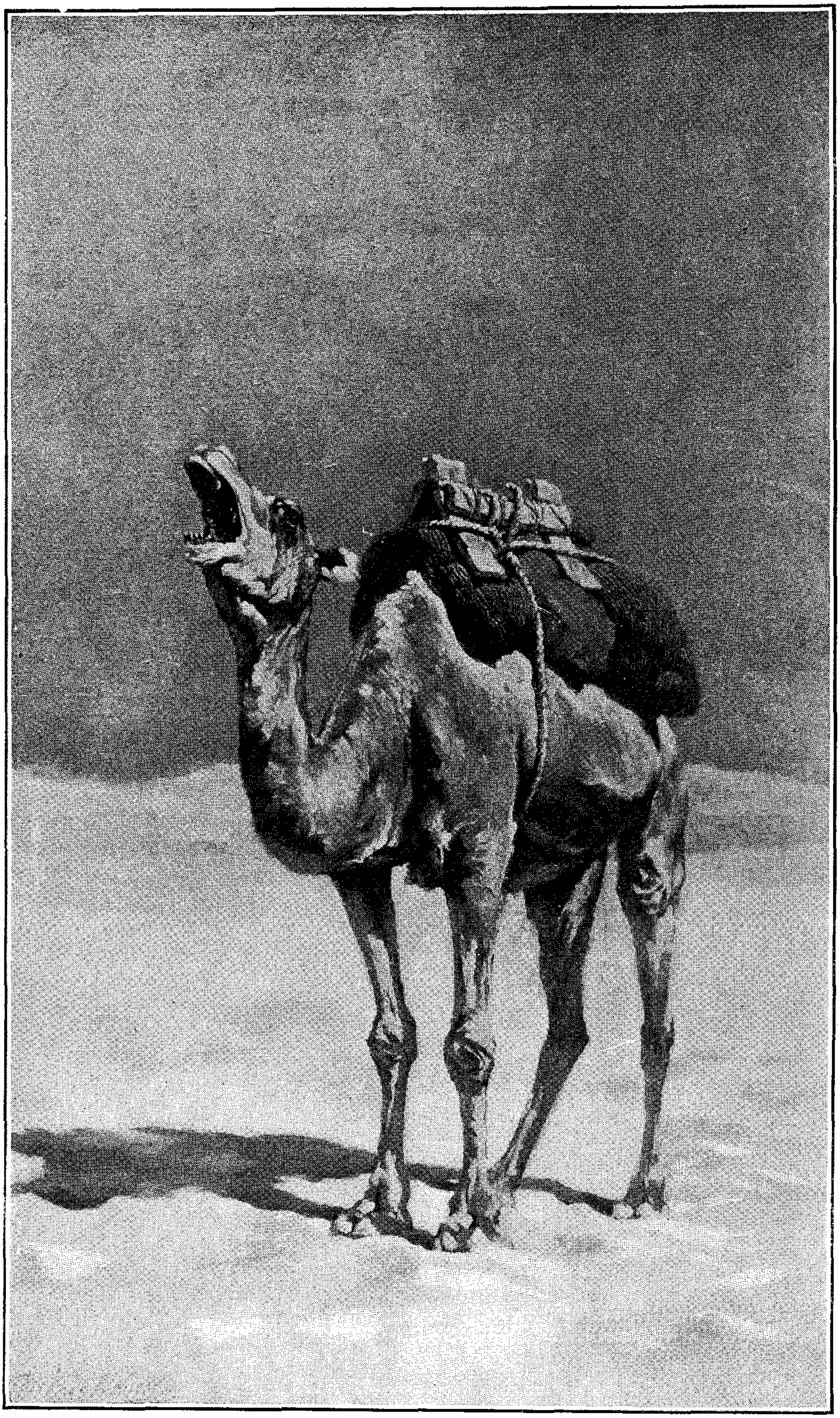
He is not aggressive; his indifference toward man seems almost contemptuous. He is imperturbable and patient beyond precedent, and on the march will continue to stagger on until his last ounce of strength has been exhausted.

Paradoxical as it may seem, he dislikes isolation from man or his own kind. He has an endless répertoire of the most unearthly noises, dominant among which is a sound best likened to blowing bubbles in a basin of water under forced draft and in a minor key.

I well remember one camel which stood isolated from the others yawping a solo far out on the plain. Well fed, unhobbled and unburdened save for his saddle, he had every reason to be happy, but there he stood with mouth agape belching forth without any apparent reason, and, so far as I could see, just out of pure cussedness. The noise rolled away over the desert in great volumes of sound—a voice crying in the wilderness.

"The horse," say the town Arabs, "is a gentleman, the camel a boor." Not only has he been loaded with literal burdens heavier than he should bear, and with the unjust ignominy of a mean disposition, but he has also been saddled, figuratively speaking, with the responsibilities of the vindictive tempers of certain desert Arabs, because of feeding on his flesh. To me he seems to be, in one respect at least, like his Arab master—a fatalist.

In one corner of the *suk* a camel doctor sat beside a forge of hot coals held in a native earthenware stove, occasionally blowing them with his bellows

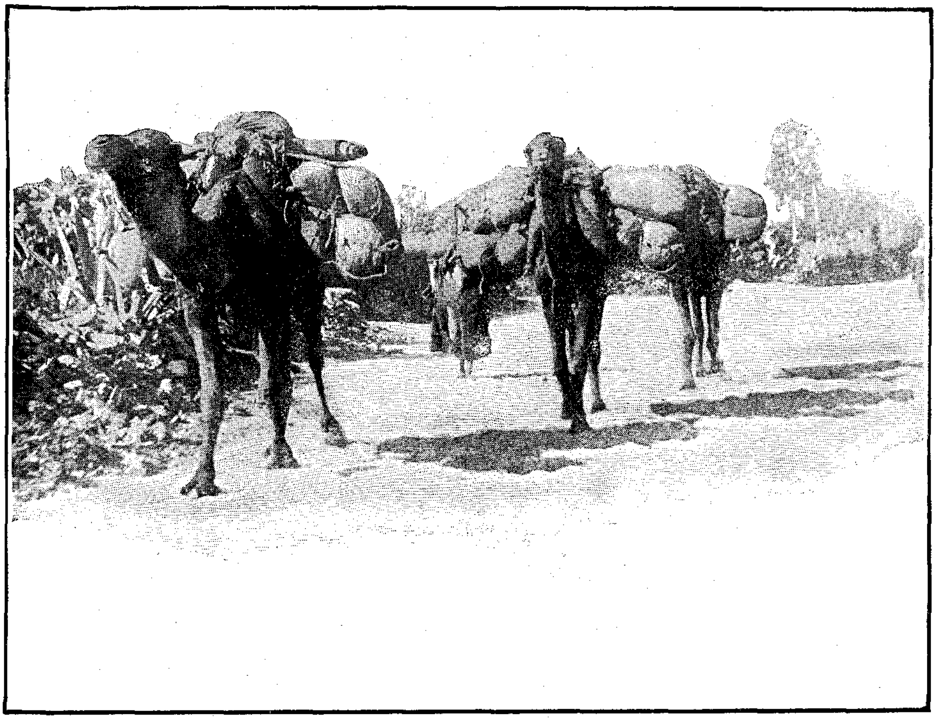


"STOOD ISOLATED FROM OTHERS YAWPING A SOLO FAR OUT ON THE PLAIN" and adjusting the heating irons. Now and then an Arab approaching him with his camel would consult him perhaps about lameness or ophthalmia. One Hadji came leading a limping camel. As firing was considered the cure, as for many ills, it was first necessary to render the patient powerless. The "doctor" called from the neighboring coffee-booth a number of men, the owner ordered the animal to kneel across a piece of rope stretched on the sand, whereupon the forelegs and a hind leg were securely lashed to his body. Two of the men sat upon his muzzled head, the lame leg, to which a rope had been fastened at the hock joint, was pulled to its full length and the injured tendon seared by the "doctor."

Turning from the distasteful sight, I followed the edge of the sand. Not many yards from the shore the gurgling, groaning sound of a jemal mingling with the swash and ripple of the Mediterranean attracted my attention to where two Blacks had forced a half-submerged camel to his knees while they scrubbed and scoured his hide. This is a common sight off the Tripoli *suk*, for camels not only can be made to enter water, thus making excellent fording animals, but are fine swimmers as well.

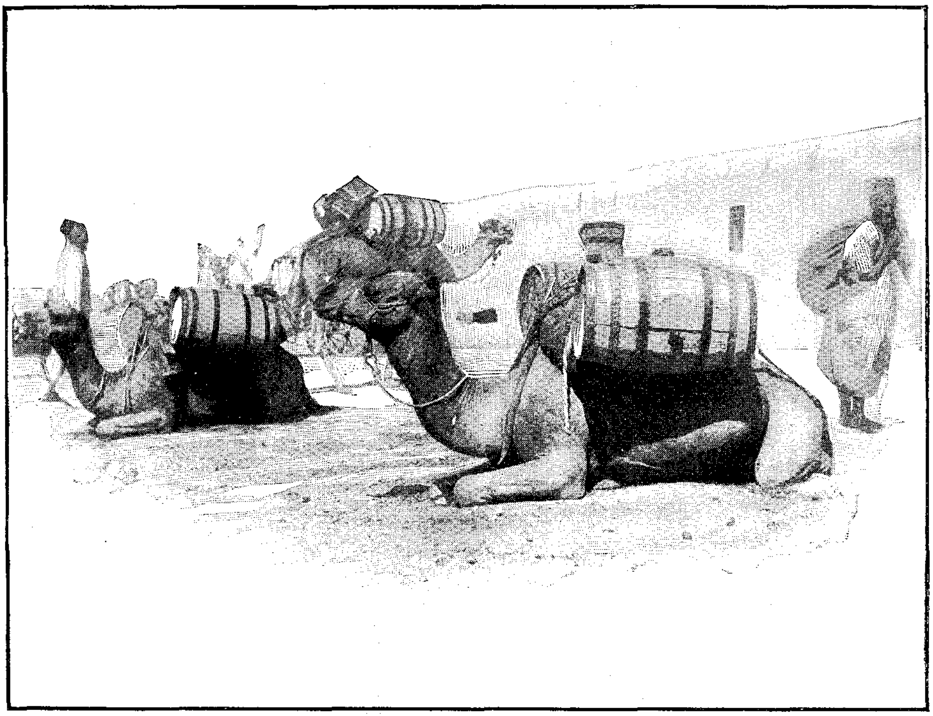
We continued on toward the town. Its green-topped minarets which spiked the blue sky seemed gradually to telescope below the bastion walls, and we passed under the outer gate to lunch and siesta.

Below my window in my *lokanda* (hostelry) ran the Arbar Arsāt (Street of the Four Columns). No one ever brags of the wideness of Arab streets, and despite the fact that the Arbar Arsāt is a Tripolitan boulevard, from necessity rather than from choice I often discreetly retreated to a doorway or side street from an oncoming widely burdened jemal. Through the busy hum and drone of passers-by at morning and eventide, through the hot quiet of siesta time and cool stillness of night, there drifted up to my window the story of the life of a picturesque people replete in the ever-varying romance and bright imagery of the East. Often I would listen in undisturbed revery to the sounds



"AS GOES THE CAMEL HEAVY LADEN, EVEN PACED" of the Arab city, sounds among which the rumble of traffic was conspicuously absent and which took on a personal element; the soft scuff of feet, the prayer calls of muezzins, far-off cries, voices of an almost forgotten people, and then, ever and anon, the blatant blast of the jemal, whose defiant, gurgling groan outvied all other noises as it echoed down the narrow street.

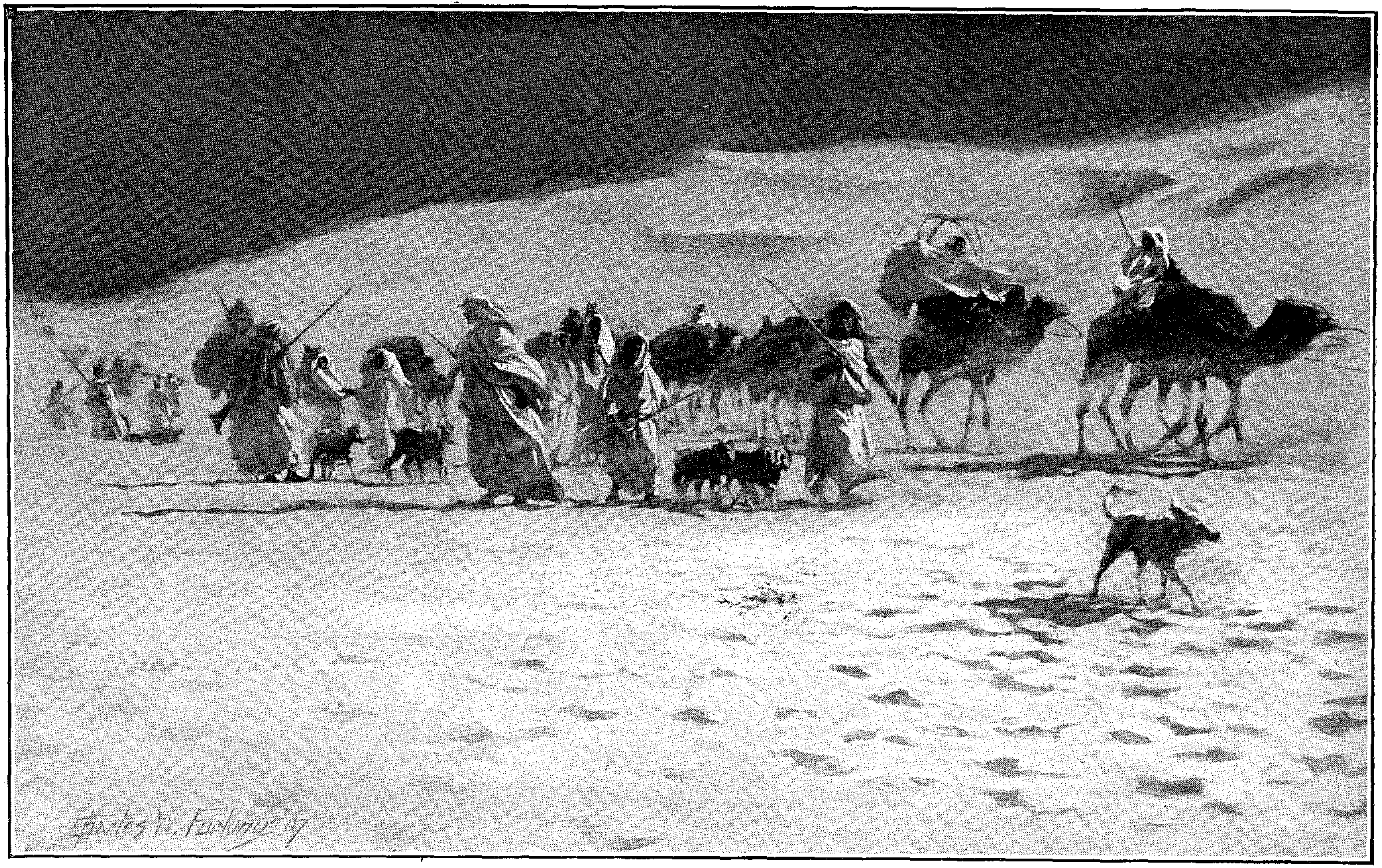
Early one morning a pandemonium below my window awoke me. "Baleuk! Bur-r-ro!" (get out) rose above the din of men and beasts as two drivers battered one another with their camel-sticks. It was the old story of a head-on meeting in a narrow way. Finally, by order of a town watchman who happened along, one of the heavily burdened camels was made to lie down, thus enabling the other to squeeze by.



SHORN DRAFT CAMELS OF THE TURKISH ARMY LOADED WITH WATER-CASKS

Another time, turning quickly toward my window as a flash of light chased across the walls of my room, I was just in time to see the silvery point of a spearhead undulate by the window ledge. As I surmised, it belonged to a mehari-mounted Arab from the south. He was a picturesque figure, this bronzed man of the desert, in white burnous and turban bound with camel's-hair cord, as he lurched, lurched along, a part of the tall, majestic beast he rode. The mehari, or riding camel, was rare in northern Tripoli—so, seizing my sun helmet, I followed on his trail through the town.

His fine breeding was evident at a glance. Compared with the common jemal he was a supple, slender, elegant creature, with shorter tail, smaller ears, and more protruding chest. His dark, heavily lashed eyes in a gracefully formed head seemed lustrous and appealing, and the tawny-colored coat, as soft as that of a jerboa, bore every evidence of care on the part of the camel's owner. Piercing the right nostril a bridle-ring hung to one side of his long firm lips, which well concealed his teeth. From this ring a single rein flapped loosely under his jaw, passing around the opposite side of his neck to the rider, who was securely ensconced between the horns and cantle of a beautiful leather-worked riding-saddle. This was securely fastened over the hump by a belly-girth; the rider, sitting


Charles W. Furlong '07

"ROUNDING THE SAND HILLOCKS"

cross-legged athwart the pommel, rested his feet in the hollow of the mehari's neck.

The surging motion of a mehari may at first cause nausea to the rider, but, this condition overcome, one seems to be moving onward as over a long ground-swell at sea, and many consider the mehari less fatiguing over long distances than the horse. Fabled accounts of its speed are a part of Arab tradition. Despite the extremely slender character of its legs below the knee, it is wiry and muscular, and can average thirty miles a day under a weight of three hundred pounds of rider and outfit for long distances.

On account of its speed, it is often used as a transmitter of important despatches—the telegraph of the Arab. The Bedaweens of the Egyptian Sudan still remember Gordon for the fast work of his last memorable ride of four hundred and three miles in nine days, including halts, and Burckhardt gives an account of a mehari doing one hundred and fifteen miles in eleven hours, which included forty minutes occupied in being twice carried across the Nile.

For hours at a time I have ridden before, beside, and behind the camel, ever fascinated by the study of his strange temperament and stranger structure; a structure which is impressively adapted to his needs, making him like the Arab—a creature of his environment.

His small nostrils, which seem to heighten the benign expression of his ever-twitching upper lip, can be so closed as to prevent the entrance of the finest sand of the terrific *gibleh* (sand-storm). Protected, too, by their long, heavy lashes are his dark protruding eyes, overshadowed by their beetling brows which break the rays of the fierce sun-glare overhead. On those parts of his body most subjected to contact with heat and friction great callosities are formed which act as a sort of buffers; the largest on his chest, one on each elbow and knee, and two on each hock.

Sometimes, when the monotony of heat and sand became unbearable, I would sift back through the caravan until I found Sarâbi and Hallil-ben-Hassam, her one-eyed driver. Sarâbi was a beautiful white *nâkat* (she camel). Hallil, so it was rumored, had destroyed an eye to avoid conscription in Egypt; then, wandering across the Libyan Desert and the wild, dangerous regions of Barca, he at last, with Sarâbi, reached Tripoli.

Mile upon mile I would watch her great nail-tipped cushioned feet *squdge* noiselessly along, lift and fall, lift and fall, the under sides reflecting the sand like lighted orange disks glimpsing in her violet-blue shadow. The hinder ones on their delicate leg shafts would let into the shadow a streak of sunlight which reflected on the heavier, stronger fore legs which always seem to me in all camels to be bent the wrong way at the knee. S-c-u-f-f! and now and again a cloud of golden sand dust, always a deeper orange than the surface, would be kicked out from under her, sifting, scintillating away into the brilliant sunshine.

"Hallil," said I, "how much water will a full-grown camel drink?"

"O Father of Glasses" (for I wore spectacles), replied he, lowering the square Arab fan with which he often shaded his eye, "thou askest me something of a riddle. When dwelling in the town or oasis, water thy camel as thou wouldst thy mare, and it will drink but enough for the time; but on the march thy jemal knows well how to make provision for the morrow to the amount of twelve *garaffs* [four quarts], so say those who have sacrificed him on the trail to quench their thirst. But at the end of a journey have a care, for many a jemal dies at the pool on drinking at such times on an empty stomach. After a long march and feeding, Sarâbi has drunk well nigh to forty *jarras* [twenty gallons], and my people say that camels have gone fifteen days without taking fresh water." —"Burro!" shouted Hallil at a jemal which had jammed against Sarâbi's load; and he left me in order to adjust her heavy packs.

This was an important matter, for a light load ill balanced is more disastrous to a camel than a well-adjusted heavy one. Where loads are not easily balanced Arabs will use stones or bags of sand as a counterweight. So important is it that the loads do not gall or chafe the shoulders and hump that a careful driver will ever be on the alert to arrange the cushions, often using green fodder when nothing else is available. Sarâbi's load had shifted forward, and Hallil proceeded to pull from the open end of the cushions under the pack-saddle great handfuls of straw, which he stuffed into the forward cushions. The wooden frame of the saddle itself is fashioned after the primitive saddles which were made from the shoulder-blades and bones of animals.

So wonderfully is the camel adapted to his environment that he not only is provided with his own water-bottle, so to speak, but also with his own larder through that strange protuberance of adipose tissue, the hump, which on long journeys is absorbed into his system, so that literally, as the Arabs say, "he feeds upon his hump." During months of rest or little exercise the hump increases in size, and even flops over, and sometimes grows so full that the skin on either side is cut and lifted; large pieces of the adipose tissue are then sliced off and the skin sewn down again. These pieces are considered a great delicacy by the Arabs.

Beside Sarâbi trotted a spindle-legged little bunch of soft, curly wool, as snow white as the mother. Occasionally the little foal, but six weeks old, ventured to sport about some yards away. During a sand-storm the mother shields the young, and during the cold winds of winter two camels will often place the young between them.

There is no doubt but that on the march camels are soothed and cheered by the wild desert songs of the *garfla* men, songs undoubtedly induced by the long, monotonous "voyages," and composed to the regular surging lurch-lurch of the rider or the steady shambling swing of the jemal. Its four heavy steps are said to have given the meter, and the alternations of long and short syllables in the spoken language, the successive pulsations of the meter.

The old Arabian poetry is pervaded with the story and legend of the tending of camels, and words and metaphors based upon him or his life are in daily use for all manner of strange purposes. Time or death, for instance, is compared to a drinking camel:

"Deep was the first draught, deep the next, no stint was there,
When Time gulped down the great of al-Aswad and of Attab."

While a tribe bereft of its chiefs by plague is likened to Death with a herd of camels, to whose *fonduk* they must all come home, some sooner, some later:

"And to-day they wander a trembling herd, their kinsman Death.
One speeds away to his rest at eve, one stays till dawn."[1]

And so, "as goes a camel heavy laden, even paced," the baggager moves onward, at times to the song of the march or the wild, resonant note of the oboe and the beat of the gimbreh.

He can carry from three hundred to six hundred pounds, according to his size, being usually loaded with about one-third his own weight. The men of a trade caravan walk, as a rule, though occasionally, here and there, one is seen on a jemal or astride a trudging ass.

One day I rode with the caravan to which Sarâbi was attached twenty hours out of the twenty-four, the only stop from the steady gait of two and a half or three miles an hour being made in the heat of the day between eleven and three on the scorching sand. There were some rocks near by, but they practically cast no shadow, as the sun was so directly overhead. After the camels were made to lie down, their loads but not their saddles were removed; barley was given them, or large balls of date paste chucked into their mouths; the caravan men rigged up improvised shelters from the sun with their baracans and fell asleep, and an oppressive silence hung over the great sun-baked plain.

"Look, Sahib!" said Hallil one forenoon, as he pointed to a far-away distant sand hill where five dark dots broke up its smooth surface and slipped out of sight, to appear again an hour later. Five mehara passed us, the last a black camel. Hallil muttered something under his breath, a curse or a prayer I wot not, then, turning, he looked at me. "'Tis written on the cucumber leaf" (known everywhere) "that a black camel is surely a sign of death." Perhaps I detected a slight satisfaction in the blink of the one eye of this owner of a milk-white camel.

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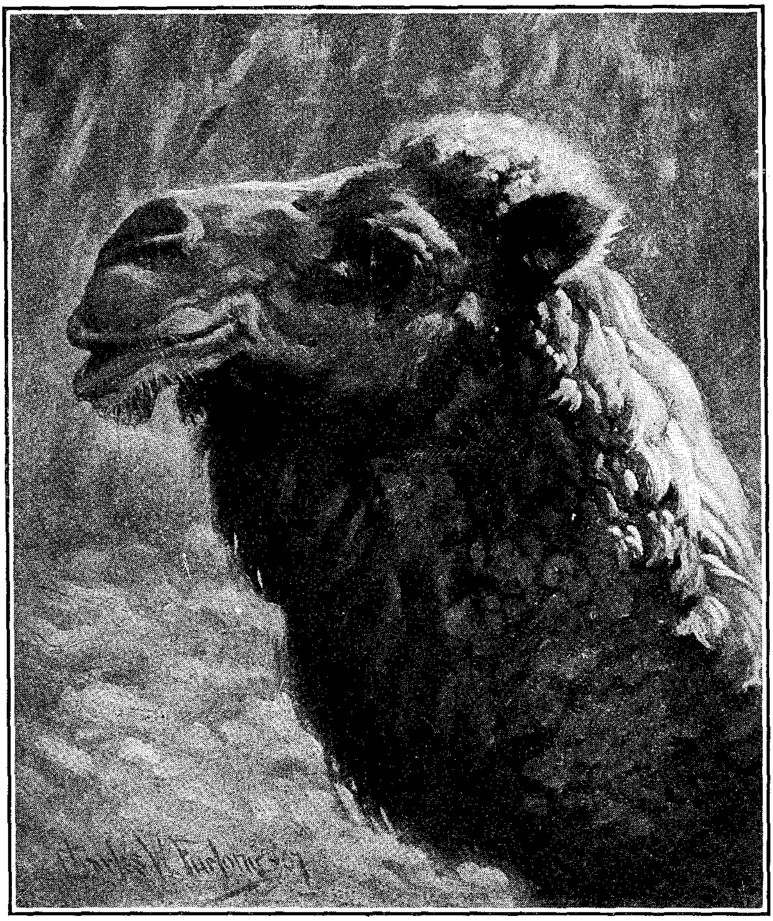
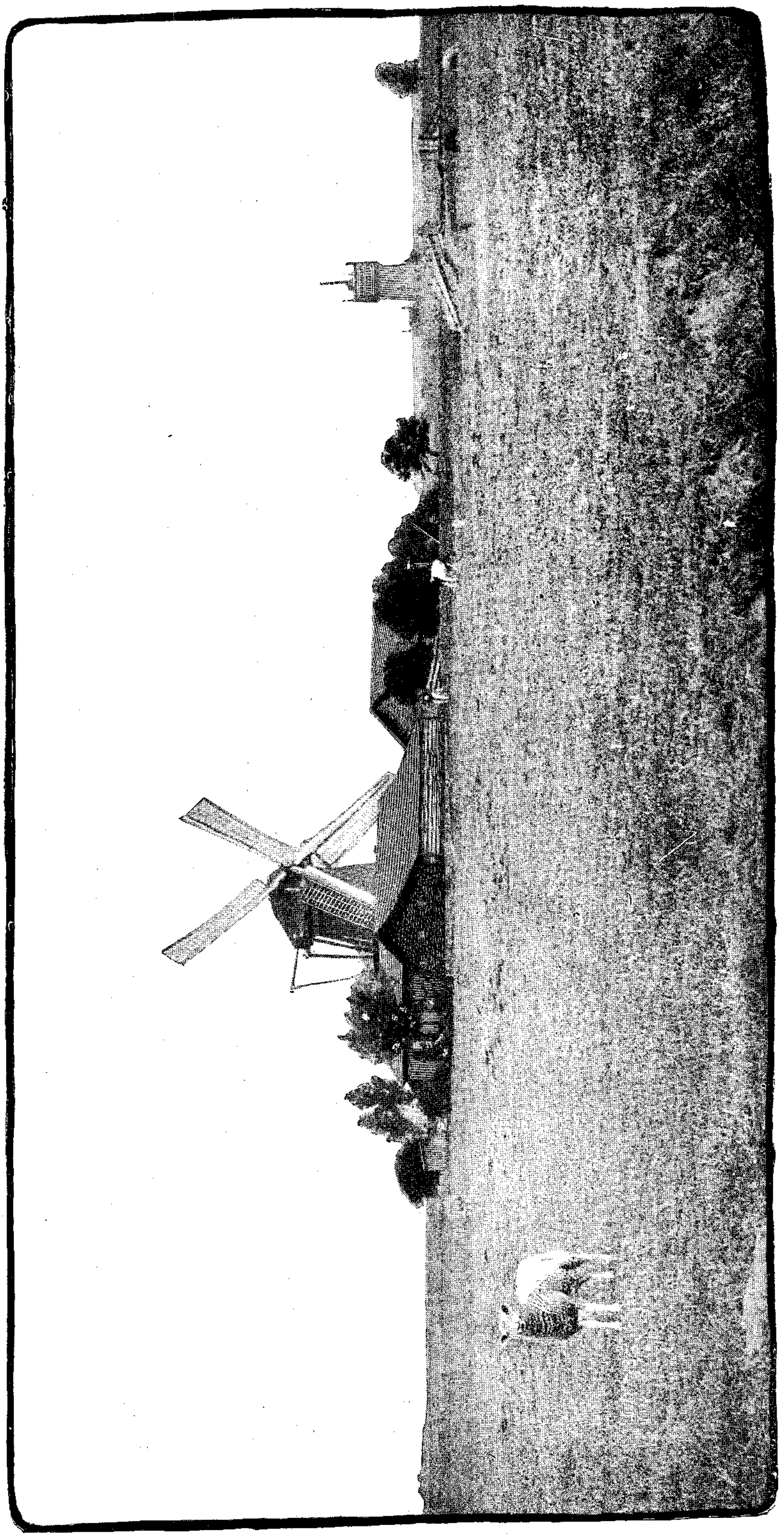
[1] From the Hamâsah, an anthology compiled in the ninth century A.D. by Abû Tammâm.

Camels when in caravan are sometimes driven in Indian file, tied headstall to tail, and occasionally, as is practiced in some parts of Egypt, by the rope of the nose-ring to tail; the cruel consequence may be easily imagined if the forward camel falls or perhaps stampedes. But usually, particularly in Tripoli, they are driven in droves or strung out irregularly over the desert, which is a more natural and humane way, besides being the most practical.



At times it is necessary to punish a fractious camel; then his driver falls upon him with a large flat club and beats him unmercifully on the neck, just back of the jaw, until the poor beast rolls to the ground and remains motionless.

It has been estimated that one out of every two camels dies before it reaches five years of age. The camel under man's care would undoubtedly thrive in almost every country, but it is to the tropics that he seems best adapted. There, on the long marches, everything must be sacrificed to his welfare, for on him depends the success of the caravan or the safe arrival of his master at the journey's end. Over stony ground or rocky mountain paths his soft-cushioned feet become cut and bruised; but it is on slippery ground or in quicksand that the camel, feeling himself slide or beginning to sink, loses his head and flounders about. Sometimes he splits himself up, or, struggling in the quicksand, breaks a leg or disjoints a hip. Then the heavy load is dragged off his back, a crescent blade flashes in the sunlight, or bang! goes a long flintlock, and another victim is added to the unending death roll.



A HOLLAND FARM-HOUSE

A DAY IN NORTH HOLLAND

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMIL POOLE ALBRECHT

EVERY morning from the quay close by the Amsterdam Central Railway station a steamer crosses the river they call the Y. This morning the steamer takes me.

Alighting on the opposite shore, one may walk or cycle or motor or take a tram to the little towns of North Holland. Of course I choose to cycle, as always in this land, the wheelman's happy hunting-ground, and especially as a very good machine is here for hire, the "Queen of Holland."

First of all comes Broek-in-Waterland, called "the cleanest village in the world." But it seems no cleaner than other Dutch villages, and certainly damper than most. Each house is reached by a little bridge, and the effect of the town is picturesque enough on this sunny day. But on a rainy day I should fancy that rheumatism instead would be suggested if not induced by the omnipresent canal in this flattest part of flat Holland.

Then comes the long road across country to Monnikendam and the Zuider Zee. Monnikendam was once an important city. Three centuries and more ago it fitted out a fleet against the Spanish. But now the number of its inhabitants is only a small proportion of that of an earlier day. Population makes little difference to the tourist, however, for Monnikendam has plenty of seventeenth-century houses left, thoroughly Dutch in their rich dark brick walls and florid gables.

The long main street of Monnikendam is bordered by a strange kind of sidewalk, cut off at the end of each man's house by a rail or bench. This delimitation is prescribed by law. The street is evidently the place for walking as for driving. The Monnikendammer must have another name for side *walk*.

At one end of the town stands a great Protestant church, tightly shut; at the other a small church with the door wide open. And the Dutch wonder why a third of their population is Roman Catholic!

Yet why open the door of the greater church? Its interior is doubtless like that of other Protestant churches in Holland, a mass of ghastly, ghostly whitewash. What is the object, one asks, of keeping these made-over Roman Catholic churches cold, bleak, unfriendly? The early architects, before Protestantism had taken hold, did not intend them to be such. They provided them with lovely architectural lines, bringing out the color of brick and stone and stained-glass window and frescoed wall. Of course the whitewash, we know, is typical of the fierce, white-heat hatred of the Dutch Protestants of the Reformation against the Roman Catholic Church as represented by Alva and the Inquisition, a hatred naturally stronger in Holland than elsewhere, with the memory of what Leiden and Haarlem had suffered. At that time the Calvinists could not endure the least reminder of Rome in their churches. Now, however, in some instances they are beginning to rub away the whitewash, finding at least in some mural color, design, decoration, illustration, hitherto covered over, adornment not unbefitting a Protestant church. Better yet, in the neo-Calvinistic edifices there is serious seeking after beauty in both line and color.

In its sturdy faith Dutch Protestantism is intense. Its ecclesiastical authority seems severely, solidly, solemnly, supremely expressed by the elders of the church sitting up aloft, each with a huge Bible in front of him. The simple church service is characteristic of the country's spiritual greatness—a greatness expressed by such widely differing leaders, Roman Catholic and Protestant, as Thomas à Kempis, Jansenius, Arminius, and Gomar, as, in other domains, by William the Silent, Grotius, Spinoza, and Rembrandt. Many of the Dutch, with milder feelings toward Rome, now admit that their Protestantism would not suffer by some admixture of the spontaneous æstheticism found across the North Sea in the Church of England, and in most of the Anglican churches on the Continent. The church at The Hague is an example in its exquisite architecture and decoration, set in its little park of trees and shrubbery, an oasis amid the many houses built hard on the street.

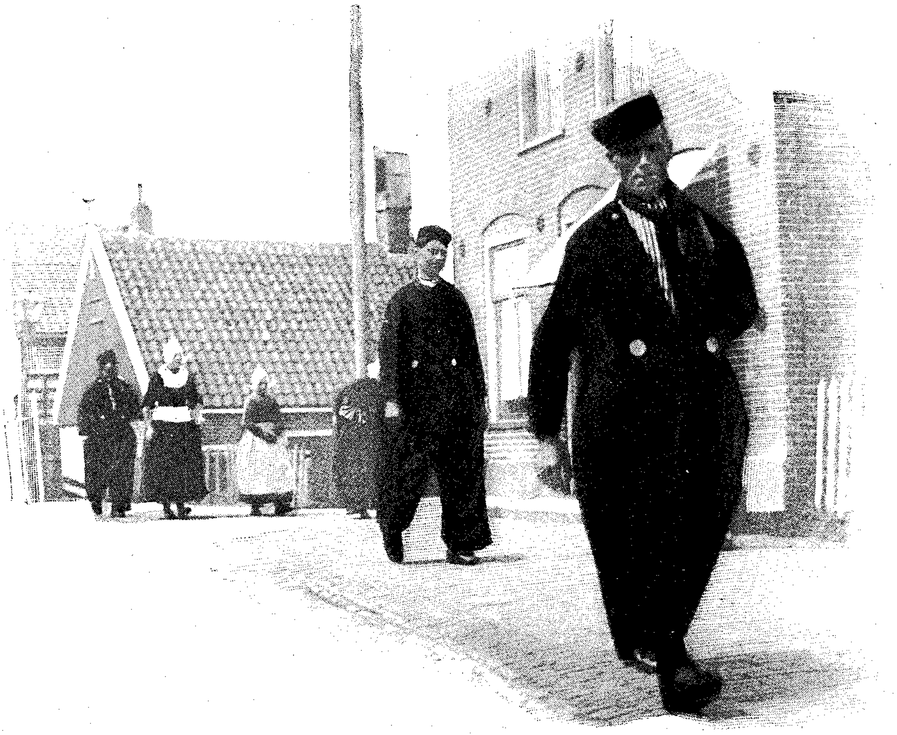
Moreover, whitewash certainly does not seem symbolic of an inveterately artistic people, as the Dutch have shown themselves to be in their homes, costumes, industries, above all in their four-century-old school of painting.

But this is a diversion. The steamer has been waiting the while. We enter it for the trip across that part of the Zee separating us from the quaint island of Marken. The town on the island just peeps over the horizon with its one church tower, dim in the distance, somewhat as Burano and Murano rise out of the Venetian lagoon.

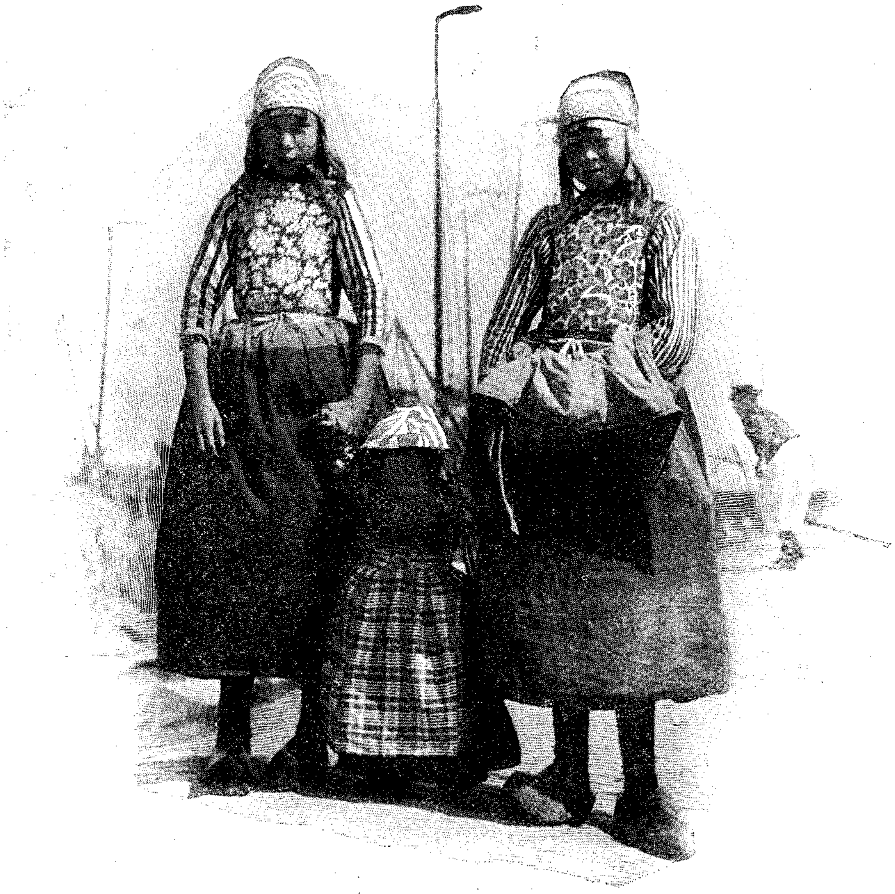
Seeing it only on the geography and guide-book maps, one naturally thinks of the Zuider Zee as a lagoon—as almost a Dead Sea. But in reality that fancy instantly vanishes. It is a rough-and-ready brown sea, the kind that Heer Mesdag paints. This morning, so far from being dead, it has a decidedly lively, not to say unpleasant, motion. So has our stout little steamer, and there is a general sigh of relief as we step on shore.

A crowd of sturdy children line the dock. More are running hither, as fast as their wooden *klompen*, weighting down their flat feet, will let them, their arms wide and clumsily akimbo, their cheeks round, red, and shining like so many apples.

More unusually dressed white children I have never seen. In them the Marken fisherfolk have certainly emphasized their apartness from the world. The boys' trousers are as baggy as their vests are tight. The girls' skirts and aprons are as correspondingly flowing as are their bodices close-fitting. The girls wear little red chintz caps with a bit of white lace drawn tightly over the fore part of the head, their yellow, stringy hair hanging down on either



ON THE DYKE AT VOLENDAM



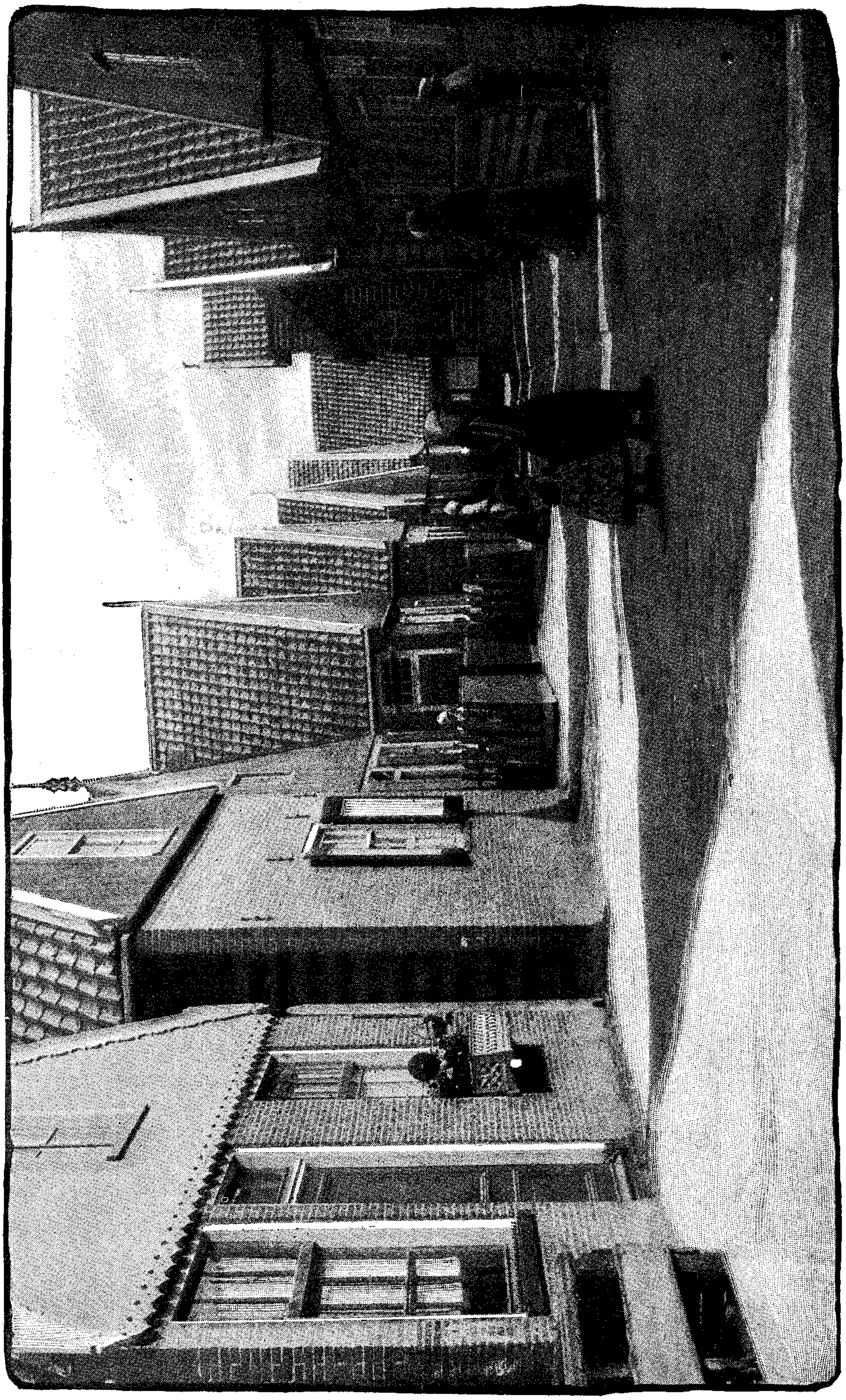
MARKEN CHILDREN

side. Did one ever see hair either so yellow or so stringy! Why, these Marken *kinderen* seem to belong quite by themselves, even in Holland! And quite quick they are, too, despite their shoes and skirts.

The background of men and women is scarcely less picturesque. The men are in wooden *klompen* and baggy knee-trousers like the boys, but with gold or silver buttons adorning their trousers and their red shirts. These buttons have come down from father to son. The men wear brownish waistcoats and heavy cloth or fur caps. The women allow their long, unbound, unkempt hair to flow below their tight caps on either side or down their backs. They are further distinguished by elaborately embroidered bodices in red and pink.

You pick your way past the islanders and through the narrow streets of the little town, but you have already seen the island's chief sight—its people. So you return to their contemplation and wonder whether they will seem quite so strange and apart when the Dutch have spent their eighty million dollars and have drained most of the Zuider Zee, increasing the size of Holland by an eighth. For then Marken will be an inland place.

The draining of the Zuider Zee appropriately follows that of the Haarlemmer Meer, sixty or seventy years ago, the largest body of land anywhere in the world to be reclaimed from the sea. To-day the vast property, almost exclusively used for pasture-land, is worth from five hundred to six hundred dollars an acre. This is because the cows grazing on these succulent northern pastures are notable both for their beauty and for the abundance of their milk. The Dutch

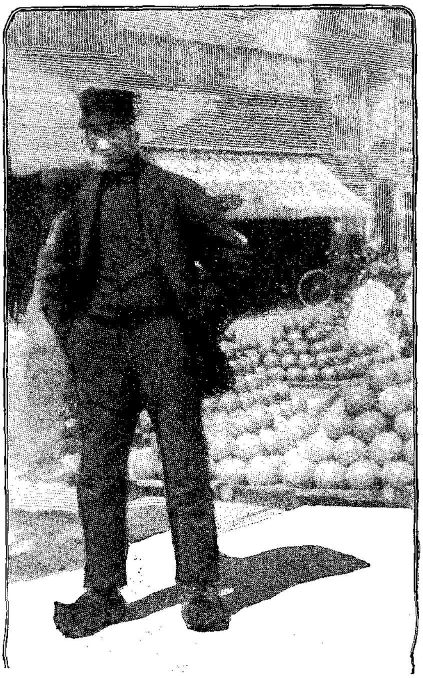


MARKEN'S MAIN STREET

are already proportionately the richest nation in the world, but their indomitable perseverance and engineering skill in creating land will make them richer still. They build dikes to keep the sea, rivers, and canals from overflowing the country, when *its* level is lower—and over there on the mainland in some places it is from twelve to fifteen feet lower. Then, by locks, they raise their canals to the sea's level. They have reclaimed, not only much of their marshland, but also a great deal under their lakes. For instance, a thousand years ago the mouth of the Rhine was obstructed by sand following a hurricane. For centuries thereafter the Rhine waters formed the vast Haarlemmer Meer and Polder, or lake and swamp, now drained. But the Dutch did not hesitate to spend thirty-five million dollars in its draining and in its encircling and crossing by canals. The canals are used both for drainage and irrigation. Many thousand people now live where once was only swampland. No wonder, then, that the Waterstaat Minister is one of the most powerful officials in the Dutch Cabinet! He is responsible for the defense of two-thirds of his country against threatening waters.

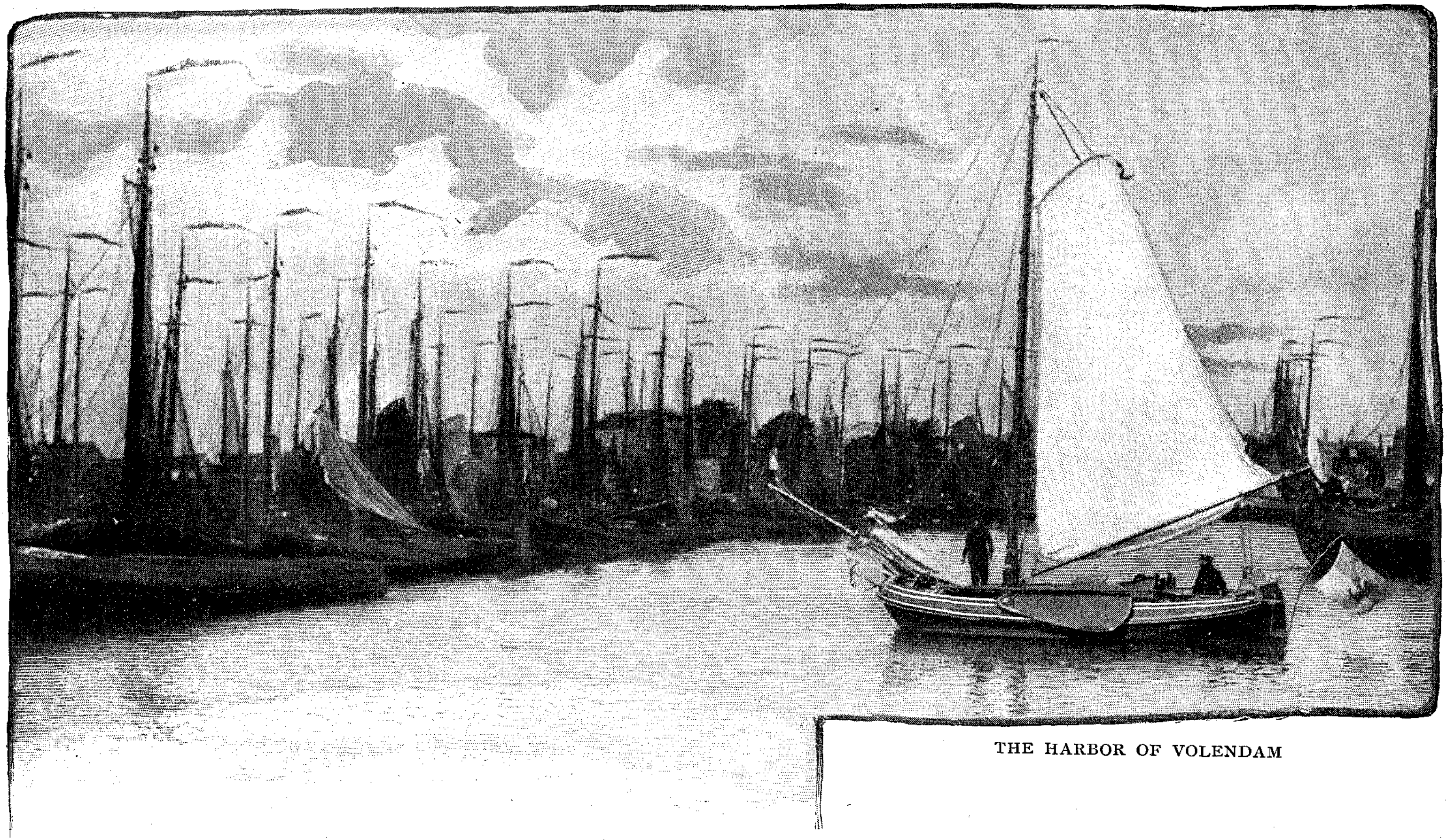
What a people, the Dutch! Provident, plucky, thrifty, resourceful, successful, more than any other European folk they arouse our respect and admiration.

Now, again in the steamer, we recross to the mainland; but we land further up the coast. We are at the famous fishing village of Volendam, beloved abode of painters from every country. At the dock there greet us not so many boys and girls as young men and young women. The clean-shaven, yellow-locked, pipe-in-mouth young men are as impassive and taciturn-looking as William the Silent himself could have been, and when they move it is with a sort of stately sway. The young women are attired in plainer bodices than we had seen at Marken, but all wear white-winged lace caps, the wings not so flowing as those of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, but spreading down low by the ears, the caps covering most of the head. The white wings flutter and flap a little—you almost fancy a slight flurry of snow about each head. Then, as at Marken, rises the background of older people and the houses. There are not a few veterans standing about, clad in blue shirts and long trousers, men on the order of those made familiar in pictures by Herkomer, Gari Melchers, and others. One old man is holding up a little child, whose golden, curly head contrasts well with his white locks, and a great brown sail looms up behind. Stop! I have seen just that bit of *genre* in some gallery. Did an artist once tell the old chap to stand just thus—I wonder if one really did?


IN THE CHEESE MARKET AT EDAM

This suspicion, already aroused on the island of Marken, recurs as one penetrates into the little one-room houses, shown by soft-voiced, crooning old women—the interior so spick and span, with its deep fireplace, its old four-poster, a carved chair or two, and a brass-clamped armory for the laundry.

Then to the artists' hotel. A gentle, friendly, refined-looking man is at the door. He is ready to serve me, whether to a welcome draught or to a more welcome look at the many and delightful pictures crowding the walls. These are by Gari Melchers, the Woodberrys, and



THE HARBOR OF VOLENDAM

all the rest who ever painted here. They have been given in grateful memory to their host, Heer Spaander. And behold him in my gentle, friendly man. He is justly proud of an inn decorated with such spontaneous studies and sketches.

And now comes lunch, served by comely, white-aproned waitresses, with fresh, ruddy complexions, and slim, swan-like necks, out of which gushes a wealth of blonde hair. In contrast with the Spaander tribe of waitresses, the peasant girls outside seem heavy indeed.

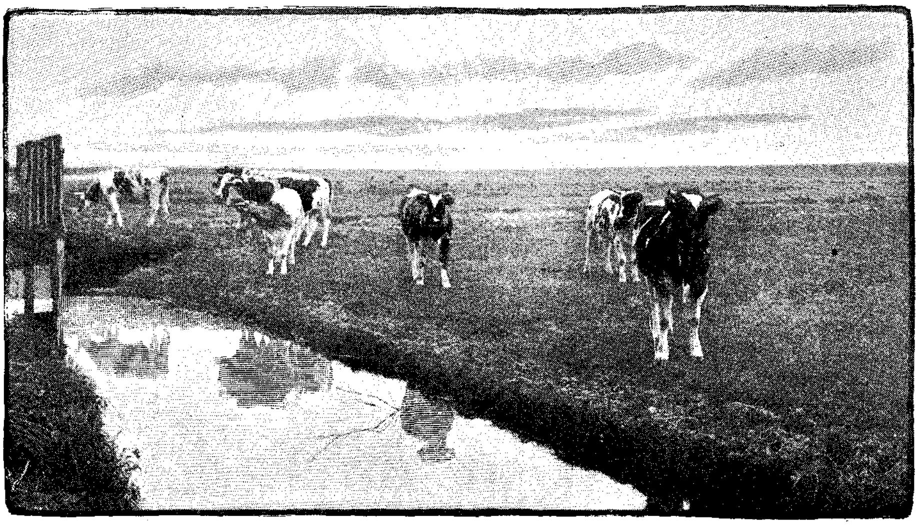
But the house-boats are now starting for Edam. You would like to row down the canal thither. But that is not possible. If Holland were England, these inland waterways would bristle with boats. But the Dutch are peculiar. They skate over their canals in winter. Why do they not row on them more in summer? Only one racing-shell have I seen this summer in the lowlands. Doubtless there are more, however.

In this house-boat, floating down the canal, one seems suddenly at sea again, so flat is the land beyond which shines the rim of the Zee, now silver, now gold, now gray, with the day, which is all Dutch in its changing, opalescent effects and at times really orange-colored clouds. It is appropriate, therefore, to have a House of Orange here below.

Again the black and white cows of this rich, low-lying pasture-land. Again the brick-paved, tree-bordered road leading across it. Again a characteristic Dutch town, Edam, with its canals, its picturesque towers guarding its Groote Kerk—the chief place of worship—with its seventeenth-century city hall, and, above all, with no drunkenness and no dirt in its streets. Through a window you see the head of a woman who is sitting in the middle of the room, as she turns in her chair to look at the passer-by. It is just the head, it is just the turn, it is just the glance one sees in the portrait by Jan Vermeer of Delft in the Mauritshuis at The Hague. Any town, you think, is ennobled by such cleanliness, or *schoonmaken*, as the Dutch call it.

It is five o'clock, the time for a cup of Dutch East Indian tea in a dainty Dutch East Indian dish, a cup with no handles—and, along with it, some *poffertjes*, or little pancakes, eaten with butter and sugar, and of course not forgetting a morsel of cheese, for we are at the source of the Dutch round cheeses.

"Good-by," from the children all over the place, as we wheel away Amsterdam-wards. "Good-by" seems the one English word the littlest toddlers know, and they use it with delightfully unrestrained spontaneity. It is a pleasant parting sound, this children's chorus. Even the hard-headed man, who had not seemed to enjoy the day as much as have the rest of us, unbends, and calls back a "good-by" in return. But the rest of us add, "To meet again!"



DUTCH CATTLE

AUNT JANE

AUNT JANE AND HER PEOPLE

THE REAL NEGROES OF THE SEA ISLANDS

BY ROSSA B. COOLEY

AUNT JANE is one of a type, though not of a well-known type; a tall, straight, very dark negro, with no trace of white blood; gentle, courteous, generous, and grateful; in short, with the characteristics that demand respect wherever found. She owns her little home and the ten acres surrounding it, and her sweet potato and cotton crops make her independent.

On the South Carolina Sea Islands the negroes are property-holders, and there is among them a self-respect too little known among the unfortunate city negroes. The land which was sold to them by the Government soon after the Civil War has been kept in the families, and the farmer's crop is his own, generally speaking, for the mortgage crop system has little hold on these people. Before they owned their own land they worked on the large plantations, seeing very few whites and living much as they had lived in their old home. Manners, customs, and dialect were little touched by contact with a strange race, for the black children could grow to maturity without seeing a white face. To go to the nearest town means even now for most of them a long drive and a row across one or two tide rivers, so these Sea Island negro farmers have retained a certain geographical isolation which doubtless accounts for their differences from the well-known negro of the mainland.

Aunt Jane has lived through many changes, but she and her people are little changed. The curtsey is still the courteous greeting; "basket names" are still given to the babies, that the Evil Spirit may not know the right name and so have greater power; the language still retains some of its own peculiar words, and the simple, rugged strength of a people who live as Nature's children. When the time came to get "Manche" (basket name for Ezra) a new pair of shoes for the school entertainment, Aunt Jane the grandmother, and Julianna the mother, solemnly accompanied the child to the store, making of the event a sort of family pilgrimage. Pair after pair was examined and cast aside, and finally Aunt Jane, asking with some asperity, "Ain't you got no shoes keener in de mout'?" let the clerk know by that strongly descriptive phrase that only the latest style of pointed shoes would do for Manche and such an occasion. Other basket names in the family are Pigeon, Precious, Stormy, and Shug, while the baptismal names themselves are interesting as very often having a meaning easily seen. So we have Prophet, Fortune, Golden Dayes, Better Dayes, Monday, August, July, and January.

The greetings on the road express their feelings simply and clearly. "How is you, sister?" "Up, I tank you," or, "Tank God fo' dis Evening Chance!" or, "Able to grunt and gwine, tank you," may be the answers, and one day the following conversation was heard:

"Well! how is you, brudder?"

"Movin', tank you, but not very fas'. How is you?"

"I'm kickin', but not very high."

More often than not the replies are negative in character. "Painful, tank you," or "Jes' out of bed, tank de Lord," are the answers often given, very cheerfully too. When asked why she never replied that she was perfectly well, one old "sister" said: "You ain't gwine to say you fust straight! You gwine again de Lord," and that is the explanation for this habit of mind, which in the earlier days they doubtless had because of their fear of the Evil Spirit who would be on the lookout to attack the one free from pain.

When you know that a young white woman can drive in the evening over any part of St. Helena Island, which is

GATHERING MARSH GRASS

one of the Sea Island group, and the one about which this article is mainly written, and that she feels safer than she could feel in Savannah or New York, you can see that these people are gentle. It is natural for the negro to be gentle and to be a caretaker. Many instances of these characteristics have been given in history and literature, but usually these are told of the "old-time negro," and people say there are no such negroes now. On the Sea Islands there are many, and those of a different type are usually found to be some who have recently returned from the slums of one of our cities. When visiting Aunt Jane's cabin one morning, the horse ran off to her stable, leaving the rider to walk the five miles home. Both Aunt Jane and Uncle Billy were much distressed to have their friend take the long walk, and eagerly offered to borrow an ox-cart for the journey. That night about eight o'clock a knock was heard, and there stood Uncle Billy, who had walked the five miles after his hard day's work in the field because "We couldn't sleep till we knew you was safe."

The self-respect of these Island negroes is seen in a number of ways. They desire to keep their land and to will it to their children. They dress as well as possible, and take great pride in having their children dress as neatly as possible for school. Often they look for a way out so that they will not have to beg, and if you could have looked into the earnest, honest face of Aunt Jane when she came one morning to ask me to write her will, you would have seen there a real desire to do the right thing. She had stepped on the potato fork, and her "sick" foot had made it impossible for her to do her share of work. The nurse sent out by the school to care for any who need home nursing had helped her, but the crop was lost and winter was coming. "Ooner [you] write my will," she said, "and I gives ooner five acres of my land and den ooner take care of me." The land was to be my guarantee for payment. Surely a commendable method of asking for aid. But there was no need of taking the land. Uncle Billy could make baskets, and the cash paid for these Island baskets could tide them over. No white people taught the Islanders this craft. The method of making the baskets is the same used by their African ancestors; a sharpened bone and a knife are the only tools needed, and the native reeds and palmetto are the materials.

The Sea Island negroes, like all negroes, are an emotional and religious people. Their native songs, called "spirituals," express their religious yearnings and experiences, and should be carefully preserved. When their rich, melodious voices sing together that one of their "spirituals" known as "Heavy Loaded," with the words,

> "Heavy loaded, heavy loaded,
> I got rid of my heavy load.
> Up on the mountain my God spoke;
> Out of his mouth came fire and smoke.
>
> Heavy loaded, heavy loaded,
> I got rid of my heavy load:
> I look all around me, it look so shine,
> I ask the Lord if all were mine,"

one feels their faith in and their dependence on their Lord as verse after verse carries us on, and there are few hearts that do not respond to the great notes of the

> "Heavy loaded, heavy loaded,
> I got rid of my heavy load,"

and few who do not long remember the earnestness and fervor of the dark-skinned singers who keep a perfect rhythm with their bodies as they sing.

Their music is also found in their prayers, and in them one often finds a rare simplicity and beauty. One morning Aunt Jane offered a prayer in one of the little Island churches which was immediately after written down by Miss Ellen Murray, who lived among these people for over forty years and who was one of the founders of their school. I quote it here because it shows the power of prayer possessed by these primitive, isolated people:

"Dear Massa Jesus, we all uns beg Ooner [you] come make us a call dis yere day. We is nutting but poor Etiopian women, and people ain't tink much 'bout we. We ain't trust ask any of dem great high people for come to we church, but do' you is de one great

STAKING THE COW

Massa, great too much dan Massa Linkum, you ain't shame to care for we African people.

"Come to we, dear Massa Jesus. De sun, he hot too much, de road am dat long and boggy [sandy], and we ain't got no buggy for send and fetch Ooner. But, Massa, you 'member how you walked dat hard walk up Calvary and ain't weary, but tink about we all dat way. We know you ain't weary for to come to we. We pick out de t'orns, de prickles, de brier, de backslidin' and de quarrel and de sin out of you' path so dey sha'n't hurt Ooner pierce' feet no more.

"Come to we, dear Massa Jesus. We all uns ain't got no good cool water for give you when you thirsty. You know, Massa, de drought so long, and de well so low, ain't nutting but mud to drink. But we gwine to take de 'munion cup and fill it wid de tear of repentance and love clean out of we heart. Dat all we hab to gib you, good Massa.

"An', Massa Jesus, you say you gwine stand to de door and knock. But you ain't gwine stand at we door, Massa, and knock. We set de door plum open for you and watch up de road for see you.

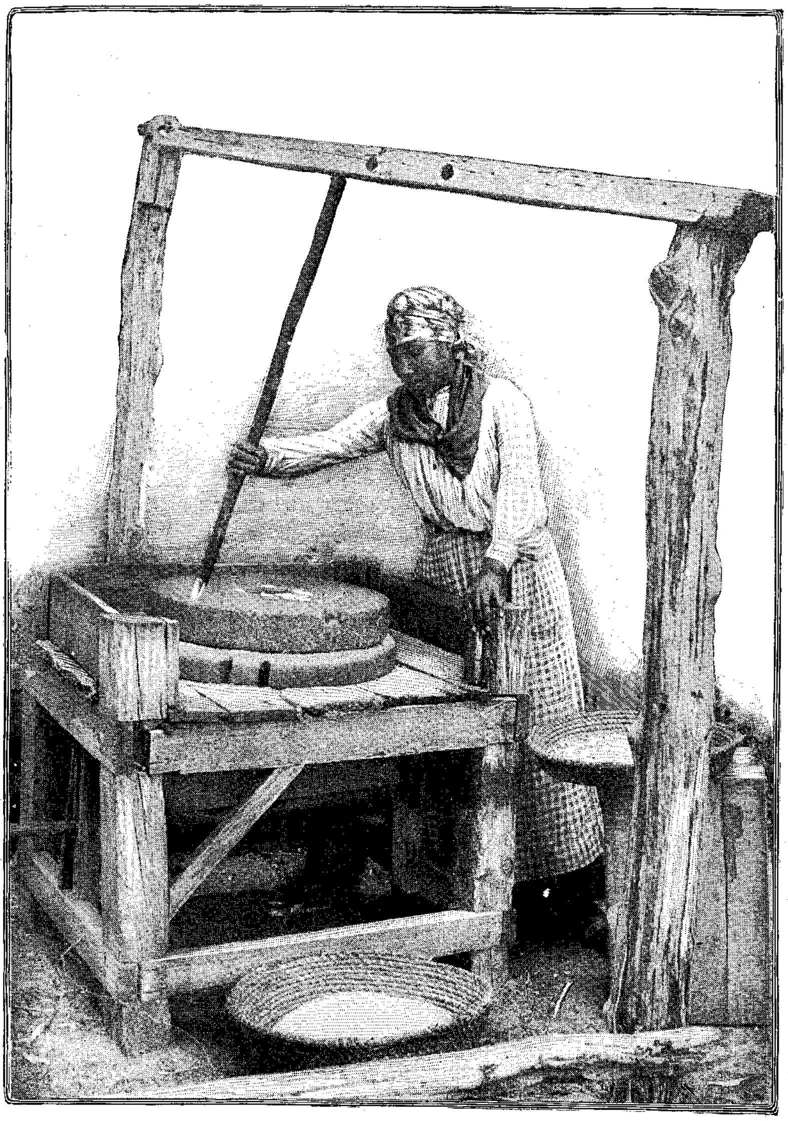
"Sisters," turning to them, "what for you all ain't open de door so Massa know He welcome?"

One woman rose quietly from her knees and set the church door wide open.

"Come, Massa Jesus, come! We know

FANNING RICE

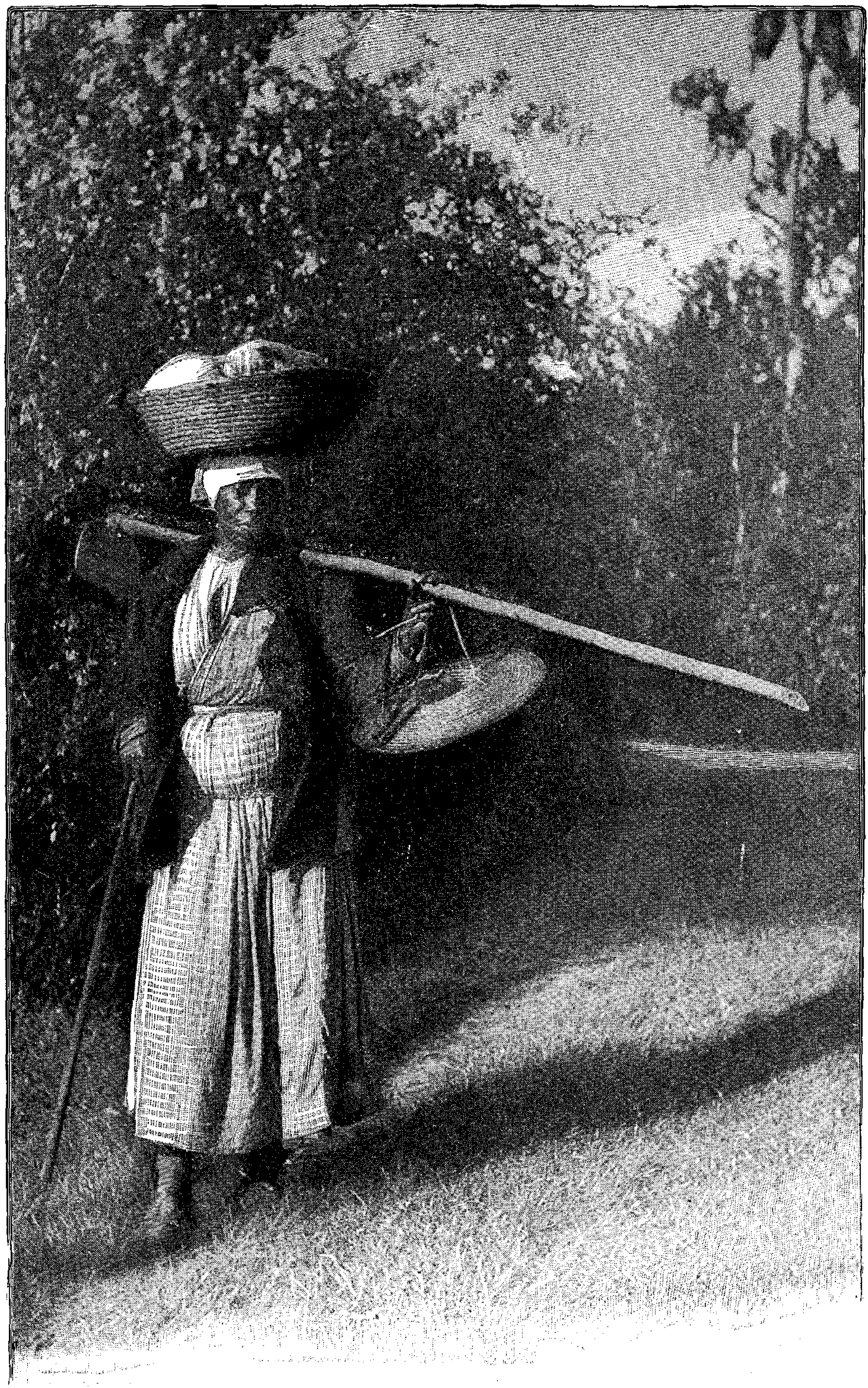
you is near, we heart is all just tremble, tremble, we so glad for hab you here. And, Massa, we church ain't good 'nuff for you to sit down in, but stop by de door just one minute, dear Massa Jesus, and whisper one word to we heart—one good word—we do listen—Massa."



BUSY GRINDING CORN

And Miss Murray adds, "If the lowest of the negro race—an uneducated field hand—can so think, so feel, so pray, who has a right to despair of the future of this race?"

But this article is not a plea for the negro race. It is only a sketch of the little-known Sea Island negroes, but if it has made some of us Anglo-Saxons realize that in large measure "conditions make the man," whether he be white or black, that in our country there are representatives of the negro race who, because of their geographical isolation, have been able to retain their native racial characteristics, qualities that demand respect in every race, and that many so-called negro traits are only imitations of a poor type of whites, I shall be glad.



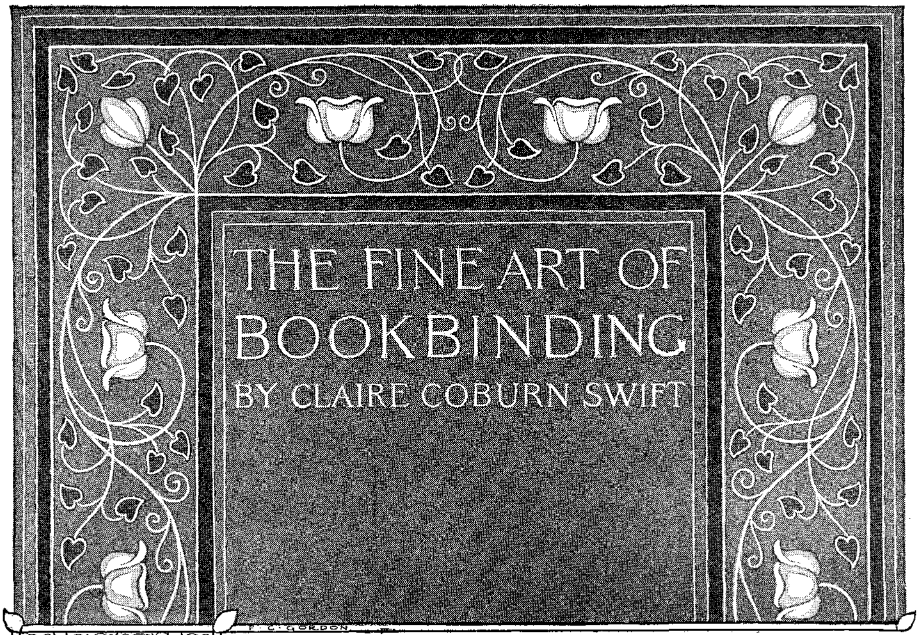
RETURNING FROM THE FARM

HOMEWARD BOUND

On these Sea Islands with their marshes, live-oaks, and palmettoes, in the fields of long staple cotton you will find these negroes, these few thousands of their race who have never been outnumbered by people of a different race, for on St. Helena Island there are about eight thousand blacks to about fifty whites, and on some of the islands even a smaller proportion of whites. Here are the real negroes of our country, whom contact with the white race has only made better because it has not meant hard conditions and fierce competition, but kind treatment and education.

In some ways these negroes are behind their people on the mainland, but in the real ways they have an advantage, and here on the Sea Islands is an exceptional opportunity to develop negro communities which shall be of service to both races.

The author of the foregoing article is the principal of the Penn Normal Industrial and Agricultural School, which is located at Frogmore, on St. Helena Island. The school is a community school, located in the center of the island, making the home and the farm objective points in its teaching. In charge of the various departments is a corps of eighteen workers, all of whom are negroes except the principal and the head of the academic department. Among these are three islanders, two graduates of Tuskegee Institute, and eleven graduates of Hampton Institute. The school farm is eighty acres in size, and all the students have farm and garden work. Other industries that will fit them for their life on the Sea Islands are taught, and more will be introduced whenever it becomes possible. The school can take care of about two hundred and fifty students. The work of the school includes a class and meetings for the women of the island, a farmers' meeting, Sunday-school, temperance meetings, work among the eleven county schools on the island, home visits, and district nursing. It was founded in 1862 by Miss Laura M. Towne, of Philadelphia, and Miss Ellen Murray, of St. John, Canada, both of whom have since died. It was academic in character until 1904, when it became an industrial school. The school is non-sectarian, and depends for its support upon voluntary contributions. It seems to us that it is doing just the kind of work that is most needed for the settlement of the negro problem.—THE EDITORS.



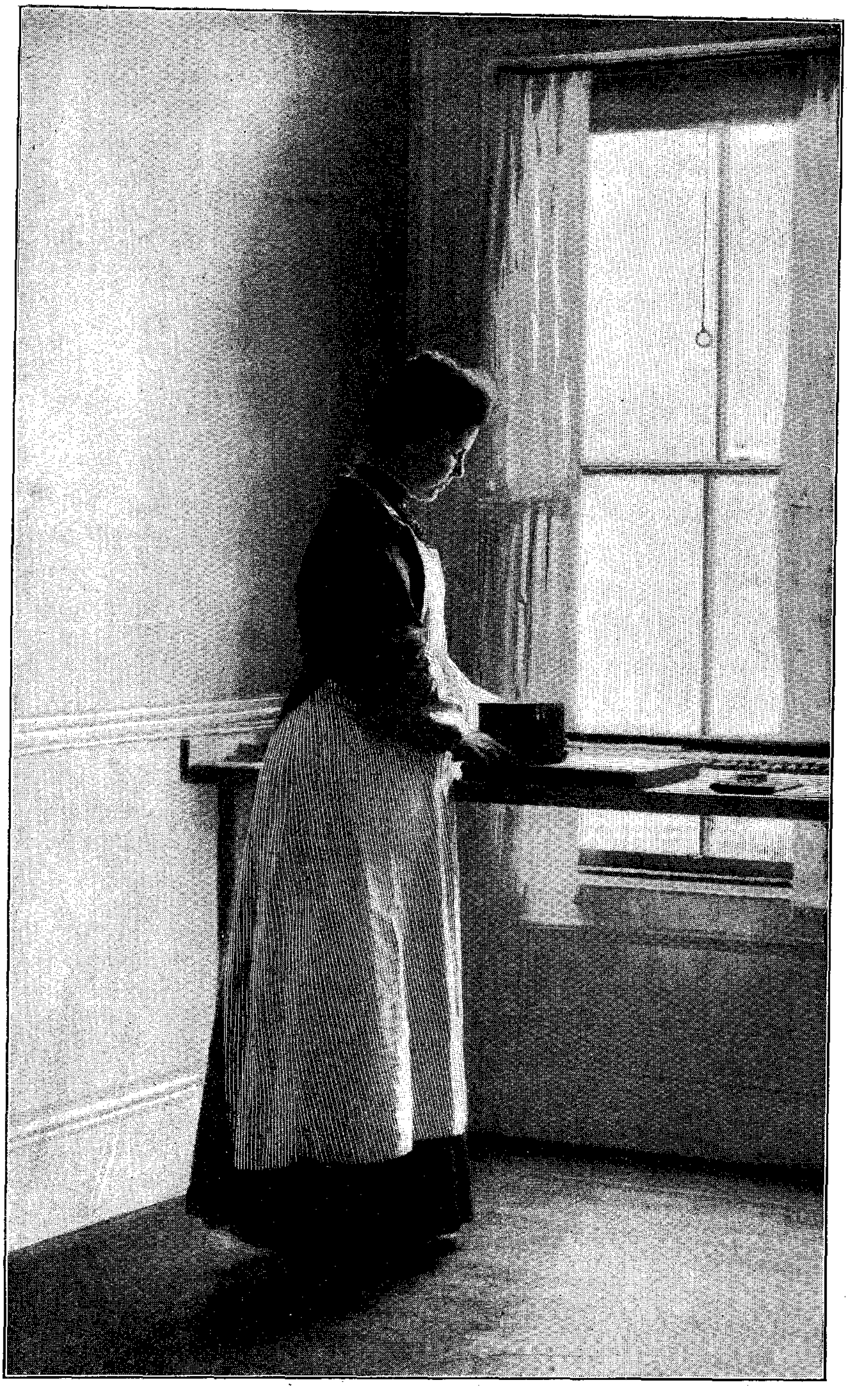
THE FINE ART OF BOOKBINDING

BY CLAIRE COBURN SWIFT

WHEN George Macdonald wrote, "Ease is the beautiful result of forgotten toil," he might have had bookbinding in mind. Volumes enough have been written which catalogue the actual processes of making a book through all the stages of printing, collating, sewing, forwarding, and finishing. Any one may attain a certain glibness of technical phraseology enough to understand that "forwarding" includes all the forty-odd processes necessary to cover a book after it has been sewed, and that "finishing" refers to its ornamentation. Yet few besides that small company of book-lovers who know as much about the outside as the inside of their books realize the years of training necessary, the barriers in the way of one who would serve an apprenticeship in order to become a master bookbinder to-day.

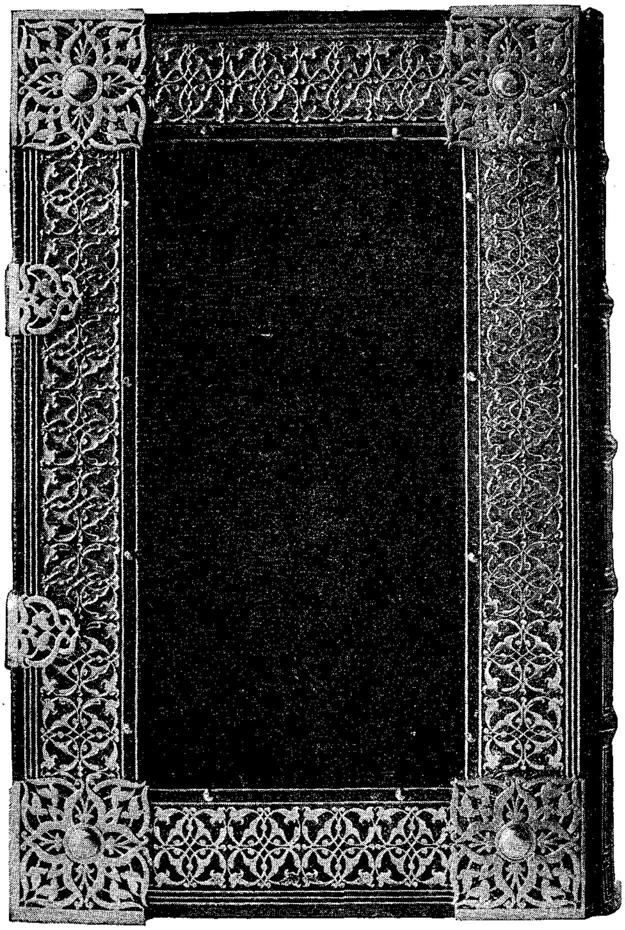
How many people know the difference between a book and a well-bound book, so that the mere "feel" of its surface tells a story of texture, quality, and treatment of leather, or anything about the niceties of forwarding sufficient to differentiate the hand-bound volume from the commercial product? Your book refuses to lie flat in your hand. It opens with difficulty. It breaks at the back. Its illustrations loosen easily and are frequently lost. The leather cracks at the joints. Such discrepancies are exquisite misery to the book-lover, so sensitive that he finds a solace in the mere caressing of his sleek and perfect bindings. Every one is familiar with these peculiarities, but only an isolated person here and there knows why we have these annoying experiences or understands that a flawless technique is as essential to a bookbinder as to a musician.

As anything but a commercial enterprise, bookbinding in this country is recent. The bibliophile still sends most of his rare books and precious first editions to France or England for a suitable and durable covering. To "bleed" a first edition he regards as little short of sinning—and through sad experience he knows that the average binder has no reverence for the intrinsic value of margins. So the jealous owner prefers to risk the danger of loss at sea rather than mangling at the hands of an ordinary American bookbinder. Within a few years a considerable number of smaller home binderies have sprung up in our large cities. The trade establishments consider them in every case as amateur, because the separate



MISS SEARS AT THE BENCH IN THE FINISHING-ROOM output of each is limited in number and also in quality. They seldom bind the rank and file, such as text-books and the newest novels, but only those books which are primarily for use and beauty. It is quite true that the majority of these binders are amateurish. The peculiar merits of their work are intensive, for they reap all the benefits of training of eye and hand, and the pleasure of creation is theirs. But they add little that is enduring to an art-craft whose modern slogan is technique.

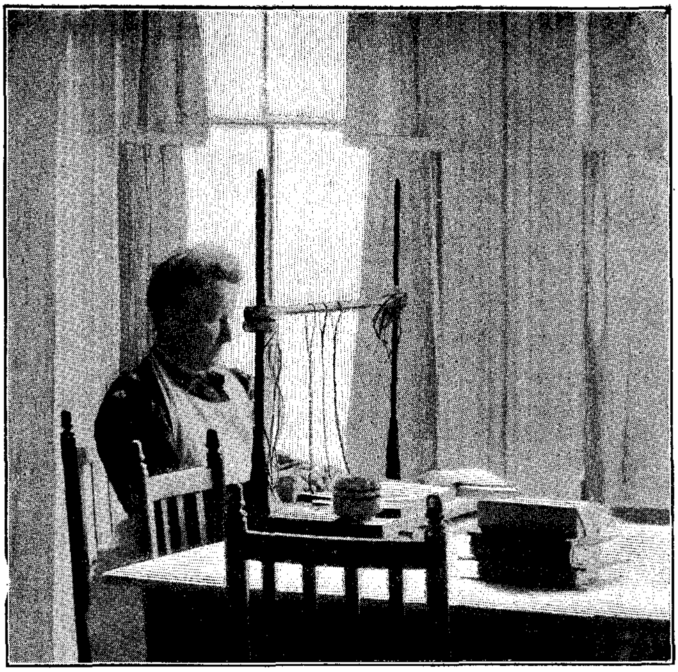
Early last spring, arts and crafts workers of America garnered their choicest products for the exhibition held in Copley Hall, Boston. A curious public, not without a lingering prejudice concerning the faddism of the Arts and Crafts Movement, found that the most exacting standard of technical and artistic excellence had debarred all trivial and amateurish effort. The collection of finely bound books, though small in number, was so superior in forwarding and finish that even expert book-collectors, coldly critical by nature, warmed to a glow of appreciative admiration. Among the little group of contributors to this collection were Miss Mary Crease Sears and Miss Agnes St. John, of Boston.



HOLY BIBLE IN RED ENGLISH STRAIGHT GRAIN MOROCCO

The covers are gold tooled, the corners are silver gilt backed by black morocco

The plain tale of how they learned the craft has a piquancy of interest, for it is typical of the universal struggle to do any work surpassingly well, and it also gives a vivid reality to the abstrac-



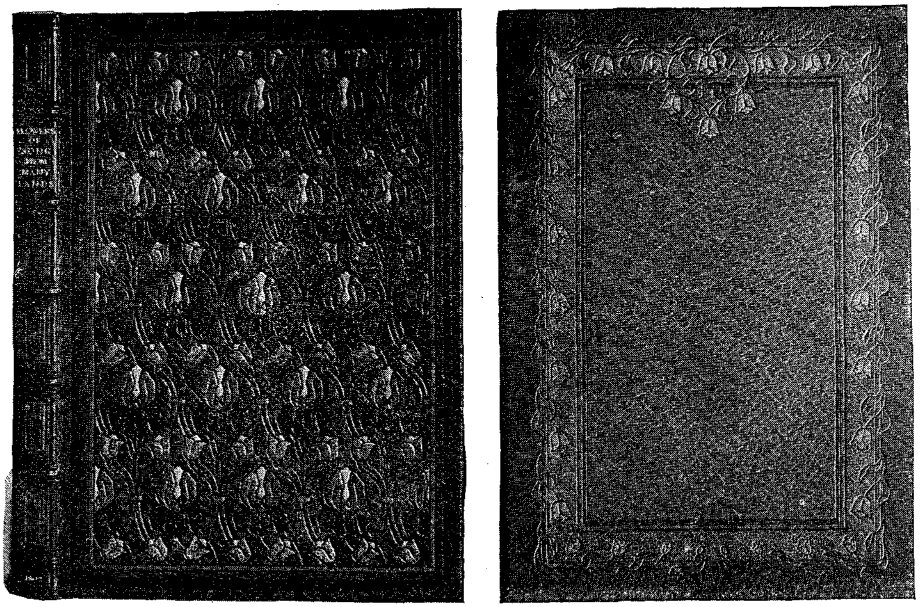
MISS ST. JOHN AT THE SEWING-FRAME

tion that the craft is exacting and difficult to learn.

Both Miss Sears and Miss St. John are artist-artisans. A thorough art education preceded their apprenticeship in bookbinding. Long ago they abandoned driftwood art theories. To-day their artistic feeling seeks concrete expression in the making and ornamentation of the tangible object. They blend a masculine vigor, sureness of aim, and a capacity for concentrated effort six days in the week, with a feminine patience of detail, a highly sensitized yet sure touch, and an artistic sense at once instinctive and assiduously developed. The businesslike equipment of their admirably arranged studio on Newbury Street, Boston, suggestive of a carpenter's shop, reflects the spirit of their daily work.

After Miss Sears had finished the regular course at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, plus a two years' course in design under Mr. C. Howard Walker, she opened a studio with a couple of friends, and worked as an interior decorator. Her ultimate decision to bind books opens a long chapter of discouragements, beginning with a weary tour of binderies. The master bookbinders in every age have been few, and in America some ten years ago a persevering optimist might have sought in vain for a chance to learn the craft at the foot of a master. The Bookbinders' Union objected to having women learn the secrets of their guild. Indeed, the work was and still is so highly specialized in the large establishments as to make it impossible for any one to learn all the processes. The woman who sews the sheets is an entirely different person from the one who pares the leather, hammers up the back, or designs the cover.

Finally, Mr. P. B. Sanford, previous to going to the Carnegie Library in Pittsburg, permitted Miss Sears to enter his bindery to get some practice in designing and finishing only. As a favor, he loaned her tools, and for several months she worked steadily, gaining much through keen observation. The problem of obtaining expert instruction in either England or France, where technique has reached the highest development, is far from simple. Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, the greatest living English binder, takes a very limited number of pupils at a time, and the French binderies hedge themselves about with a thorny and impenetrable thicket. But persistency



EXTERIOR AND DOUBLURE OF A VOLUME BOUND IN VIOLET, GREEN, AND OCHER MOROCCO, BLIND TOOLED

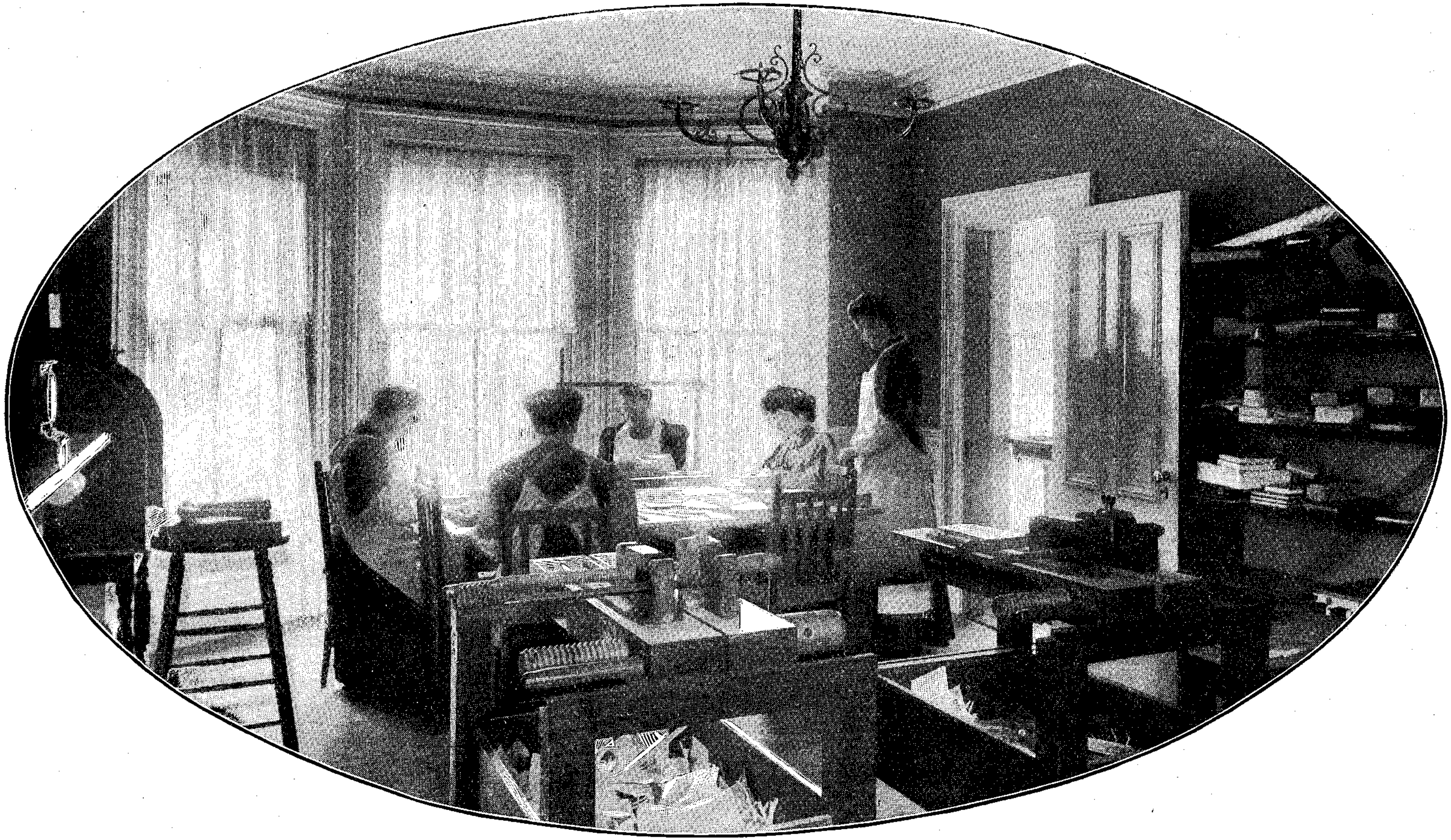
One thousand and seven pieces of leather are used in the design of the exterior. The design was made by Miss Sears; the binding done by Miss Sears and Miss St. John

wins, and in France Miss Sears completed her study.

After a three years' course in design at the School of Industrial Arts in Philadelphia, Miss St. John, like her colleague, began the disheartening task of securing instruction in bookbinding. For a while she studied with a famous pupil of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson before starting for Paris, the Mecca of the craft. Her experiences here were a repetition of her trials in America. Despite the pressure of powerful influence, she was unable to gain admittance to a French bindery where she could learn all the stages of forwarding. But, as an admirable alternative, she arranged to study with Gruel's head assistant, M. Provost, a wonderfully able man, who, as a perquisite for long service, was allowed to give private lessons several evenings in each week. Here, in France, the two women met. Here they both studied "finishing" with M. Domont, probably the most illustrious finisher in France.

Something of the intricacy and delicacy of some of the processes of finishing may be appreciated by a careful examination of "Flowers of Song from Many Lands," designed by Miss Sears and executed by both women. One thousand and seven bits of leather were used in the mosaic of violet, soft green, and ocher. The effect of such a detailed cover might easily be unpleasant to the eye, were it not for the decorative sense of the designer, who has attuned each part to the whole, till it is as harmonious and mellow in tone as an old painting. Each piece was applied separately and "blind-tooled," that is, outlined without gold by means of tiny tools heated to exactly the right temperature and applied with unerring accuracy and firmness. The brilliancy and also the weight of gold tooling are tests of its excellence, but there is no universal recipe for obtaining a clear golden shimmer. Each successful binder has his own methods, which he is loth to disclose.

From time to time, through ingenuity and clever contriving, they learned the paring of paper, the cleaning and repairing of old books, and head-banding, all separate crafts, usually done for the binders by women outside, who are thus somewhat free lances and not so restricted in teaching as those within the binderies. Just as the restoration of a dingy old painting is dependent upon consummate skill, so the cleaning of ancient manuscript preparatory to binding can never



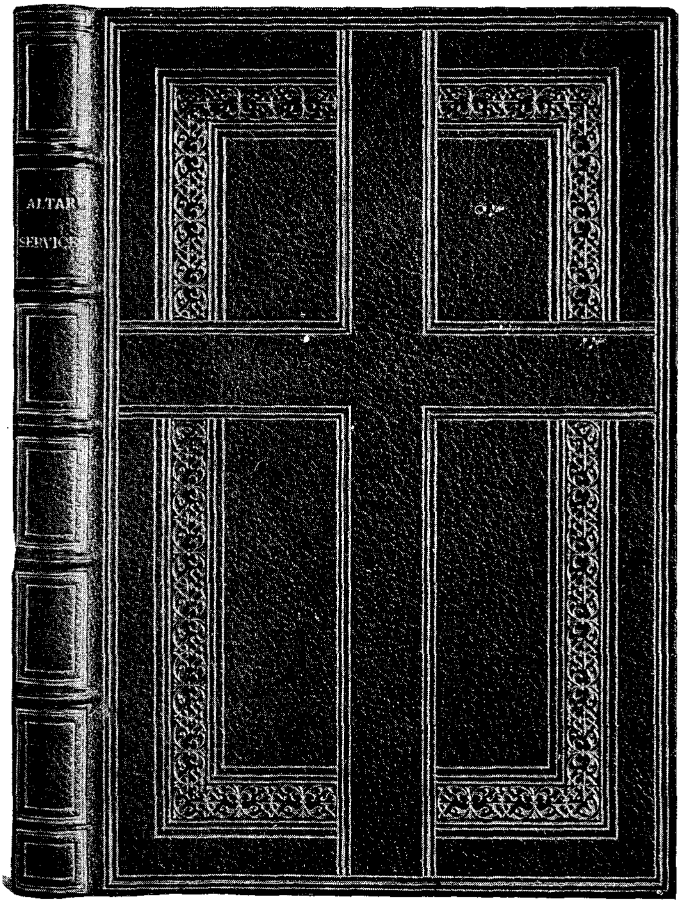
THE FORWARDING-ROOM

be intrusted to a novice, and, like all such unusual knowledge, it is acquired only in the by-paths of instruction.

After the fashion of artists, these two are intensely absorbed in their individual work. Yet they are so much in sympathy with the present educational impulse to a more complete development of the mind of the child through the hand that they recently assisted in the introduction of bookbinding into the schools of Haverhill, Massachusetts.

To phrase an ideal is akin to ensnaring a sunbeam. And yet the tangibility of the occupation of these two women gives considerable concreteness to their aims. Moreover, in their theories and actual practice they differ in some essentials from the majority of American and foreign binders. Both can take the sheets from the printer and put a book through every stage of sewing, forwarding, and finishing. Probably in none of the best English and French binderies, with the exception of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's, is there any one who ever forwards and finishes a book. In all modern industry the clamor is for speed and cheapness, with the result of a detailed splitting up of labor and experts in every field. Few binders have the time or the pluck to try to escape the shackles of the system.

But the mediæval craftsman, whose best work is still the touchstone for contemporary bookbinders, shared his precious task with no one. The actual methods are much the same as they were four hundred years ago, though the present-day advancement has been to lighten the weight of the volume and to secure greater precision in forwarding.



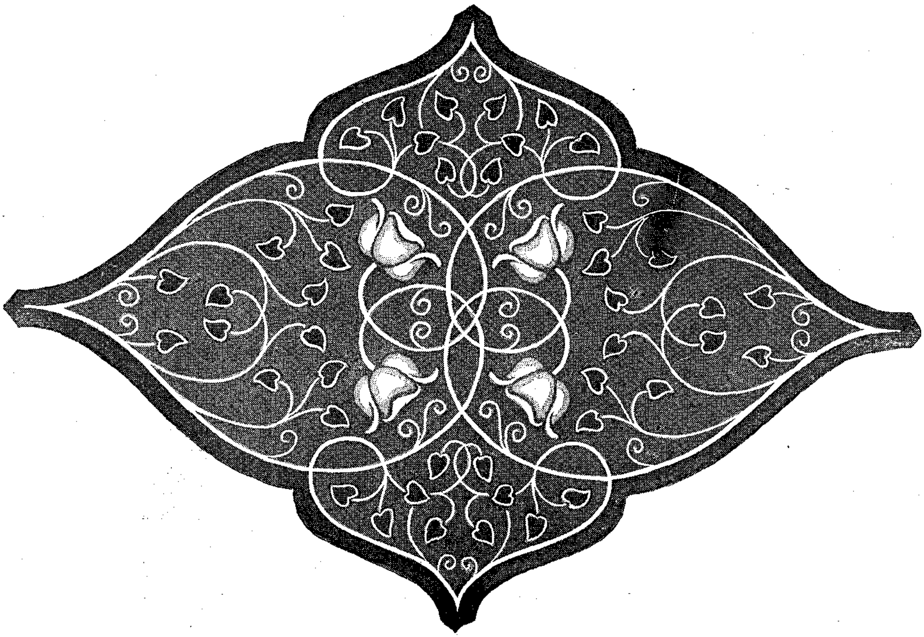
AN ALTAR BOOK IN RED LEVANT, GOLD TOOLED
Bound and tooled by Miss Sears and Miss St. John

To be sure, the bindings of such men as Clovis Eve and Le Gascon often lack trueness of line. But their inimitable charm comes from a spontaneity and freedom of handling as well as an instinct for design, largely explained by the fact that the executor was the designer and an artist besides.

To-day a few craftsmen bookbinders, notably those influenced by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, strive to preserve undimmed the ancient ideal of the craft. They believe that mere imitation of the work of these older men produces only lifeless copies, but whenever their spirit is present and the artist and craftsman unite their skill, the result bids fair to be vital and artistic.

Such a thoroughness of workmanship slights no detail. First and foremost, the selection of the leather exercises a nicety of judgment and precision, for, aside from its suitability in color and texture for a special design, it has a practical bearing. It was not a casual happening that red English straight-grain morocco was used to bind the Bible shown in an accompanying plate, for the binder knew that no other color or kind of leather would so surely withstand much handling for generation after generation. Moreover, it was through no idle chance that the grain of the hide is clearly defined and not reduced to a mirror-like smoothness which breaks up the molecular structure of the leather and crushes out its life and beauty.

There are French binders to-day who model leather or paint panels to be inserted in covers, either of which might be exhibited as a separate work of art for all its intrinsic relation to the book for which it was made. But the notable bindings of the best periods have all been distinguished for their fine restraint of design, in keeping with the use to which a book is put, the limitations of leather as an art medium and of the tools with which it is worked. Miss Sears and Miss St. John avoid the bizarre and grotesque as it appears in the comet-like flights of the French symbolists in the realm of the fantastic. Such a conservatism may be equally brilliant in achievement if regarded with a more subtle discernment which can perceive that reticence is a cardinal virtue in the ornamentation of a book intended for both use and beauty, and that flawless materials and impeccable forwarding must be its superstructure. Such a conscientiousness over minutiæ is really ethical, and when the finished book is also beautiful, it is as though it were an embodiment of character as well as an art creation of exquisite workmanship.



ST. PETER'S LODGE

BY ANTONIO DE TRUEBA

TRANSLATED BY ANNA KNIGHT FROM THE SPANISH

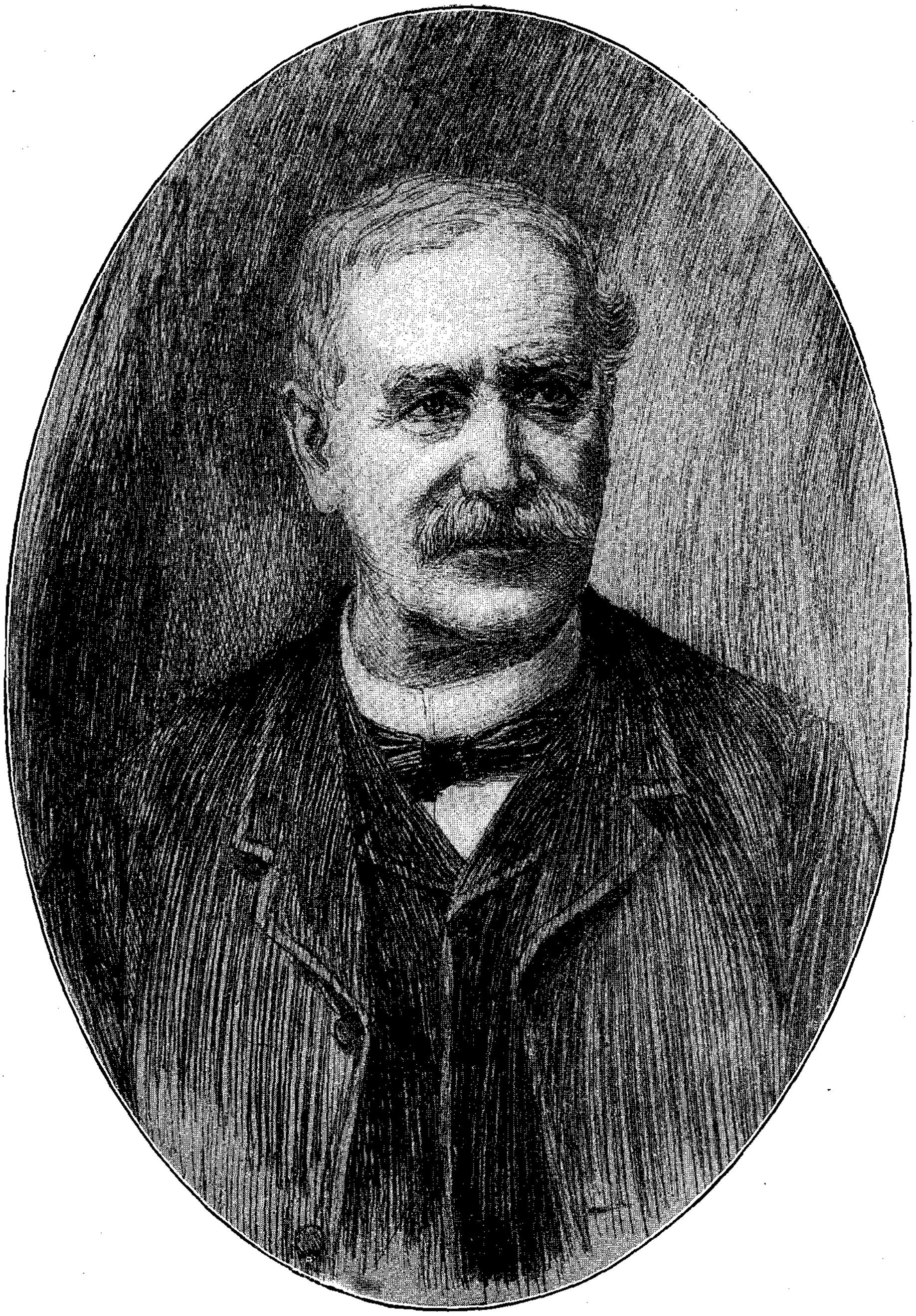
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

"ST. PETER'S LODGE" is one of those humorously intimate but not irreverent uses of heavenly themes, places, and persons which are possible only in Roman Catholic countries, where the most sacred persons and incidents are constantly before the eye, and the deepest truths are familiarly and lovingly translated into the language of art, of ceremonial, of ritual. It is this household intimacy with the story of Christ which gives the dramatic rendering of the Passion Plays such simplicity and sincerity, and makes possible to naïve peasants that which would be impossible to trained actors. An American priest was once disturbed by the play of children in a church in Rome, and reproved them. "Are we not in our Father's house?" was the quick and illuminating reply of a dark-eyed boy.

Antonio de Trueba was a devout believer in a skeptical age, and a devout lover of the Spain which, although often intolerant and superstitious, has been and still is religious in a very true and deep sense. He was born in 1821 in the village of Montellano, in Biscay; a section of Spain which has given birth to several novelists of distinction. In prefaces and sketches he has given the world so much autobiography that the story of his life and work can be substantially told in his own words; and of the glimpses of the background of his childhood and youth none is more charming than that in which he describes his early home:

> On the brow of one of the mountains that surround a Valley of Biscay, there are four little houses, white as four doves, hidden in a grove of chestnut and walnut trees—four houses that can be seen at a distance only when the autumn has removed the leaves from the trees. There I spent the first fifteen years of my life. In the bottom of the valley there is a church, whose belfry pierces the foliage and rises majestically above the ash and walnut trees, as if to signify that the voice of God rises above Nature; and in that church two masses were said on Sunday—one at sunrise and the other two hours later. We children rose with the song of birds and went down to the first mass, singing and leaping through the shady oak groves, while our elders came down later to high mass. While our parents and grandparents were attending it, I sat down beneath some cherry trees that were opposite my father's house, for from that spot could be seen the whole valley that ended in the sea—and shortly after four or five young girls came to see me, red as the cherries that hung over my head or as the graceful knots of ribbon that tied the long braids of their hair, and made me compose couplets for them to sing to their sweethearts in the afternoon to the song of the tambourine, under the walnut trees where the young people danced, and the elders chatted and enjoyed our pleasure.

Trueba's education was almost as limited, so far as "schooling" was concerned, as Lincoln's; but, like Lincoln, he had access to a few books, and those books were of the kind which would stimulate the imagination of a gifted boy of Spanish blood; among them were that masterpiece of wise humor and "book of humanity," as Sainte-Beuve called it, "Don Quixote;" "The Fables of Sameniego;" a collection of ballads, than which there is no more moving and stimulating educational



ANTONIO DE TRUEBA

material for children; and a few Lives of the Saints, which, in the earlier times, the humblest homes in Spain rarely lacked. The boy had a natural bent toward poetry, and was still in his early teens when he began to compose songs which speedily gained local popularity.

When the devastating civil war waged by the Carlists broke out, the young poet, barely fifteen years of age, was sent to a relative in Madrid. The yoke of methodical work in a hardware shop rested heavily on his spirits by day, but at night he found refuge in books, and in dreams of the mountains round his native village, consoling his lonely heart with thoughts of his return:

> "When this happens," I say to myself, "my brow will be wrinkled and my hair gray. The day on which I return to my native valley will be a festal day; and on crossing the hill from which I can behold the whole valley I shall hear the bells ringing for High Mass. . . . How sweetly will resound in my ears those bells that so often filled my childhood with delight! . . . The children gathered in the portico of the church, waiting for Mass to begin, will look over the wall along the road, and others will look out of the windows to see the stranger pass. . . . And they will not know me. I shall sadly follow the valley down. 'All that has felt,' I shall exclaim, 'has changed or died. What is it that preserves here, pure and immaculate, the sentiments which I inspired?' And then some village woman will sing one of those songs in which I inclosed the deepest feelings of my soul, and on hearing her my heart will leap from my breast, and I shall fall on my knees, and, if emotion and sobs do not drown my voice, I shall exclaim, 'Holy and Thrice Holy, Blessed and Thrice Blessed Poetry, which immortalizes human sentiment!'"

In the end the call of his spirit could not be resisted, and he became a journalist in order that he might later become a man of letters. His first venture in print, a "Book of Songs," composed in the atmosphere of Madrid but under the spell of his dearly loved hills, gave him national reputation on the very threshold of his career. It is not difficult to understand the popularity of these simple and tender transcriptions of the experiences and aspirations of the people about him, touched with a melancholy to which both landscape and temperament lend themselves; a film of pathos over the sweet and familiar things of life.

> "Do not seek in this book," he says, "erudition, or culture, or art. Seek recollections and feelings, and nothing more. Fifteen years ago I left my solitary village. These fifteen years, instead of singing under the cherry trees of my native country, I sing in the midst of Babylon which rises on the banks of the Manzanares; and notwithstanding I still amuse myself with counting from here the trees that shade the little white house where I was born, where, God willing, I shall die, my songs still resemble those of fifteen years ago. What do I understand of Greek or Latin; of the precepts of Horace or of Aristotle? Speak to me of the blue skies and sea, of birds and boughs, of harvests and trees laden with golden fruit; of the loves and joys and griefs of the upright and simple villagers, and then I shall understand you, because I understand nothing more than this."

The "Book of Songs" passed rapidly through a succession of editions, and became a kind of national property, shared by all classes. Several years later, after his marriage, Trueba turned from poetry to prose, and began to write short stories. "Rose-Colored Tales" appeared in 1859, and is regarded by many readers as his best and characteristic book. The spirit and temper of these stories have been described in no uncertain terms by their author:

> I call them rose-colored tales because they are the reverse of that pessimistic literature which delights in representing the world as a boundless desert in which no flower blooms and life is a perpetual night in which no stars shine. I, poor son of Adam, knowing the curse of God on our first parents has not ceased by a single day since the time when, still a child, I left my beloved valley of the En Cartacione, I shall love this life, and shall not believe myself exiled in the world while God, friendship, love, and the family exist in it;

while the sun shines on my every morning, while the moon lightens the way at night, and the flowers and birds visit me every day.

This volume was followed by a series of books of short stories; among them "Tales of the Country," "Popular Tales," "Tales of Various Colors," "Tales of the Living and the Dead," "Popular Narrations." In the last-named volume he brought together a large number of stories, incidents, and anecdotes, which formed a kind of fluid literature in Spain, passing from generation to generation and from section to section. In collecting these popular tales Trueba performed for Spain the kind of service which the Brothers Grimm rendered to Germany and Asbjörnsen to Norway.

Several volumes of romances and semi-historical novels bear witness to his industry and popularity, but his reputation will probably rest on his poetry and short stories. His simplicity, tenderness, sympathy, and skill in giving expression to those experiences which transcend class distinctions, not only gave his work great popularity, but endeared him to his people, and he long enjoyed that sweetness of fame which is often denied the greater writers. He held resolutely to the old pieties of religion and the home; to duty, love of country and of family; to integrity and simplicity of character and life. He died in 1889. H. W. M.

I

UNCLE PACIENCIA was a poor old cobbler, who made an honest living by industriously plying his awl and pulling his hemp, day after day, in a gateway of Madrid. His nickname, "Uncle Patience," had been bestowed on him by his friends and neighbors because of the cheerful resignation with which, during his whole life, he had endured the trials and the hard work assigned to him by his Maker.

At the time when Absolutism was reestablished in Spain (during the reign of Ferdinand VII) he was a youth of sixteen, but as innocent and inexperienced as a lad of eight years; and having once heard some one say that all men were born equal, he one day asked his master if this were true.

"Nothing of the kind," answered the master, laughing heartily; "in Heaven only are all men equal; on earth it is different."

The boy accepted this as final, and when some well-to-do customer of the cobblery invited his master to the neighboring inn to take a glass with him, the poor little apprentice said to himself:

"It is a pity that all men are not equal on earth as they are in Heaven, for then this rich customer would make no distinction between me and my master, and, like my master, I should be invited to take a glass with him. But one must be patient; in Heaven all will share alike."

Two years later he was conscripted; and, as a soldier in the ranks, he found more proof than ever before that all men were not equal on earth, for in his company were distinguished sergeants, captains, and commanders of all grades, who demonstrated daily, and most effectively, the truth of what his master had said concerning the equality of men on earth; but he always consoled himself with the thought that in Heaven all would be well.

Returning from the service of the King, and utilizing the little he had learned of cobblery during his apprenticeship, he established himself in a corner of one of the prominent gateways of Madrid, and there passed the remainder of his life, always consoling himself, in the midst of privation and sorrow, with the hope of some time going to Heaven, and there enjoying the equality with all men which had been denied him on earth.

The gateway, where he worked in his corner day after day, led to a building, on the first floor of which lived a Marquis, who would have caused him many a bitter quarter of an hour because of the difference in their lots, if the Marquis had not been such a genial, kindly, generous man, for the patient resignation in which he had schooled himself; and, above all, because of the hope in his heart of some day meeting the Marquis in Heaven, and being able to clap him on the shoulder and say:

"Friend Marquis, now we are equals!"

But it was not alone the Marquis on the first floor who made him feel that all men were not equal on earth as they would be in Heaven; for even his most intimate friends claimed superiority over him. These friends were Mamerto and Macario, men of good, honest character, without whom Paciencia felt that life would not be worth while. Mamerto was possessed with an all-consuming passion for the bull-ring, and was, indeed, a great authority on all matters relating to it, so much so that when, during the reign of Ferdinand VII, a school was established to teach the science of the bull-ring (for it is indeed a science), he came very near being appointed as the chief instructor, which fact made him assume additional airs of superiority when with his old friend. Paciencia submitted to this, consoling himself with the thought that, even if he and his beloved friends were not equals on earth, they would be so in Heaven.

Macario, the other friend, was plain even to ugliness. In due course he married a very pretty girl, but she turned out to be such a vixen that it would have taken the Devil himself to subdue her. Finally, after twenty years of bickering, his wife was laid to rest, to the ill-concealed satisfaction of the rascal Macario, who soon became infatuated with another girl, as bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked as the first one had been, and shortly after married her, notwithstanding the pleas and remonstrances of Paciencia, who did his utmost to save his friend from this act of foolhardiness. As Paciencia had never succeeded in winning the love of any woman, Macario, after his second conquest, felt himself vastly superior to his friend, and would have caused poor old Paciencia much unhappiness if he had not continually kept before his mind that in Heaven they would be equal, even if they were not on earth.

Mamerto was capable of traveling to the ends of the earth to see a bull-fight; and once, in talking of it with Paciencia, he said:

"For a ripping good bull-fight I should even be willing to give up the hope of Eternal Glory."

And Paciencia, deeply scandalized at such sacrilegious words, said:

"Man, for the love of God, speak not such nonsense."

One day, so scorchingly hot that the birds drooped in their shaded nests, news came that there was to be a bull-fight in Getafe, a small town about eight miles from Madrid; and without a moment's delay Mamerto set out on foot in the heat of the day for the bull-fight. But on the way home he was overcome with dizziness and fever, and in a few hours he had taken up his journey to the other world.

This same day had been an especially trying one for old Macario because of his wife's ill-temper; for, though the first one had caused him much discomfort, the second one proved to be worse. As for her, she was only too anxious to get him out of the way as soon as possible; and no sooner did she hear the news of Mamerto's death than she hurried with it to her husband; and poor old Macario, overcome with terror at the suddenness of the news, and worn out with the constant discord and daily strife, stretched himself out on his bed and gave up the ghost.

I have said that Paciencia felt that he could not live without his friends; for on them he lavished all his love and affection. On this same day he closed his shop a little earlier than usual, and, without waiting to smoke a cigar or to exchange even a word of gossip or comment with any one, he set out to look up his friends, not having seen them all day. The terrible news of the death of both of them struck him like a mortal blow at the heart; and that same night he joined his friends on the road to Heaven.

On the morning following the death of old Uncle Paciencia and his two friends, the servant of the Marquis, in bringing his master his customary cup of chocolate, imprudently blurted out the news of the death of the old cobbler of the gateway and of his two friends, the day before. The Marquis was of a timid and sympathetic nature, and the news struck him, too, as with a blow; moreover, there had been rumors of a cholera-plague in Madrid for some time past; and the fear of this and the shock of the news so upset the Marquis that in a few hours he, too, had closed his eyes in his last sleep.

II

Old Uncle Paciencia set out on his journey to Heaven, sustained by the hope of eternal glory, and the sweeter hope of at last living in a world where all men were equal, and of meeting there his friends Mamerto and Macario. As to this last he had some doubts; for the good old man said to himself, and with reason:

"May luck be with them when they reach the Gate of Heaven! It is true they were both good, straightforward fellows; but Mamerto's ungodly passion for the bull-ring, and Macario's madness in marrying a second time, make me fear for them."

To get rid of his depression he hailed a pedestrian, and asked whether he had seen two men, of such and such manner and bearing, journeying toward the Gate of Heaven. The man nodded affirmatively, and Paciencia continued along the road, contentedly humming snatches of an old hymn. The road to Heaven was very rough and very dusty; and journeying thither were only the poor, and those accustomed to bear fatigue and overcome obstacles. Paciencia soon discovered this, and said to himself:

"I am not surprised that great ladies and gentlemen do not make this journey, for they well know it must be made on foot. Could they travel this way in carriages or on horseback, I would stake my soul that one would see here at this minute a longer procession than one ever sees on the Prado." [The Prado is the fashionable driveway of Madrid.]

His reflections were suddenly interrupted by the sight of a man rapidly approaching him, bellowing like a calf, tearing his hair wildly, and giving other signs of the utmost desperation. This man was none other than his friend Mamerto.

Old Paciencia's heart gave a great bound as he hurried forward to meet his friend.

"But, man, what has come to thee?" he cried.

"Ah, Paciencia, couldst but know what insult I have endured! The old brute of a gatekeeper has locked me out forever from Paradise!"

"Mamerto, friend, tell me all, quickly; it must have been because of thy ungodly passion for the bull-fight."

And Mamerto spoke:

"When I reached the gates of Heaven I found a crowd of people waiting to hand over their passports to the other world. The gatekeeper, a bald-headed old man with a bunch of keys in one hand, looked them over very leisurely, and worried every one completely out of patience with a lot of foolish questions. I, as was quite natural, was anxious to get inside as soon as possible; and I said to myself, 'If I wait on this old man with his endless catechism, I shall never get in.' So I watched my chance, and when his back was turned, I tried to slip by him. But on the instant he caught me by the left ear, and I thought at first he was about to give me a proof of his affection as he had once given old Malchus, the servant of the High Priest. But I got loose from him and went back to my place. Pretty soon the old fellow picked a quarrel with some poor devil whom he was keeping out because he had been too fond of the bull-ring.

"'Quite right, quite right,' I said, joining in, for I thought I saw how the land lay; and then the old man turned to me and said:

"'Good, but thou must prove thy aversion for this ungodly pastime, one thousand five hundred times; and shouldst happen to waver, I shall deny thee entrance to Paradise, even as I do unto this man.'

"Now what was there left for me to do after that? As soon as the old gatekeeper turned from me, piff! I slipped through the gates, giving thanks to God that I had been permitted to manage it so cleverly; when, as luck would have it, it occurred to the old man to count those waiting at the gate, and of course one was missing.

"'One is lacking,' he cried angrily,

'and I'll wager an ear it is the man from Madrid; that is where the sly ones come from. But he shall be called to strict account, I swear it!'

"'Honorable Gatekeeper,' here spoke up a honeyed voice belonging to one who looked like a courtier, 'wouldst have me strike off one of his ears?'

"'Concern yourselves not with ears, gentlemen," said St. Peter sternly, but with a sly twinkle in his eye; 'let me deal with the knave.' At this he summoned several musicians, whom he guarded most carefully, for they had been recommended by St. Cecilia herself." (St. Cecilia is the patroness of music. Her festival day, November 22, is celebrated with beautiful music.)

"'Play,' he said to them, 'play loud and strong and clear, the music of the toreador!' And they did. And I, poor fool, forgetting everything but that perchance there might be a bull-fight going on outside the Gates of Heaven, darted out as swift as an arrow, and the Gates of Heaven closed behind me. Then the old gatekeeper said to me with great solemnity:

"'Get thee hence into Hades. Such a passion as thine for the bull-ring will never be pardoned by God!'

"And so thou findest me, dear Paciencia, on the road to Hades. My love for a bull-fight has been my ruin."

Good old Paciencia broke into bitter tears on hearing of the misfortune of his old friend, to whom he did not even say, "I told you so!" Both went on their way, Paciencia continuing toward Heaven and poor Mamerto towards Hades, which was down hill.

"Perchance some dire misfortune awaits me also at the Gates of Heaven; St. Peter is well known for his fiery temper," so said Paciencia to himself. Trudging steadily on, his attention was again arrested by the sight of another figure approaching. This man did not weep, nor tear his hair like a madman as Mamerto had done; he hung his head sorrowfully, his whole demeanor denoting the most profound dejection.

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed Paciencia; "may I be doomed forever if this is not my old friend Macario!"

And in truth it was he.

The two friends embraced silently, deeply moved.

"Thou here, Paciencia?" said Macario at last. "Whither art going, man?"

"Whither! Why, friend, where but to Heaven?"

"Mighty hard place to get into," said Macario, listlessly.

"Why so?"

"Because the gatekeeper is the crankiest old curmudgeon it has ever been my bad luck to meet."

"And what has befallen thee? speak, Macario."

"Listen, and I'll tell thee. In company with a number of others, I reached the Gates of Heaven, and we called on the gatekeeper to open. He appeared, bald-headed, with a bunch of keys in one hand, and asked:

"'What do ye wish?'

"'A nice question!' I answered; 'and what could we wish other than to enter the Gates of Heaven?'

"'Art married or single?' he then asked the man standing next to me.

"'Married,' he replied.

"'Then enter and be at peace,' the old man said; 'thou hast already done penance enough to gain the Kingdom of Heaven;' and in walked my neighbor.

"'Good!' I said to myself; 'if, having been but once married, he so richly deserves the Kingdom of Heaven, how much more do I, having been twice married, deserve it!' and made ready to slip through the gates after my neighbor. But quick as a flash the old gatekeeper had me by the ear, saying:

"'Where goest thou?'

"'Man,' I cried, 'I'll make thee a present of my ear if thou desirest it; I am about to enter the Gates of Heaven.'

"'Art married or single?'

"'Twice married instead of once,' I replied impatiently.

"'Twice married?' he repeated.

"'Yes, twice.'

"'Then off with thee into Limbo; there is no place in Heaven for such as thee.'

"And now thou findest me, dear Paciencia, on the road to Limbo."

"And truly, friend, it doth serve thee right," said Paciencia, half compassionately, half in anger. "Did I not always tell thee that he who married twice could never hope to inherit the Kingdom of God and peace everlasting?"

And the friends parted, each going his way.

As he neared the Gates of Heaven, old Paciencia determined to keep all his wits about him; for the things he had heard made him feel that the querulous old gatekeeper was enough to intimidate the bravest.

"Come," said Paciencia to himself, "to-day I surely have need of all the patience which won me my name on earth; for, once through the gates, who will dare call me to account? I must not forget that the gatekeeper is a very old man—almost in his second childhood; and one must humor the very old as one does the very young. Moreover, patience is the virtue which Jesus himself recommended to St. Peter."

Step by step he covered the distance. At last he reached the gates, and found no one. He knocked timidly. An old man without a single hair on his head opened a little window to one side and asked:

"What wouldst thou?"

"Good day, señor," answered old Paciencia, humbly. "How is your most honorable health?"

"Good—very good," answered the old man, "but what desirest thou?"

"And your children, and all your honorable relations, they too are well?" went on Paciencia.

"Man, art bereft of thy wits? What desirest thou?"

"Pardon, señor, I beg permission to enter the gates."

"Sit down on yonder bench until more shall join thee. I cannot be bothered unlocking this heavy gate for every separate one who comes along."

"Very good, señor; thy pardon for disturbing thee," said Paciencia.

"Thou art pardoned," said the gatekeeper, withdrawing his head and shutting the window.

"He certainly is a crotchety old gentleman," said Paciencia to himself, seating himself as directed. "He calls it to be bothered, when one comes to him as we have been commanded by God himself! But, with all his gruffness, he is a saint, and one must be patient."

To pass the time more pleasantly, Paciencia commenced to roll himself a cigarette, when he was startled by a terrific knocking, and, raising his head, whom should he see but his old neighbor of the first floor, the Marquis.

"What now?" said the voice of the old man within the gates. "What barbarian thus announces himself?"

"His Excellency the Marquis of Pelusilla, Grandee of Spain, and a Gentleman of the Court of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen!"

At once the gatekeeper threw the gates wide open, at the same time bending so low that he was in danger of breaking his spine, exclaiming:

"A thousand pardons, Your Excellency, that I have kept you waiting. I had no knowledge that so great an honor was to be bestowed upon us here. Enter, Your Excellency, Señor de Marquis, that the dance may begin, and sweet voices join in salutation to welcome the richest, the most worthy, and the most illustrious gentleman of Spain!"

And, in truth, the whole heavens were ablaze with light. Rockets whizzed through the air in every direction, banners floated in the breeze, hundreds of voices were raised in songs of welcome, while virgins in snow-white raiment scattered flowers in his pathway. Even the crotchety old gatekeeper, when he came forward to shut the gates, hopped and skipped as gayly as his rheumatic joints would permit, and cried:

"Now, blessed be His Holiness the Pope: to-day is the day of days!"

Again old Paciencia was left alone, and right bitterly he spoke:

"To what end have I slaved all my life; to what end have I cheerfully endured injustice, slight, and insult, when, now that I have reached the Gate of Heaven, a greater insult than any I endured on earth is put upon me!"

The noise of an opening window broke in upon Paciencia's mournful soliloquy, and the head of the gatekeeper was thrust through it.

"Hello!" exclaimed he, on seeing Paciencia, "what now, my good man, what wouldst thou?"

"Señor," answered Paciencia, "I wait—"

"Yes, yes, to be sure, I had quite forgotten thee. But, man, why didst not call upon me?"

"Oh," answered Paciencia, "I am nothing but a poor cobbler."

"Eh! what of that? In Heaven all men are equal."

"Is that indeed true?" asked Paciencia, his heart giving a great throb.

"True indeed. Come in, my good man."

The gate opened, not wide, as when the Marquis had entered, but just enough to permit a man to slip in. Once within, Paciencia glanced about him, not able to conceal his disappointment: no rockets blazed in the sky, no sweet voices were lifted in salutation, no maidens threw flowers at his feet. The gatekeeper, seeing that something was wrong, said:

"Come, man, what aileth thee? Thou art as gloomy as all the monks of France."

"Didst not tell me that in Heaven all men are equal?" asked Paciencia, scornfully.

"Aye, that I did."

"But when the Marquis entered, the bells rang out, the—"

"Man, man!" interrupted the gatekeeper, "what nonsense is this? Hast not read in the Holy Scripture that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"Nay, Señor, for I know not how to read."

"Then know now that so reads the Gospel. Cobblers, tinsmiths, blacksmiths, laborers of all kinds, and beggars galore, come to us at all times and at all seasons; but centuries pass before a Grand Seigneur such as he who to-day entered the Gate of Heaven knocks for admittance. And when such an one comes, we are ready to stand on our heads for joy."

Paciencia now pushed aside the little wooden gate before which he stood, and, overcome with joy, bent his knee, stretching out his arms towards the Almighty on his throne, crying:

"Blessed be the Lord of Hosts, who giveth Peace everlasting to those who have suffered on earth!"

* * *

OPPORTUNITY

BY WILLIAM ADDISON HOUGHTON

"She knocks but once, doth Opportunity;
Open forthwith, she seeks you nevermore!
She importunes not, urges no man's door,
But hastens on till welcomed worthily!"
So preaches one who worships mastery.
Despairing thought! Shall bravery that bore
Defeat ne'er win a victory? ne'er restore
Life's losses, find no aid save apathy?

Nay, life and opportunity are one!
And both are new each day, new hope to lend.
Faint hearts read failure in the setting sun—
Next morn he will triumphantly ascend.
Defeat keeps school: there learn mistakes to mend,
And mend and mend, while life's good thread is spun

Is America Indifferent to the Philippines?

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT
and NEWTON W. GILBERT

MRS. MARTIN EGAN, of Manila, is now in this country endeavoring *to arouse active interest in some of the questions connected with the* American administration of the Philippine Islands. She has been sent to America under the auspices of public organizations in Manila, chief among which is the Manila Merchants' Association, composed of Filipinos and Americans, to try to gain the sympathetic attention of the people of the United States to the work which has been done, is being done, and still remains to be done in the Philippine Islands. The movement which resulted in the mission of Mrs. Egan was a popular one, and the funds wherewith to defray its expenses were raised by subscription in Manila. Mrs. Egan has brought with her a number of newspaper and magazine articles by American and Filipino officials and residents of the islands. These articles, after their appearance in various journals, will be embodied in a book, which will be published in this country some time during the coming winter. The Outlook has had the opportunity of obtaining two of these articles, of which the first, by Commissioner Gilbert, is here presented to our readers. The second, by Mr. Milton E. Springer, giving some account of the resources of the Philippines, will be published later. With reference to Mrs. Egan's mission, President Roosevelt has written a letter to the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook which, together with Commissioner Gilbert's article, will help Americans to answer the question whether their country is indifferent to its responsibilities in the Philippine Islands.—THE EDITORS.

The American Attitude Toward the Philippines

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Oyster Bay, September 9, 1908.

My dear Dr. Abbott:

I have looked over the really noteworthy list of articles on the Philippines obtained by Mrs. Egan, and have glanced at some of the articles themselves. I greatly hope that these articles will have the widest possible circulation among our people, for they seem to me to give a more comprehensive account of the exact situation in the Philippines than I have seen published from any other sources during the seven years that I have been President. The articles by the American officials, such as that by Governor-General Smith on "The Past and Future Filipino;" "American Achievements in the Philippines," by Commissioner Gilbert; the accounts of our dealing with the health problem in this new tropical possession, by Drs. Musgrave, Strong, McDill, and others; upon our educational system in the Philippines, by Dr. Barrows; on our agricultural school and medical college, and what they will mean for the future development of the Filipinos, by Drs Freer and Copeland—all of these and others like them are of the utmost importance. But in addition to these there are articles of equal interest and importance, by men not in the Government service. Among them are a study of the Catholic Church in the Philippine Islands by the Right Rev. Archbishop Harty, and of the Protestant churches there by the Rev. Charles W. Wright; a description of the oldest educational institution under the American flag, and another, of the charitable institutions of the Philippines, by Father Volz; and stories of the old Philippine churches by Superintendent O'Reilly, of the Manila schools. The material side of what we are doing is shown in the appeal from the Merchants' Association of Manila, written by Mr. John Gibson, its President; in Mr. Springer's account of the resources of the Philippines [this article will be published later in The Outlook], and in Colonel Colton's account of "The American Mart in the Far East with the Free Zone at Manila." Most important of all, it seems to me, are the articles by native Filipinos; such as the description of the First Philippines Assembly by the Speaker, Mr. Osmena; "The History of Justice in the Philippines," by the Chief Justice, Mr. Arellano; the statement of "What American Justice has done for the Philippines," by Commissioner Araneta; the reasons given by various distinguished Filipinos—judges, members of assembly, and private citizens—as to why they feel that at this time to thrust independence upon the Philippines would be to work far-reaching calamity to the islands.

Surely all of this conveys a body of information which should command the careful attention of the American people, and if this attention is given it I am persuaded that with it will come a realization of the extraordinary service that, to the lasting honor of America, has been rendered the Philippine people by our officials in the Philippines during the last ten years, and of the imperative need that the policy so successfully inaugurated shall continue unbroken. I earnestly hope that the American people will show the sympathetic interest in the islands necessary if we are to continue to do with patience and proper pride our great task there. I do not believe that in all history there is another example so marked of the way in which a great people has with wisdom and disinterestedness managed the affairs of a great foreign dependency with an eye single to the good of that dependency. There is no danger whatever of our exploiting the Philippines for individual American benefit. Everything that has been done or that we contemplate doing in the islands is for the immediate or eventual benefit of the Filipinos themselves; and nothing would benefit them more than to enlist American capital in the development of the islands. My only regret is that more capital has not gone there.

I am certain that our people feel an earnest desire to do their full duty to the Philippines. I am not in the least afraid of hostility to what we have done in the islands, but I sometimes am afraid of indifference; and I know that it is often harder to turn indifference into interest than to turn hostility into approval. Our real problem is to convert indifference to the Philippines into active interest, and it seems to me that these articles in the possession of Mrs. Egan offer one admirable means to this end.

Sincerely yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

American Achievements in the Philippines

BY NEWTON W. GILBERT

Philippines Commissioner

In this article it is intended only in the most cursory manner to review some accomplishments of the United States Government in the Philippine Islands, during the short time that we have been here, which inure to the benefit of the Filipino people. It is sometimes forgotten, perhaps, that it is only ten short years since the American flag was first carried by Dewey into Manila Bay, and a much less time than this since the beginnings of the establishment of civil government under that flag.

We found a subject people which had had absolutely no part in the government, and which had for years been in a state of uprising and rebellion against the constituted authorities. We brought about not only peace, but a tranquil condition which prevails throughout all parts of the archipelago.

We found a people which had never been permitted freedom of speech or of the press. The summary execution of men who dared to speak for their countrymen was far from unknown. To-day speech is as free and the press as untrammeled as they are in the home land of America. We have established the right of the people to petition and to assemble peaceably to make such demands of the constituted authorities as to them seem just. We have established the right of every man to worship in such manner as he sees fit.

We found not only the central government, but the local governments, to the last analysis controlled without regard to the desires of the people. We have, since the establishment of civil government, given the people of each municipality control of their local government. Each provincial government is composed of three men—the governor, the treasurer, and a third member. The people elect their own governor and third member; the provincial treasurer only is appointed by the Governor-General.

We found outside the larger cities, and in many cases not even there, that practically no person had a perfect title to the land which he occupied. We have adopted a system of surveys and a method of perfecting titles that are not only comparatively inexpensive but which are fast enabling each person who claims to be the owner of real estate to perfect an absolute record title to the same.

We found a fluctuating currency, worth so much to-day but more or less to-morrow. We have replaced it by a stable currency, based upon the gold standard, so that in every part of the archipelago the value of the currency is fixed and known.

We found a vast amount of public land, the title of a great proportion of all lands being in the Government. We have enacted a homestead law, which permits the poorest resident of the islands to acquire, at almost no expense, a home of his own, for which he receives a perfect title.

We found the timbers of the islands, which are magnificent in character and abundant almost beyond compare, devastated each year by forest fires, purposely or accidentally kindled, entailing enormous losses in these great reserves. We permit the individual to take from the public domain such timbers as he needs for his own use in the improvement of his property or his home; and at the same time by rigorous laws we have protected the forests from needless devastation.

We found great areas of the best agricultural lands so held as to enable the owners to extract from the common people rents that insured perpetual poverty, and the payment of which was a constant source of irritation and uprising. We purchased these lands, and, by a system of small payments, during a long time, are permitting those who were formerly despairing tenants to become the owners in fee simple of the lands which they till.

We found the highways of the country in bad repair, with few bridges worthy of the name. The roads upon which it was necessary for the farmer to bring his produce to market, if it reached market at all, during a large part of the year were more nearly canals than roads; rivers were often impassable, and never were such but that the cost of transportation was almost prohibitive. Many wide, rapid rivers, which must be crossed if communication is to be had among the people, course down from the mountains to the sea. We have constructed hundreds of miles of highways, and have in prospect the construction of many more. We have built bridges and culverts of steel and concrete, connecting peoples and localities which otherwise were widely separated.

We found one short railway, antiquated in its character, and reaching, of course, a comparatively small number of people. We have authorized the construction of some seven hundred and fifty miles more—much of which is already completed. It is being built according to the most modern methods of railway construction, reaching populous communities otherwise remote from markets, and this promises much further development of the country in the near future. We have constructed in the city of Manila, and from there to the adjacent towns, an electric railway system better than any other in the Orient, and it is of great accommodation to the people.

We found an inadequate postal system. We have a post-office department which, while it is far from meeting all the requirements of the islands, yet carries regular mails to every town and barrio; and we have established not only city delivery but in some places rural delivery as well.

We found meager telegraph facilities. We have stretched wires for the telegraph and telephone all over the islands to every important point, and have an inter-island cable system reaching from Manila to every populous point in the archipelago.

We found every island overrun with armed bands of thieves, who pillaged and murdered the people, and retarded agricultural and industrial development. We organized the "Constabulary," a body of Filipino soldiery, which destroyed these associations of bandits and is proving itself fully able to maintain order under all circumstances.

We found a few lights to guide the mariner as he steered his boat either around the archipelago or through the thousands of devious channels. We have built scores of lighthouses, planted buoys and beacons, and have almost completed the charting of all the waters, so that shoals and reefs are known and water transportation has become comparatively safe.

We found inter-island transportation sadly interrupted, and many of the boats which did go from island to island went at irregular times. We have publicly assisted lines of regular transportation, so that now passengers and produce may be carried between all important ports to the advantage of everybody.

We found a Jesuit priest, of rare learning, who had been giving attention for years to meteorological and climatic conditions. We have aided and assisted him until he has established a Weather Bureau which gives daily service to all parts of the islands, and is recognized as an almost infallible authority as to prospective weather. It has decreased the dangers of sea travel; and has come to be regarded as by far the best Weather Bureau in the Orient.

We found no harbors. Manila Bay, perhaps thirty miles across, was practically an open sea. At an expense of some five millions of pesos, or two and a half million dollars, we have constructed a harbor at Manila, and have also made valuable improvements at Iloilo and Cebu; so that ships which enter these larger ports are safe from the storms which so often prevail in this latitude.

We found Manila unpaved and filthy. The streets were mere wallows. The open grounds were swamps. The water supply was deficient. Sewage was not cared for in any way. There was no fire department worth the name. And altogether it was as bad as the worst type of Oriental city. We have paved the streets and built sidewalks. We have provided an ample supply of pure water brought from the mountains adjacent to the city. We have about completed a sewer system which will entirely care for the refuse of this large population. We have converted the open grounds into public parks, built several public buildings, and are building more. We have constructed two large bridges across the Pasig River. We have built river walls which run through the city into the harbor. The contagion of improvement has affected the individual property-owner, and he has built new houses, repaired the old ones, and transformed a city worthy only of the fifteenth century into the most modern city in the Orient.

We found a people with patriotic and political ambitions who had not been given an appreciable part in the government. We placed many of them in high positions, opened the civil service to them in every part, and are rapidly assisting them to achieve their ideals.

We found them absolutely without any voice in the making of laws. We gave them an elective assembly, in which the people take a vast interest, and which promises to do much for their future welfare.

We found a people the great majority of whom were making no provision for a "rainy day," but were spending everything they could earn. We established a postal savings bank, and thousands of Filipinos are acquiring habits of thrift and economy, and have already a considerable bank account.

We found nothing being done by the Government toward scientific investigation along many lines in which such investigation was needed. We have founded a Bureau of Science, presided over by a scholar of international reputation, in which tropical diseases are studied, where are manufactured vaccine and anti-toxins of various kinds, which has not only done marvels to improve both the animal and vegetable life of the islands, but has helped the entire medical profession of the world to a better understanding of the problems of dangerous tropical diseases.

We found a country in which the most ordinary sanitary precautions were never taken; a country filled with plague, cholera, smallpox, beri-beri, and other preventable diseases. We have established a Bureau of Health which has eliminated plague, vaccinated millions of the inhabitants, and reduced smallpox to a minimum. Cholera, which is endemic, is quickly killed when it raises its head. Beri-beri is almost a thing of the past.

We found lepers walking the streets in every community, mixing with the people if in the early stages of the dread disease, or banished to the fields and in the sorest distress if the disease was at a more advanced stage. We established a leper colony in an island remote from others, abundant in its resources, and have transported thither the poor creatures who formerly were scattering disease among their fellows and enduring a living death themselves; so that they have there every degree of comfort possible under all the circumstances, and have relieved the inhabitants of the islands of this great source of danger.

We found the prisons of the islands conducted like the prisons of the Middle Ages. A prisoner was not treated as a man whom the community had some interest in reforming, and who might have within him the possibilities of good citizenship. Humanity did not enter into the administration of the prison system. We have made the prisons, to an extent—remembering that the usual Filipino lawbreaker is a child in the matter of mental development—reformatory institutions. For the first offender or the short-term man there is an effort made to furnish such education as will enable him, if he chooses, to live a useful life after his term has expired. The prisons are humane in their management. Wholesome food is furnished, good water provided, sanitary precautions taken, and altogether our prisons might serve as models for many of the States in the Union. We established a penal colony upon a remote island, an island which blossoms at the touch, where hundreds of selected prisoners are placed and permitted to form a government of their own, under the control of a single officer who directs their energies and efforts.

We found a people diverse in characteristics, of different languages, scattered upon numberless islands, holding different religions. We caused a census to be taken, in which we ascertained not only numbers, but characteristics and conditions, which has enabled us to act intelligently regarding many matters of which we were before in ignorance.

We found the mountains inhabited by wild tribes who had never come into contact with civilization, who knew scarcely anything of clothing or of homes. We have reached out among these men and taught them to build roads and houses. Many of them are learning to read, are mingling more or less with the civilized people of the lowlands, are feeling the touch of Christianity; and although there are still many tribes of these wild men who have changed but little, yet the progress made in the short time of our stay is marvelous.

We found a system of taxation which derived the revenues of government largely from the poor. The man who really had property, the man who could afford to pay taxes, the man who had some reason to support government, contributed little or nothing. We devised a system of taxation, and put it into operation with comparative ease, which secures the revenues necessary for the operation of government from the people in proportion to their ability to contribute; and although the taxes levied are nearly as large as they were in the time of Spanish occupation, they are yet so divided as to render the burden more easily borne.

We found a civil service system which was controlled by favoritism, in which a man's chance to hold office was often increased by his ability to contribute to the appointing power. We have put into force a civil service law, fashioned after the one in the home land, which makes the civil service system, as far as may be, a model system, and a man's official place dependent upon his ability to execute the duties of the position which he occupies.

We found no system of public education, such as America has. We established the common school. We brought out from America hundreds of teachers, men and women educated in our best colleges, finely equipped for the work they had to do, men and women who made sacrifices, who made enormous sacrifices, in order to help this work. We have trained native teachers, young men and women, until to-day there is scarcely a barrier in the islands in which the public school is not maintained, or in which the men and women of the next generation are not acquiring at least the fundamentals of an education.

We found no schools of higher education maintained by public revenues. We have established a Medical School, with a strong faculty, and are inaugurating the establishment of a university.

We found a judiciary system sadly in need of reform. Litigation was protracted, expensive, and uncertain. The man accused of crime need not be confronted by the witnesses against him, and had no compulsory right to subpœna witnesses in his own behalf. He was often railroaded to prison, without anything that approaches what we understand as a fair trial. We have established a judiciary system from the justice of the peace to the Supreme Court. The trial courts are presided over by American and Filipino judges, and the Supreme Court consists of four American and three Filipino judges, all of the highest integrity and legal attainments. The judiciary commands the respect of the people in every province. The judgments of the courts are respected in fact as well as in form.

These are some of the accomplishments of the United States in these far-away islands in the short time that we have been here. We have not done these things alone. We have done them with the assistance of the educated, earnest, and patriotic among the Filipinos themselves. Neither have we done these things without the making of some mistakes. But when mistakes were made and discovered, we willingly retraced our steps.

It is a record which, it seems, should bring a flush of pride to the face of every true American. These things have been accomplished notwithstanding countless difficulties—difficulties here, where in the beginning we were misunderstood—difficulties at home, where conditions are often misapprehended, where ambitious politicians for selfish purposes have not hesitated to impart incorrect information, where honest theorists, with a vast capacity for telling what they do not know, have been furnishing misinformation for the people.

What may we not expect from the future now that the foundations are laid! This has been done in a moment, as it were, done with the ordinary revenues of the islands, done with less money than was collected from the same people before we came, done notwithstanding opposition at home and here. That opposition is passing. Here it is gone, except in the rare case of some self-seeking politician. The Filipino has learned our beneficent motives; he notes the great change in conditions; he sees that every promise made has been redeemed; he is aiding in the task of developing the country. The people at home have learned much too. Those who opposed take pride in the achievements of their countrymen. The bogey-man of the politician no longer frightens. United must be our future effort, so that when a generation passes and accomplishments in the Philippines are recounted, American and Filipino, at home and here, will together rejoice in what has been done. And the future of the Filipino and the Philippines may then well be left to the Filipinos themselves, who will have reached a stage of prosperity and intelligence which will fully fit them to determine it.

Comment on Current Books

The Making of Ireland

It is almost an untilled field of historical research that Alice Stopford Green opens up in "The Making of Ireland and its Undoing, 1200–1600,"[1] and the results of her labors will be welcomed by all of Irish extraction and Irish sympathies. More convincingly than has ever been done heretofore, Mrs. Green disposes of the prevalent idea that the Irishman of the Middle Ages was in very fact the wild Irishman portrayed to us by poets, novelists, and historians, and that the Ireland of the Tudor Conquest was a land sunk in poverty, ignorance, and barbarism. Mrs. Green asserts, as others have asserted before, that all was well in Ireland until the Tudors sent their destroying hosts across St. George's Channel to wage a merciless war and blot out everything of Irish commerce, industry, and learning. Having made this charge, she undertakes—and herein lies the novelty of her inquiry—to substantiate it by giving a detailed account of the state of Ireland before the coming of the Tudor invaders, and, with the aid of contemporary documents, many of them little known though indispensable as historical source material, she contrives to draw an extremely attractive picture. The extent of Irish traffic over seas, the variety of Irish exports, imports, and domestic business, the splendor and richness of Irish life, stand in vivid and agreeable contrast with the feuds and battles, murderings and pillagings, commonly set forth as summing up the history of mediæval Ireland. Not a few of Mrs. Green's generalizations, it is true, appear to rest on insufficient data, giving occasion for the criticism that she inclines to take an over-roseate view. But the great corrective value of her work to students of Irish history is unquestionable, and it should also prove of practical benefit in assisting to uproot prejudices that have long operated to the disadvantage of the Irish people.

Catherine de Medici

The latter half of Catherine de Medici's long and by no means edifying but historically important life forms the subject matter of Miss Sichel's "The Later Years of Catherine de Medici,"[1] a continuation of the same author's "Catherine de Medici and the French Reformation." Miss Sichel disclaims any idea of adding to the fund of existing knowledge, but she has studied the documents to such good purpose that she casts many new and helpful side-lights on the life and times of the notorious Queen Mother, whose craft and selfishness brought France to such sore straits. Miss Sichel is both a skilled and a powerful writer, and her accounts of the St. Bartholomew's Massacre, the murder of the great Admiral Coligny, and the assassination of the Duke of Guise, rise to real heights of dramatic intensity without in the least smacking of the sensational. The people, too, of her drama are flesh and blood people, whom we can understand, even though we cannot sympathize with many of them. "Abnormal luxury, abnormal bloodshed, abnormal vice, and over all the lurid light of storm threatening judgment to come," writes Miss Sichel, outlining at a stroke the dismal environment which she afterwards elaborates to illumine the influences under which the last of the Valois kings rushed to their ruin. There are several noteworthy portraits besides those of the Queen Mother and her unworthy brood, probably the best of all being that of Coligny, whose devotion to France and to the Crown is admirably depicted. "The greatest Captain in Christendom," the Elector Palatine called him, and this opinion Miss Sichel evidently shares to the full. No more readable and convincing narrative of the history of France in the sixteenth century can be demanded than is to be found in these two volumes from her pen.

Great Ralegh

Mr. de Sélincourt evidently wrote his "Great Ralegh"[2] out of sheer delight in the subject. It is not critical—the restless, romantic, imaginative Ralegh is "great" to Mr. de Sélincourt in every phase of his career, even his cupidity winning praise as evidence of "business ability"—and it is spun out to an unconscionable length. As a biography Edwards's scholarly if ponderous work is far superior to it, and a more convincing portrait is to be had in Sir Rennell Rodd's brief "Life." Yet it is impossible to read it without real enjoyment, so full is it of "atmosphere," so rich in philosophic touches and flashes of terse, vivid characterization. With Mr. de Sélincourt we almost come to detest Essex, Cecil, and those other "knaves," not forgetting King James, who would not always allow Ralegh to have his own sweet will; and with Mr. de Sélincourt we for the moment forget the distinctly materialistic and sordid side of the Elizabethan era in contemplation of its undoubted glories. There are several chapters in the book which alone would make its perusal worth while—particularly the chapters dealing with the friendship of Ralegh and Spenser, Ralegh's trial, and his life in the Tower. Were Mr. de Sélincourt less discursive and possessed of more historical insight and saner historical judgment, he would unquestionably have written a work of great merit and lasting influence.

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[1] The Making of Ireland and its Undoing, 1200-1600. By Alice Stopford Green. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50, net.

[1] The Later Years of Catherine de Medici. By Edith Sichel. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3, net.

[2] Great Ralegh. By Hugh de Sélincourt. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50, net.

Reviews and Criticisms The thirteen essays here collected[1] bring good entertainment and profitable thought to the easy chair in one's library. They evince clear discernment of the moral and intellectual interest of good literature; they criticise appreciatingly and for the most part justly; they lead inductively to sound principles. Mr. Frye contends for a higher standard of good prose writing, not like mere common talk too lax for careful thought, but "more final, definitive, and exact," yet not like the labored word-filing of the French, of which he gives a curious illustration. A false standard of prose and our "colloquial decadence" have, in his view, hindered a just appreciation of Hawthorne, to whom one of his best essays is devoted. The French, English, and American authors here introduced have all made their mark—none more so than Zola, to whom, though a Philistine with the mark of the beast, is too despairingly, one would fain think, attributed an overturn of "the whole conception of the novel." Instructive as Mr. Frye is, he has his limitations. *E.g.*, quoting Emerson's "Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbor, town, cat, and dog," he views it as a specimen of "his most curious and amusing fault—the jumbling together of a number of particulars whose conjunction is only ridiculous or disconcerting." Surely this is said unreflectingly, not deliberately in Philistine thoughtlessness of the moral obligation due to even that which is least.

King Alfred's Jewel The drama with this name exhibits with dignity and simplicity the interaction of elemental virtues and passions at a critical period of a great historic life. Alfred, the religious idealist, is here presented as the pearl of chivalry, the paragon of Christian manhood, in speech and act that recall the reader to the Idylls of the King. A few of his authentic sayings are aptly interwoven with his utterances. His Queen, Elswitha, purer than Arthur's Guinevere, becomes the victim of a brief, blind jealousy, in which she nearly murders the little maid who twice had saved his life. Around these two the action of the play moves quickly on in war with the Danes and treachery in the palace, lightened by the innocence and the drollery of minor characters, to its issue in the reconciliation of the Queen, and a public thanksgiving for the King's escape from the assassin. One who takes up the volume with small expectation will be agreeably disappointed in finding it a fair piece of good artistic work by a poet of no common, if not of superior, rank.

The Character of Jesus Among the almost countless host of books on the life of Jesus Christ this volume[2] has a place by itself. It deals not with the teachings or the life, except indirectly and incidentally. It is neither biographical nor interpretative. Nor is it theological. It is not an argument for his divinity, nor even for his supreme humanity. It is not argumentative. Even in the last chapter, on the "Greatness of Jesus," the author maintains his self-mastery. He gives in twenty-six chapters simply an analysis of Christ's character; he leaves the character to be its own witness, and permits the reader to draw his own deductions. We do not recall anything quite like this in the various works which make up the world's Christological library. The inimitable chapter on the Character of Jesus by Dr. Bushnell—Chapter X in his "Nature and the Supernatural"—has for its confessed aim to show that "the character of Jesus forbids his possible classification with men." John Gary's "Christ of History" is in Book Third an analysis of his character, but it is avowedly part of "an argument grounded in the facts of his life on earth" to prove that he was superhuman. James Stalker's "Imago Christi" is more analogous to Dr. Jefferson's book; yet it is a portrayal of Christ's character for the distinct purpose of elucidating and emphasizing his example. More than either of these, and so far as we know more than any other writer, Dr. Jefferson has been content simply to portray the character without any other purpose than simply to portray it, though the faith of the author that such a portrayal will incite to admiration if not to worship, and inspire with a desire if not a purpose to make Christ's life an example and Christ's character a model, is implicit, and the strength and clarity of that faith are illustrated by the fact that no attempt to enforce it on the reader by deduction or exhortation is apparent.

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[1] Literary Reviews and Criticisms. By Professor Hall Frye. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25, net.

[1] King Alfred's Jewel. By the Author of "Mors et Victoria." The John Lane Company, New York. $1.25, net.

[2] The Character of Jesus. By Charles Edward Jefferson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.50, net.

The Bible of Nature

This third course of lectures[1] on the Bross foundation at Lake Forest College is by a distinguished naturalist, following two distinguished theologians, and is more likely than its predecessors to become a popular book. The opening lecture on "The Wonder of the World" is an impressive survey of the marvels of the universe—both the immense and the minute—revealed by science as "Nature's primary message." The lecturer emphasizes the limitations of science, as well as its assured grounds, by his firm drawing of the margin of encompassing mystery, beyond which he claims full right for the ideal constructions of theistic philosophy. Not only for its clarifying of many hazy ideas, but for its correction alike of dogmatic scientists and dogmatic theologians, this volume should be in every Sunday-school library.

Liberal Theology

A cultured and scholarly layman of the Church of England offers the two essays included in this volume[2] as "a contribution towards a conservative restatement of religious thought." His attitude toward science and toward the Bible is distinctively liberal. The apostolic presentation of Christian doctrine is viewed as "temporal," changeable in changed times. The conservatism he stands for is contrasted with liberalism, not as non-progressive, rather as not preoccupied with "novelty." Accordingly, he contends for the metaphysical Christology of the Nicene and Chalcedonian creeds, affirming that "Christianity cannot be detached from its foundations in a miraculous history without losing its distinctly religious value—without losing its distinctive character as true religion." With no unkindly words for his opponents, he reasons in a calm, irenic style against all modernists of the Ritschlian and Hegelian type. But facing the crucial question, Did miracles really happen as related at Jesus' coming to and going from the world? he leaves his case as an inference from the postulate that they rationally cohere with a reasonable view of the gracious purpose of God toward mankind.

Racial Contrasts

The title of this volume[1] is strictly pertinent to its first hundred pages, a psychological evaluation of the racial characteristics of Northern and Southern Europeans, as seen in their music, literature, art, temperament, customs, and institutions. Following this are essays on the Fluctuations of Beauty and Morality, Homology of Thought and Action, Temporal Expansion and Contraction, Organic Evolution in the Light of Comparative Philology. A prominent trait of the work is its frequent employment of musical analogies, and these avail well for its optimistic view of the world, as one whose very discords subserve deep laws of melodic beauty. The author is evidently a cultured humanist, observing widely and thoughtfully, and generalizing sanely. These essays promote breadth of intellectual view, hospitality to new ideas, freedom from provincialism and prejudice, generosity of spirit toward all men.

Victor Hugo's Dramatic Characters

Literary criticism of the inductive type, a fine specimen of which is given in this volume,[2] bases its judgments strictly on the facts in evidence methodically examined. It is especially demanded by the plays of Victor Hugo, if a ground of intelligible unity is to be reached underneath the seeming contradictions and staggering contrasts exhibited in his leading personages. To reach this is the task essayed by Professor Bruner in a minute analysis of characters. He holds that "Hugo enlarges the field of characterization by making character a foil to itself." The plays thus treated are "Hernani," "Ruy Blas," and "Lucrezia Borgia." The last is certainly his most difficult task; he is ready at the outset to view it as "one of Hugo's melodramatic impossibilities." Yet, as Professor Moulton remarks, even melodrama gives here, as in "Richard the Third," "a masterpiece of genius." The Introduction contributed by Professor Moulton illuminates the entire field.

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[1] The Bible of Nature: The Bross Lectures, 1907. By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1, net.

[2] Liberal Theology and the Ground of Faith. By Hakluyt Egerton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1,25, net.

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[1] Racial Contrasts. By Albert Gehring. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50

[2] Studies in Victor Hugo's Dramatic Characters. By James D. Bruner, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. $1.